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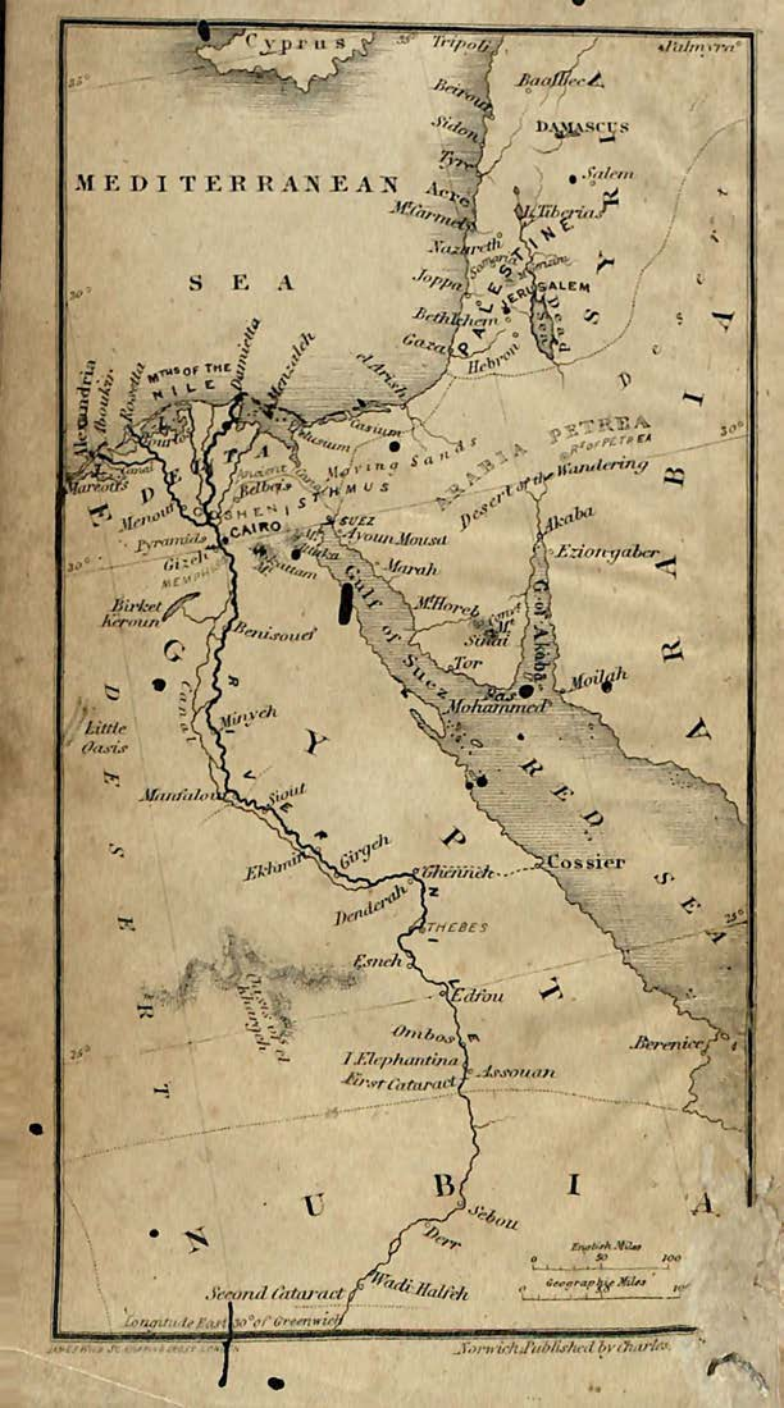
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Damietta
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ARABIA PETREA
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Ancient Course of the Nile
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Belbeis
ISTHMUS
Desert of the Wandering
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Esneh
Edfou
Ombos
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I. Elephantina
Assouan
First Cataract
Sebou
Derr
Second Cataract
Wadi Halfeh
English Miles
Geographic Miles
Longitude East 30° of Greenwich
Norwich Published by Charles

NOZRĀNI

IN

EGYPT AND SYRIA.

"Magno viatico breve (*vitæ*) iter non instruitur
. sed oneratur."
MIN. FEL.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.

NORWICH: CHARLES MUSKETT.

1846.

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PREFACE.

THIS Preface has no object beyond that of briefly accounting for the publication of what may perhaps appear a needless addition to similar and better works already before the public.

Of the matter or manner of the book, it is better as well as easier to say nothing. Those who honour the following pages with a perusal, will pronounce a verdict of good, bad, or indifferent, according to their own judgment, without reference to any plea or apology put forth by the author. But as every result, however trifling, has a cause, and as the cause is in this case of far greater importance than the result, the kind reader will perhaps endure an

explanation, stating, as concisely as possible, why and wherefore *Nozrâni* has aspired to the distinction, and perchance the martyrdom, of a début in print.

The cause, then, is a cause ecclesiastical, as well beseems one who holds the high and responsible rank of a Presbyter in the Church of England. These sheets would assuredly never have gone to press, had it not been for the suggestion of more than one friend, that their sale might possibly promote a project for improving the internal arrangement of a Parish Church, in which as one of its elected ministers the writer of these lines feels deeply interested. Among other attempts to further this object, was one on the part of the author, by giving, during the long evenings of last winter, what for want of a less imposing and more appropriate term, must be called a series of Lectures on various subjects—one of them "Eastern Travel." Many of the inhabitants of this city, including the highest authorities, ecclesiastical

and civil, were indulgent enough, for the sake of the motive, not only repeatedly to tolerate, but even repeatedly to pay for the endurance of mere desultory talk; so much so that a considerable sum of money was thus added to a fund subscribed for Church Improvement. Hence the suggestion above mentioned, that a few printed chapters, prepared with some care, might probably be made further subservient to the promotion of the same cause.

To the citizens of Norwich, or even the residents of Norfolk, it would be needless to speak of the architectural beauty of the Church of St. Peter's Mancroft; any one who has not seen it, may be easily satisfied on this point by appealing to any one who has. The length, breadth, and height of the structure—the perfect open-roof—the elegance, lightness, and proportion of the arches, columns, and windows—the massive grandeur of the decorated tower, with its unrivalled peal—are, or at least ought to be, a subject of just pride, not only to

three thousand parishioners, but to every one who has an eye to discern the work of a master, and a heart to rejoice in the dedication of man's genius to the service and honour of Him who gave it

But the edifice of a church is, after all, nothing more than the outward sign of that which should be within, surpassing show. What avails the noble fabric of the temple, without public worship "in spirit and in truth" within it? and how can that be called public Christian worship, where the poor are not as welcome as the rich? And once more, how can the poor feel welcome in an assembly broken up into private well-dressed companies, claiming exclusive possession of their respective pews, whether filled or no? And what pews!—High oblong enclosures, whose tenants are established on opposite benches, knee to knee, like passengers in the vehicle called an omnibus. This is the aspect of our "House of Prayer," named, in bitter mockery, "The Church of the Poor," some

dozens of whom, "in vile raiment," among as many hundreds "in gay clothing," are provided with ricketty benches,* where they sit "hard of hearing" under the pale of the sound-obstructing wainscot, happily screened from the view of their betters, but not from the reach of the draught, which plays down the thoroughfare cool and damp on their aching bones. Against this system of unjust aggression upon the poor man's right—against an arrangement equally repugnant to good feeling and good taste—equally undevotional, uncomfortable, and unsightly—a successful effort has been made in half the parishes of England, with the sanction and support of the highest names in the kingdom; and in the broad wake of the movement, this little book ventures forth as a skiff upon the wide waters, with a fair breeze for a sea-going craft,

"Prosequitur surgens a puppi ventus euntem."

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* During the week in great request at various alehouses.

It may be as well to guard against shipwreck, by stating clearly that the advocates of a more Christian arrangement in the Church are as averse as any one can wish, to disorder or discomfort among the congregation. The proposed change contemplates two results; first, the protection of *all alike* from inclemency of weather, by due regard to ventilation; and then the gradual substitution of stalled oak seats, of a plain ecclesiastical character, in lieu of the present lumber, of which it is difficult to speak gently, as, in addition to every other evil, the pews have been notoriously a fruitful source of discord and disturbance in the parish.

The duty and wish of the Churchwardens, would be to allot sittings to every applying parishioner, according to the number of the family, who would thus be less liable to separation than under the present system; while intrusion or distracted attention would be impossible, where each turns the same way and occupies a given space. The seats unappropriated would of

course be *free*, with the understanding always, that none are reserved after the commencement of Divine Service.

It is well known by those who watch the habits of different classes of the community, that the rich and gay have nothing to fear from the contact or intrusion of the poor and sad. The man "in vile raiment"—alas! that it ever should be vile on the festival of the Lord's day! —is not disposed to place his patched rags in striking contrast with new broad-cloth; he will take his seat and bend his knee modestly and humbly with his fellows, and will soon learn to mark his place as his own, with honest pride and pleasure at finding that there is yet left him a lofty roof in his native land, where he is received and welcomed as a man among men, all upon the level of earth, to worship before the throne of Heaven.

It is within the walls of his Church that the labourer would seek for consolation in his trials, and instruction in his duties, if we would but

treat him when there with the Christian kindness and respect, so due from us all to his hard and ill-requited service. He would then learn to respect himself, and recognize the practical working of those truths, the profession of which now falls upon his dull ear as little better than the mockery of insult.

A man who can join with "spirit and understanding" in the service of the Church of England, is a man of sound education and cultivated mind; and if it come home to his heart, and be made manifest in his life, he is a man of true wisdom, fearing God, loving his neighbour, and *knowing himself*—the highest and latest of all knowledge! This education, England, by her parochial system, has provided for the humblest of her sons and daughters; let it only have free scope, and it will work what nothing else can work—conviction of *duty* upon the conscience of all—mutual obligation between the various members united in the fellowship of Christ—teaching that poverty like

property has sacred rights, and property like poverty has sacred duties; and that invasion of the one, or evasion of the other, is alike rebellion against our Maker, who has commanded us to "render unto all their dues." Let the humblest of our people be thus trained to respect themselves, and they will respect the society which no longer casts them out; and then will our House stand upon a rock. But if we persist in enclosing the area of their parish churches with the rich man's pew, as we have already enclosed the heather of their native commons with the rich man's fence, we may write Ichabod upon the altar—Our glory is departed!

It remains only to add, that should the sale of this little book do more than pay the expenses of publication, the Author will feel proud of the privilege of devoting the profit to his Parish Church.

The following pages have occupied, during several weeks, all the leisure time afforded by

important duties; the sheets have been sent to press and printed one by one as soon as written, which may, in some measure, have deprived them of the advantage of subsequent revisal. It is, perhaps, rather in their favour than otherwise, that the Author has not had an opportunity of reading any of the late works on oriental travel. Whatever may be proved erroneous, he will most readily retract; and should any offence have been unintentionally given, he will most promptly apologize; in evidence of which he signs his name.

THOMAS WILSON.

CATHEDRAL CLOSE, NORWICH,
OCTOBER 16, 1846.

SIX MONTHS

IN

EGYPT AND SYRIA.

INTRODUCTORY.

A CHILD has many wishes, but few strong and steady enough to outlive boyhood. I had one, however, which dated from the spelling of my first Bible lesson, and survived the status pupillaris; for on returning to England in 1841, after travelling for some years through the greater part of Europe, I felt rather tantalized than satisfied, even with the remembrance of Rome, Athens, and Constantinople: for I had looked that "my feet should stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem!"

"Forte Volenti nihil difficile:" being determined to go, I discovered reasons for going;

and now, having gone and returned, these reasons still look as well through the sober medium of time past, as when gilded with the halo of time which is to come; and to the end of life I hope never to recal the recollections of this Eastern Pilgrimage without rejoicing in the true test of time well spent—"meminisse juvabit."

To those who may contemplate a similar expedition, I would offer a few preliminary words of advice, suggested by my own experience. First and foremost, avoid the encumbrance of useless baggage. An Englishman is known abroad by his array of impedimenta: he usually entertains a low estimate of foreign means and appliances, and takes with him not only what he wants, but what he is likely to want; in the East, however, *experto crede*, travel *expeditus*, reduce your Viaticum to what you deem strictly essential, and then leave half of it at home: you will be spared delay, expense, and vexation.

One moderate portmanteau, with water-proof cover, will contain all you require. The wardrobe should consist principally of calico (not linen) shirts, and two sets of cricket-field flan-

nels. A large warm cloak will prove a good friend by night and day, sea and land. Fill up your trunk with the smallest-sized medicine chest, a spy-glass, a pocket compass, thermometer in case, a measuring tape, compact writing materials, and two or three of the best books and maps. No Englishman needs reminding of That Book which, in all lands and at all times, is the best; but in the East above all, the best and one might almost say the only guide-book the traveller requires, is the Book that offers him safe guidance through the pilgrimage of life.

Fire-arms are useful for show: in Syria all men carry weapons, and ostentation of defence is sometimes a means of security; an English gun is moreover a magnificent present for any native of rank who may render you service. It will be well to spend a few shillings in Birmingham ware; to wit, knives, scissors, needles, pencil cases, and so forth; all of which are highly valued by the Turk and Arab. If you encumber yourself with anything not really requisite, let the exception be in favour of an English saddle: great, however, is the advantage of having but one package. I took out a

canteen well equipped with culinary pots and pans, but found them more plague than profit; you may safely trust for such matters to native ways and means. A good Arab servant is usually competent to play interpreter, guide, cook, butcher, baker, and valet de chambre; and will provide himself with all he wants, much more cheaply and effectually than you can do it for him. A traveller's maxim in these affairs should be, "at Rome, to do as they do at Rome." A few letters to influential people are of course desirable. A good companion, if you can find one, is beyond all price; but if you are not sure of him, better go alone, as I did.

VOYAGE.

I LEFT London bridge for Boulogne, January 22nd, 1842, and arrived at Marseilles, viâ Paris, January 31st, after seven tedious days and nights in a diligence; the roads encumbered with deep snow, and the waters of the Saone from Chalons, and the Rhone from Lyons, too low and foggy for the steamers, which usually

descend these rivers, especially the rapid Rhone, with railway speed. A month or two earlier would, in all respects, be a better season for leaving England. On the morning of February 1st we found ourselves off Toulon, on board the French government steamer Sesostris, carrying the Levant mails, and forming one of an organized service of twelve vessels—six fitted with French and six with English machinery: the British superiority being, as usual, very decided. These packets are large and built as men-of-war, carrying heavy guns and a numerous crew; the cabins are well fitted up, the fares moderate, the table good, and English passengers meet with sufficient civility, if they will but remember that the officers wear epaulettes, and the ship boasts a pendant. After touching at Leghorn, an uninteresting place, and coasting along the marshy and malaria-cursed shores of Tuscany, where however the Grand Duke is engineering with skill and capital at command, we pass Elba and the snowy mountains of Corsica and Sardinia, till, on February 4th, between Civita Vecchia and Ostia, off the pestiferous mouths of the yellow Tiber, we catch a distant view of the dark dome of

St. Peter, looming against the Alban hills, some twenty or thirty miles distant.

NAPLES.

HERE we land, and spend a few hours among old acquaintance, the three hundred thousand merry and motley Parthenopians. What a crowd! and how unlike any other crowd! The throng in Fleet Street is like the throng on an ant-hill—every one moves *on* with a definite and determined purpose, unregarding and unregarded—but the crowd on the Toledo is like a swarm of summer flies, humming and whirling here, there, and everywhere, with no apparent purpose but to eat, drink, and be merry. Look at the lazzaroni! swarthy, sinewy, bright-eyed, ragged, and scarlet-capped; by turns gay and listless, or sudden and dangerous as their own volcano, but content with little food and less raiment; a pennyworth of maccaroni winding its long coil down his gaping throat, for the amusement of an Englishman who pays the cost, suffices our happy friend for the day, and he is free to bask in the sun, and

might enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, if the one were not interrupted, and the other compromised, by an incessant war waged upon a minute host that invade his personal property and disturb his personal comfort. Let the curious stranger be wary, and keep to windward.

To lazzaroni and maccaroni, Punchinello is tutelary genius. "Castigator censorque minorum." King and nobles, priests and people, all alike laugh, listen, and learn in presence of this shrewd and fearless organ of public opinion. But even the supremacy of Punch is not undisputed: his crowd is the largest and merriest; but yonder improvisatore mouths, day by day in prose and rhyme, never-ending stories to never-tiring hearers—the quack doctor harangues from his car in scarlet coat, cocked hat and feather, waving the drawn tooth in triumph upon the point of a golden-hilted rapier, till he lures another luckless wight to the crunching wrench of his sinewy wrist—friars preach, priestly processions march, and crowds bend low to cross and banner—bells tinkle, horns blow, and lemonade flows from icy fountains of red and gold; while the smallest of all thieves ply their calling with incomparable

dexterity. And see that marvellous specimen of dynamic ingenuity! — that many-coloured machine upon two lofty wheels, that admirably-balanced cab, with one horse and eleven passengers—priests, sailors, women, and children—galloping off to Portici!

Vedi Napoli e poi mori, the purple sea, the glancing shore; islands and mountains, groves and vineyards, castles and convents, gaiety and guilt, beauty and death, the smiling city and the grim volcano! But the gun fires—the white smoke curls over the *tricolore*, and we hurry on board from this fascinating focus of loveliness and wickedness, sublimity and buffoonery; this merry and mournful mask where beauty adorns beast and beast disgraces beauty. Alas! the aspect of God's earth is lovely; but man, to whom its dominion is given, who might himself be crowned with glory and honour, proves here as elsewhere, faithless in his stewardship, and degrades human reason to the level of brutal instinct—

> "Er nennt's Vernunft und braucht's allein
> Nur thierircher als jedes Thier zu seyn;"

but the *allein* is false and devilish, the sneer of Mephistopheles, tempter and betrayer!

Vesuvius' smoke drives rapidly before a strong breeze, over a foam-capped sea. The finest view in the world is perhaps from the deck of a vessel in the Bay of Naples; and then the names of olden time—Herculaneum and Pompeii, Baiæe and Capri, Tiberias and Pliny! *Night*—Stromboli! glowing red and flashing fire from his ever restless crater. *Morning*—the giant Etna! his snowy head "holding dark communion" with his own sulphury cloud. Pass the Straits, three miles broad, like a flowing river (ωκεανος περαμος) between the lovely shores of Sicily and the desolate range of the fiery Calabria—here the rock of Scylla, and yonder the pool of Charybdis! But our strong paddles laugh to scorn both rock and pool. The world is growing old and matter-of-fact—the young and golden age of poetry is gone; if then we are older and abler, let us hope that we shall be found wiser and better men, or it may be at the last more tolerable for the cities of the plain than for us, to whom so much is given, and from whom so much will be required. Near that rock of Scylla, on the Italian shore, some sixty years since, more than two thousand people were swept into the sea

by the ebb of a tremendous billow, rolled inland by the heave of an earthquake. How often has that glittering city of Messina, with its eighty thousand inhabitants, been made desolate by these throes and spasms of her mother earth! How often has she opened to engulph shrieking myriads! while the deadly lava has rolled its molten flood over peaceful walls and plenteous palaces. And Catania, nearer still, crouches at the very feet of the fiery monarch, who, at one fell swoop, has more than once destroyed half its hundred thousand denizens. Lava torrents, boiling rivers, storms of stone, and coals of fire! But neither fiery tempest, nor molten flood, nor quivering earth, can fright the Sicilian from the awful shadow of his native mountain, where peace, plenty, and beauty reign unrivalled, during long intervals of fierce but short-lived desolation.

MALTA.

Feb. 7. Entering the harbour of Valetta, which might contain the navy of England, we anchor among the leviathans of our own fleet

—first-rates and two-deckers, with frigates and steamers—the band from the flag-ship playing the Marseillaise in honour of *tricolore*. How proud an Englishman feels, after leaving home, at seeing once more the gorgeous flag of his native land floating from deck and battlement —long may that standard "brave the battle and the breeze!" Malta, as every one knows, has been a British possession since its surrender by the French after Nelson's victory of the Nile: the degenerate Knights of St. John, without firing a shot, had struck their flag of sovereignty to Napoleon on his way to Egypt, and Bonaparte is said to have expressed wonder and delight when he inspected the stupendous fortifications. The knights had held possession of the island for three hundred years, by a grant from Charles the Fifth, after their expulsion from Rhodes by Solyman; and the siege they afterwards maintained against the Turk was heroic and triumphant. Their Grand Master, Lavalette, then built and named the present capital of Malta; but the chivalrous community of military monks, becoming in time decrepid and corrupt, expired at last in disgrace and contempt. The island is now declared

European by British Act of Parliament, though in soil and climate of African stamp. It is about sixty miles in circumference, and little better by nature than a barren glaring limestone rock, the general aspect of which is painful to the eye, from the utter want of shade and the predominance of stiff stone wall inclosures. The soil has been in great measure brought from Sicily. The crop of the dwarf cotton plant is a staple commodity, and the oranges we know are far famed—especially the blood-red, said to be a cross with the pomegranate. The population, about one hundred and thirty thousand, are a dark, bright-eyed, lively race; the language curious from the prevalence of old Phœnician; the religion strictly Roman Catholic. The women, in their black silk mantillas and hoods, are very pleasing: their little fine-worked lace mittens, cuffs, and ruffs are in high esteem with European ladies. The climate is very hot, but very healthy; except during the African or Sirocco wind, which is debilitating and oppressive, blowing principally in autumn. The summer heat is tempered by the north breeze, and the pressed snow from Etna affords a cheap and delicious luxury. Valetta looks oriental or

Saracenic, or rather Spanish, with its massive balconies and deep shadows. The streets are beautifully built of the island stone, and though steep, are well paved. The numberless steps plagued Lord Byron, as they plague many more forgiving and forgetful travellers; but whatever the feet might have to say of Valetta, the eyes must acknowledge themselves delighted with the brilliancy and variety of long architectural lines, bounded by formidable bastions and the blue expanse of the Mediterranean.

We hire a caleche and drive across the island, the driver running by the side, reins in hand, and much amused at our notion of making him take a seat; but they often, poor fellows, get suddenly chilled by the north wind, and die of inflammation. Visiting St. Paul's cave, we see where the Apostle landed, the viper fell. κ. τ. λ. Whatever may be your opinion as to the rival claim of the other Malta, it would not be wise or very safe to argue the point here, where the received version is an article of faith. Certain it is, the Adriatic Malta, a low, damp, dangerous island, seems more likely to furnish shipwrecks, dysentery, brushwood, and vipers (Acts xxviii.) than the high and dry rock over

which the British flag now floats. Etna, one hundred miles distant, is seen from the high ground, rearing half its giant form out of the sea, soaring eleven thousand feet above its level. They say the cinders fall here in showers during the great eruptions, which light up sea and land in lurid grandeur.

Returning to Valetta, we find the town full of carnival masks and mirth and music, which is strikingly interrupted at night, if the last sacrament happens to be borne by to the bedside of a dying man, when the people fall on their knees, and lights are silently brought to all the windows from which the priest's tinkling bell can be heard: the crowd is very various and amusing, interspersed with officers in epaulettes, merry middys, and frolicking seamen. The English society is of course principally military and naval—"a little military hot-house" —morning guns and evening guns, morning drums and evening drums. The lions of Valetta (may travellers be duly thankful) are not very numerous, and therefore not very tiresome. The church of St. John is really worth seeing: the Mosaic pavement is magnificent, and undefiled with *spitting*.

English cleanliness, grafted upon southern cheerfulness and sunshine, renders Malta delightful; the temperature now in February is 60° in the shade. The Queen Dowager, who came here for health and happily found it, has left a name which is never mentioned by the people without sincere respect.

My present visit to Malta is shorter than the last, for we are summoned on the morning of February the 8th on board the Dante, in quarantine harbour. Flag of quarantine! yellow rag of abomination! badge of unclean seclusion from the western world—*Te odi!* A month's solitary imprisonment must be endured before I can again shake hands with the friend who waves his hat upon those steps. A conventional but impassable gulph is between us, and *cui bono?* Aye, that's the question. "To keep the plague from the shores of Europe," answers the guardiano. And "does it?" "Non so io." Who can decide when doctors disagree? But it *may;* so let us submit in patience, as submit we must, and the rather, that our faces are turned eastward and not westward; and eastward we are free to go, though not to come.

Under weigh. Adieu the British standard, and that long sweep of bastions and batteries, which, when glaring under a night thunder-storm, as I have seen them, look like Martin's walls of Babylon. Adieu to Malta.

THE LEVANT.

February 9th, 10th, 11th. No horizon but the blue sea. Our steam power is insufficient for the heavy vessel, which seldom makes more than six knots an hour, though the weather is beautiful. I have frequent theological conversation with M. l'Abbé ——, a young French priest, going up the Ganges to Agra with a party of nuns, among whom is a young English lady educated in a French convent, whom they have persuaded to take the veil, change her name, and accompany the party. The abbé seems well read in his own department, and though rustic-looking, is courteous and a good companion. He wears the cassock and three-cornered hat — an inconvenient costume for rough weather; and his mishaps sometimes amuse the seamen. He prefers my society,

"schismatique" as I am, to that of the officers of the ship, his own countrymen, and professed members of his own church; but they apparently "care for none of these things," though M. le Docteur argues volubly for victory, assuming, for argument sake, any heretical tenets that the abbé may happen to denounce. These discussions are generally after dinner and supper at the long table, and the nuns often utter fervent exclamations of protest, through their cabin doors, when any startling or impious assertion is ventured upon. Most Frenchmen that I have known are clever, and perhaps no nation produces a greater number of men of true genius; which makes it more to be lamented, that their modern tone should be so often sceptical and cynical—a tone not only opposed to a high moral standard, but even to the good breeding upon which they still pride themselves. There is, however, no doubt better stuff beneath this shallow and repulsive surface of sarcasm, the wretched fashion of a day, which must soon yield once more to the spirit and device of their ancient chivalry, "sans peur et sans reproche"—fearing God, honouring the king, and loving the brotherhood.

One of the abbé's favourite positions is, that Scripture infallibility falls to the ground, without the guarantee and guardianship of an infallible church; and that authorized *preaching* was the means appointed for the spread of the Gospel—"Profecti ergo docete omnes gentes." Writing and printing, he asserts with great emphasis, have always been unknown to ninety-nine-hundredths of the human race. He maintains, that if the Bible did not exist in written characters, the *Church* would still teach all, and more than all, therein contained; and that Scripture does not express every spiritual truth revealed to man. "Adhuc multa habeo quæ vobis dicam, sed nunc non potestis portare, cum autem venerit Spiritus ille veritatis, &c." I may remark, in passing, that the abbé seems to prefer the Latin to the Greek Testament. He is clever and good humoured; dexterous to attack or defend; zealous and confident in the cause of Romanism, or, as he would say, Catholicism. I am not in orders (tunc temporis), but know enough to see that he knows little of the real history and claims of our Anglican branch of the church universal. The endless divisions and subdivisions of

dissent in England, afford him, of course, a fair field for sarcasm; and Bossuet's *Histoire des Variations des Églises Protestantes* is at his fingers' ends. If I turn the tables upon him, with the contradictory decrees, bulls, and tenets proclaimed and professed within the Roman church; he replies, that there is always an ultimate appeal to one acknowledged keeper of the keys—the Pope in council. If I tell him that Europe has been divided between two rival, mutually anathematizing, popes; he says, that half Europe was wrong and half right—that one pope was true pope, and the other no pope at all. He quoted triumphantly "Tu es Petrus, &c.," but was somewhat embarrassed with the 23rd verse of the same chapter, "Dixit Petro abscede a me *Satana;*" and could scarcely avoid admitting that, as Peter was not Satan, but his reproach of the Redeemer *satanic;* so not *Peter* but Peter's profession of the true faith might be the Rock upon which the church was built. The play upon the word (if the expression may be used) which is entirely lost in English and German, is more perfect in French than in Greek or Latin. Of our Reformation and Reformers he speaks bitterly, holding

Wiclif in great contempt; and maintaining that he renounced his errors, and died in the communion of the Catholic (Roman) church. Harry the Eighth, of course, receives no quarter, though he maintains that the "Defender of the Faith" died in the profession of the Catholic verity. He is well acquainted with Cobbett's soi-disant *History of the Reformation;* and quotes the old saying attributed to Lord Chatham, that our Liturgy is Roman, our Articles Calvinistic, and our clergy Arminian.

M. l'Abbé professed to be scandalized when I told him that I had read a printed paper in a confessional in the cathedral of Genoa, where the intermarriage of a Roman Catholic with a Protestant is classed in the same category with murders and the most infamous offences. He insists upon making a wide distinction between the *Adoration* and *Invocation* of the Virgin, and the Saints. The French nuns are bad sailors, and we seldom see them; but the young English convert walks the deck firmly: poor girl! with all her courage she has some misgivings, and looked long and mournfully at the English flag, as it faded from sight on the walls of Malta. She will, no doubt, be of great use to

the French mission in British India, as none of them speak any language but their own; her foreign friends are evidently jealous of her English sympathies.

February 12. Off Cape Matapon, the most southern point of Europe—brown, barren hills with snowy mountains that I have seen before; numbers of round stone towers, occupied by families at deadly feud with their neighbours, setting all law and allegiance at defiance. This part of Greece has always been turbulent and dangerous. The Cape is a dull, barren hummock. The tall latteen sails, of the white cotton peculiar to the Mediterranean, shine brightly in the sun; but squalls are in sight, and they run for shelter. A gale all night; the deck swept with the sea; wind right ahead; supper rolls off the table, and we make scarcely two knots an hour. The hatches being battened down, the choice lies between half-suffocation below, or half-drowning above.

February 13. The conical white hill of Syra is in sight—one of a cluster of islands in the Archipelago, and a rendezvous for Levant traders. Tiresome, disagreeable Greek place: but it looks well at a distance, especially by night,

when the hill is a pyramid of light shining from a thousand windows. The new Lazaretto is just built, but awaits the signature of King Otho: the old was worse than an ordinary pigsty.

Here we change vessels, leaving the slow *Dante*, which proceeds to Constantinople, while we go on board the *Leonidas* for Alexandria. This ship carries English machinery, and has a good reputation, so though the gale still sweeps fiercely from the north, and the Archipelago is intricate and boisterous, we trust, O Leonidas,

"Interfusa nitentes vites æquora Cycladas."

On going out of the harbour, we are obliged to anchor again at midnight; the windlass is broken, a sailor wounded, and both anchor and cable left in the sea.

February 14. The gale abates, and "we sail under Crete over against Salmone," (Acts xxvii. 7)—the dark mountain range capped by the snowy Ida. Sunday and Monday, no land in sight.

Tuesday Morning, Feb. 16th. First view of the low sandy soil of Africa, with Pompey's pillar rising above the once proud city of "Philip's warlike son." We enter the harbour, and anchor near the Egyptian fleet of formidable

two-deckers, surrounded by merchant vessels under the flags of all nations, glittering gaily in a blazing sunshine. The Basha's new white palace and a host of small windmills, appear the most conspicuous objects in the modern city, which, they say, contains from thirty to forty thousand inhabitants.

ALEXANDRIA.

THE crew of four men that row us on shore have only five eyes among them—strong, half-naked, mahogany-coloured fellows, who land us in the midst of clamour, confusion, and nastiness inexpressible, surrounded by a crowd of men, boys, camels, asses, and dogs; the latter are sandy, suspicious-looking brutes, slumbering by dozens on the shore. The first symptom of Egypt's growing civilization is our subjection to the inquisition of custom-house myrmidons, who however are easily propitiated by the offering of a few piastres; and we take refuge in a smart German-imported vehicle with two horses, sent down for our accommodation from the hotel d'Orient, where, after a quarter of an

hour's perilous bumping, we arrive, uninjuring and uninjured, thanks to our running footmen, through a most curious but not prepossessing crowd of every colour and every costume, including no costume at all. Narrow, dirty lanes are skirted by wretched-looking booths, shaded with rotten mats, and displaying a dusty profusion of dates, figs, onions, sweatmeats, pipes and tobacco; with tawdry calico from Manchester, and shining tinsel apparently from Birmingham.

Our hotel is large, airy, and tolerably clean and comfortable, after the fusty cribs of the steamer,—the Venetian blinds all closed and windows all open, thermometer 65° in the shade, iron beds, musquito curtains, and brick floors, à la Française. The house stands, like the two other hotels, in a large quadrangle, which constitutes the Frank or European quarter, an oblong unpaved area, with lofty white buildings in the Italian style, inhabited by wealthy merchants, and the consular flags flying from the roofs of several. Fountains and other ornaments are in progress. After the luxury of a shore-going bath and toilet, I sat down to calculate the costs of the journey, which proved

to be about £35 from London to Alexandria, from January 22nd to February 16th.

And now for Alexandria, and our first impressions on the soil of Africa. But before we go out, let us see where we are on the surface of the earth. The map makes it 31 deg. N. lat., and about 31 deg. E. long. from Greenwich, on the very edge of the vast desert which stretches away south and south-west for thousands of sandy miles, "Leonum arida nutrix." Alexandria belongs to the desert, and has little or nothing in common with Egypt or the valley of the Nile. The nearest mouth of the great river is at Rosetta, about thirty miles eastward. After hiring, at three francs a day, a native servant speaking bad Italian, we mount, or rather descend, upon small but handsome donkeys, under the charge of a keen one-eyed Arab youth, and away we canter, the boy screaming and belabouring the poor beasties with more than sufficient zeal. And here beyond the town, upon rising ground, we halt under the shadow of Pompey's pillar; though it turns out from a Greek inscription on the pedestal to be not Pompey's but Diocletian's. What a magnificent shaft of red granite! How

lonely and how grand in its solitude! and how in the world did the engineers of old raise it on the high pedestal! The Corinthian capital looks clumsy and Roman. They say the shaft weighs three hundred tons; it is nine feet in diameter, and nearly eighty in length. We have all heard of the English sailors who drank a bowl of punch on the top: they threw a rope across it, by means of a kite, and found the feet of a statue broken off at the ankles.

Under yonder vast field of undulating sand-hills, lie the ruins of what was once a city of six hundred thousand souls, second only to imperial Rome! The only vestiges of so much human grandeur are fragments of marble, porphyry, glass, and pottery, which strew the ground where the passing traveller wanders in moralizing mood, revolving the names of "mighty men, men that were of old, men of renown,"—Ptolemy and Cæsar! Origen and Athanasius! These are names with which to "summon spirits from the vasty deep;" but "they will not come when we do call." The heathen warrior, and the Christian churchman —the fierce din of battle, and the no less fierce and bloody strife of doctrine—are hushed alike,

and the fresh breeze of the boundless desert blows untainted with human breath over what was once the city of Alexander, the capital of the Ptolemies, and the see of Athanasius! Here was the Septuagint written, and here the library destroyed. Alas! for the Hexapla of Origen, the Decades of Livy, and the Comedies of Menander. "If," said the caliph, "these books contain only what is contained in the Koran, they are useless: let them be consumed! If they contain aught else, they are pernicious: let them be consumed!" One cannot look at these waving sand-hills without speculating upon what may yet be beneath them. Who knows whether the sand of the desert may not, like the ash of the volcano, bury a departed city whose skeleton may yet be brought to light? And what would be Pompeii and Herculaneum compared with this vast metropolis of the ancient East? All the streets were, according to Strabo, ἱππηλατοι και ἁρματηλατοι, i. e., wide enough for horses and chariots. Two very broad streets bisected each other at right angles, forming at their intersection a grand square; and the city was full of magnificent temples and palaces.—(Strabo, lib. XVII. c. viii.)

Of the great marble lighthouse on the island or peninsula of Pharos, no vestiges remain. The stucco inscription with which the architect cheated the king, and the stone-graven characters—

" ΣΩΣΤΡΑΤΟΣ ΚΝΙΔΙΟΣ
ΘΕΟΙΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΣΙΝ ΥΠΕΡ
ΤΩΝ ΠΛΩΙΖΟΜΕΝΩΝ "—

in which he hoped to immortalize himself, are both gone alike, as though written upon sand. The ancient mole separating the two harbours and connecting Pharos with the continent, is still partly visible. When Omar's general took the city in the sixth century, he wrote to the caliph of four thousand palaces, and as many public baths; which latter, so runs the story, were supplied with fuel for many a day from the million manuscripts of the great library.

The elevated site of Diocletian's column commands a good view of the city, the harbour, and Lake Mareotis, into which the waters of the sea were poured by the ruthless dæmon of war in 1801. Our army, under General Hutchinson, was exposed in front and flank; and to secure or improve its position, the canal of Alexandria, which runs for fifty miles across

a country lower than its own bed, was cut through, and for more than a month the waters rushed in by gaps of six feet wide, inundating and destroying the pride and profit of many ages past. An intercepted letter from General Menou, expressing his fear of such an event, led, they say, to its accomplishment. "Slay, burn, sink, and otherwise destroy," so runs the warrant of "the big wars that make ambition virtue." I once heard a friend assert with emphasis, that Christian soldiers should be dressed in *black*.

The sky, to the south and south-west, looks like a canopy of brass from the reflection of the sun's rays from the sandy ocean; and the sight no doubt soon suffers if neglected, which accounts for the usual loss of one eye among the poor people here. The air is very dry and bracing; and they tell me that, in summer, many of the principal families leave Alexandria and encamp in the desert, far from the town and the PLAGUE, which seems here the staple topic of conversation, like the weather in England.

About a mile from Pompey's pillar are found the only other vestiges which remain of bye-

gone splendour — two red granite obelisks — brought, they say, from Memphis in days of yore, to adorn the *new* city of the Ptolemies; these monoliths are commonly known as Cleopatra's Needles: one lies prostrate, the other stands upright. The hieroglyphics are sharp and deep, but worn by the weather towards the north and north-east. The name of the beauteous Eastern Queen has given celebrity to these monuments, but has not protected them from Arab contamination: the neighbourhood is a cloaque of camel and buffalo dung, collected and piled for fuel. The obelisks are about seventy feet long, and a square of eight feet at the base. The long-tailed, bright-eyed, green lizards dart in and out of cracks and crevices by dozens, hunting flies and catching them with great success.

Paid a visit to the Basha's arsenal and dock-yard, under French superintendence, but ill-supplied with stores. The ships are wretchedly manned with crowds of *fellaheen* or peasants, marched *nolentes volentes* down the country by press-gangs on a large scale. The ruler of Egypt is not at present in good humour with his navy, as the operations of our squadron, on

the Syrian coast, have check-mated him in his game for independent sovereignty. Admiral Stopford not only bombarded the towns, but supplied the Syrians with many thousand muskets, which aided materially in driving back the army of Ibrahim Basha across the desert into Egypt. The harbour is very good, and the only one on these coasts, which, together with its position as a connecting link between the east and west, arrested the eye of the warrior and statesman of Macedonia. The great drawback is the scarcity of fresh water, which is brought from the Nile, and might easily be cut off: the immense ancient vaulted reservoirs still exist. Had Admiral Brueys moored his ships in this port, instead of anchoring in the neighbouring Bay of Aboukir, he might perhaps have defied or repelled even the hero of the Nile; but his ships drew too much water, or it was thought they did, though the heavy Egyptian eighty-fours now find depth enough.

The Basha lately went on board one of our men-of-war, and was struck, among other things, with the books in the captain's cabin. "Ay," he muttered, "books! books! in my officers' cabins I should find only *pipes*."

February 18*th.* Letters delivered to various houses. Much hospitality from Messrs. Briggs and Terry. The breakfasts and dinners give one a favourable notion of the modern flesh pots. "We remember the fish we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." The bread is excellent, and the water deliciously cooled by evaporation through porous earthen bottles, brought from the upper Nile.

We have had several showers of rain, which are not unusual here, though almost unknown in Upper Egypt. The musquitoes are even now only kept at a distance by good management of the muslin curtains. It is a matter of no small interest to get under this drapery at night, without admitting the enemy: the best way is, to whisk a wet towel in all directions for a minute or two, and then to effect the entry as neatly and speedily as may be; but you are by no means sure for the first half hour, whether you have succeeded or not, and the much-dreaded hum, the precursor of attack, is likely enough to proclaim a failure, just as you are beginning to repose with the prospect

of peace: there is nothing for it but to rise in great wrath, dislodge the foe, and begin again. A lady last week nearly burnt down the house in singeing musquitoes from the inside of the net-work. The dogs are another plague: the whole town and neighbourhood swarm with thousands of sandy, sharp-muzzled, slouching, ill-favoured beasts, between hyena and jackal, sleeping all day in the sun, and moving for nobody. They are useful however as the only scavengers of the community, but make night hideous with their howl. Lucky for us that hydrophobia is unknown among them, for they entertain a very orthodox Mussulman aversion to Frank hats and buttoned habiliments.

The slave market is a disgusting place—miserable negroes, male and female, scarcely human in appearance. The price of a lad, warranted sound, is about ten or fifteen pounds. They are brought out, turned round, felt in the joints, teeth examined, and made to go through their paces like horses at an English fair. Teeth-grinding and sleep-walking, or talking, are depreciating vices.

Alexandria boasts but one or two European vehicles; and the promenades, as may be sup-

posed, do not admit of much variety. Our evening drive is usually through the Rosetta gate to a consular garden, where the palms and bananas afford relief from the monotonous glare. The irrigation is carried on by the Persian wheel, or *taboot*, put in motion by a slow-pacing ox, and for ever creaking and groaning on its wooden cogs. The mechanism is probably old as the Pharaohs. The circumference of the wheel is boxed, and pierced with holes, through which the water enters, and again issues into a sloping channel, from which it is again raised by a similar machine. But this system is only available when the difference of level is inconsiderable. We hurry homeward when the sun goes down, as there is no twilight here, and dark driving over an Egyptian road—i. e. no road at all—is not a desirable promenade. I was amused one evening at seeing a naked Arab child asleep on the back of a buffalo, his legs dangling, and his arms round the neck of the grazing beast.

House-rent and provisions are of late years a hundred per cent. dearer, from the influx and transit of Indian passengers; but still, according to the English standard, prices are moderate;

at the hotels you live well for about ten shillings a day.

The Levantine Franks bear no very good character. It is better to take a native servant; they are more trustworthy, most of them speak Italian, and some few English; they are all furnished with testimonial scraps, and are said to behave well, limiting their peculation to a per centage on commissions. They are glad enough to exchange Arabic words for European, and in this way a pretty good travelling vocabulary may be obtained.

The congregation at the English chapel last Sunday was between twenty and thirty, principally Indian passengers. After service, a party of us walked out by the Rosetta gate to see where Abercrombie fell.

February 21. Having secured a passage by the canal boat at Waghorn's office, we embark for Cairo. The boat or barge is narrow, dirty, and uncomfortable, but proceeds at great speed, drawn by horses at full gallop on the bank; the palm-tree ropes now and then breaking, and our steeds bolting, pursued by well-mounted Arabs yelling with all their might. This canal of Mahmoudie is considered a great wonder;

but is little better than a broad ditch, rudely dug through a level country requiring no locks. The distance from Alexandria to Atfeh is about fifty miles, but the junction of the canal with the Nile is not yet effected: in 1819, the Basha commenced the undertaking by seizing a hundred thousand peasants, or *fellaheen*, and set them to work under military discipline,—the wages being principally paid by the bastinado. Those who had not spades wherewith to dig, had fingers and nails to scoop and scratch withal; and so, at the end of one year, the great canal was opened, and a high achievement of civilization accomplished, with little expense beyond the bread and onions consumed by a hundred thousand peasants, more than twenty thousand of whom left their bones in this grave of their own digging.

We passed the night as comfortably as might be expected, where fifty people are jammed close, with scanty sitting room, in the long, low, dirty cabin, fasting and feasted upon,—pitiable enough for the poor overland ladies, in whose behalf the gentlemen now and then scramble for a scraggy chicken from Messrs. Hill's hamper. Comfort and convenience are

utterly sacrificed to prodigious and apparently needless hurry.

We land at Atfeh before dawn, and stick deep in the most tenacious and stinking of all mud. The passengers and baggage transported from the canal boat to the little steamer on the Nile, meet with the casualties to be expected where fifty people have each about six hundred weight of luggage, consigned to Arab porters, slipping, sticking, and sinking in the aforesaid mud. The whole place reeks with pestilence and putridity; vermin swarm on man and beast, and the odious dogs fill up the measure of Egyptian abomination; and truly it appears thus far, in the words of the prophet, "a base land!" During four hours we have full leisure for survey and reflection, while our brawny Arab friends are floundering across the muddy isthmus with three hundred black trunks, invoking Allah to confound the Giaour, his father and mother, his grandfather and grandmother, to the third and fourth generation of his restless race. At length, with the aid of planks and sand and cinders, the numberless boxes are carried, fished up, and piled three deep on the

deck of the little *Lotus*, which once plied above the bridges on Father Thames, but now paddles and struggles against the stream of the mighty Nile, to the astonishment of the "forty centuries which look down from Cheops' pyramid." The hurry and skurry are over, and we gradually shake down in our places, and in more placid mood begin to look round,—to see and feel that this is really the ancient, sacred, and marvellous river, the wondrous flood that rolls in lonely grandeur, without the tribute of a single streamlet, through fifteen hundred miles of burning desert—whose rise and fall spread the blessings of a golden harvest, where rain never descends and dew never rises to refresh the thirsty earth. But for six months the vapours, uncondensed and invisible, sweep unbroken on the wings of the northern wind till they cling to the lofty tops of the Ethiopian range, and the clouds collect, and the rains descend, and the floods rise, and the riddle is read,—"Caput Nili quaerere." "Ὁμηρου δϋπετεα φασκοντος τον Νειλον."—(Strabo, lib. xvii.)

Old Homer knew it: the head of the Nile is in the clouds of heaven. Upon these waters

floated Moses in his bulrush cradle. Here the foiled magician shuddered at the blood-red pollution of the sacred stream: "Behold, I will smite with the rod that is in mine hand upon the waters which are in the river, and they shall be turned to blood." Hither came Pythagoras and Plato to learn the wisdom of the Egyptians. Here grew the "paper reeds," which received and retained for ages the impress of human learning, wisdom, and genius: "But the reeds and flags have withered; the paper reeds by the brooks, by the mouth of the brooks, have withered and are no more." Here came, and saw, and conquered, Alexander and Cæsar, Crusader and Saracen, Richard and Saladin, Napoleon and Nelson of the Nile. But here, far above all earthly splendour, was shed the sacred halo of Him, whose name is above every name; for here "the Child born unto us" at Bethlehem sought and found refuge with his mother, from the jealous fury of a prince whose kingdom was of this world: "And he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod." And now, in the nineteenth century from the æra of His birth, we,

by Christian baptism, professed soldiers and servants of His banner, we strangers from the west, are steadily stemming the Egyptian flood, by the aid of that mighty agent, which may be the means appointed for spreading abroad upon the earth that Law of Liberty "whose service is perfect freedom, and in knowledge of which standeth our eternal life." Armed with the elastic power of steam, we wait no more for wind and tide; "many run to and fro, knowledge is spread abroad," and the ensign of the Cross is lifted up to the nations from afar, from the islands of the Western sea.

The tall tufted palms rise in groves on either side the river, throwing their umbrella-shaped shadows upon brown flat-topped villages of sun-dried mud, whose copper-coloured inhabitants look depressed with the curse of unrequited toil, yielding to daily sweat less than enough of daily bread; each cluster of huts rises a few feet above the level of the ordinary inundation, and its own accumulating refuse affords increasing security against the slimy flood. The depth and richness of the soil brought down by the water is wonderful: now that the level of the river is low, the muddy walls of alluvial

deposit rise sometimes twenty feet above the stream. Innumerable birds come down to the waters: whole squadrons of cranes wheeling and flashing their white wings in the sun recal Homeric similes—strings of camels, in relief against the brazen sky, are waving and swinging their solitary way to the congenial desert—while Bedouin horsemen, wild sons of Ishmael, with tall spears erect, pause on the sandy hillocks to watch us gliding by. The parched wilderness seems sometimes ready to dispute the passage of the Nile, and clouds of sand are driven by the wind across its broad and yellow surface. White crescent-rearing domes and slender minarets shine through the woods of date, and tall Juno-pacing blue-robed women, with pitchers on their shoulders, come down at sunset for the sweet waters of the *Bahr-el-helloo.* To our left lies the Delta of Egypt, the creation of the river, the land of Goshen—"the best of the land"—fertilized by the many branching streams through which the Abyssinian rains find their way from the clouds, to join once more the source from which they came—the wide expanse of the Mediterranean sea. To the right, stretches away for endless

miles the sublime and terrible Zahara—the region of burning thirst, the dancing *mirage*, and the deadly *simoom*—the wide waste so often swept by the eager but awe-struck imagination of our childhood under the thrilling influence of the heroic Bruce and the gentle Park. But the life-destroying sand gains upon the bounteous water, and the dry western channel of the *Bahr-bela-ma* proves that "the waters have failed from the sea, and the river is wasted and dried; the brooks of defence are empty, and the reeds and flags are withered; the *paper reeds* by the brooks are withered, are driven away, and are no more." (Isaiah xix.)

February 23. First view of the great pyramids of Cheops and Cephrenes! The outlines, at a distance of thirty miles, are in sharp relief against the sand-reflecting sky. Pass the island formed by the junction of the two chief branches of the Nile, about twenty miles below Boulak, the port of Cairo, where we soon arrive, after gliding by the Basha's citron-perfumed gardens of Shoobra; his highness, however, is now in Upper Egypt beyond the first cataract, according to report, *dodging* the European consuls, who are pressing him to sign

a commercial treaty, which the old Lion "has no mind to," his mercantile and princely policy being guided by the selfsame royal rule—

> "The good old plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Many rumours are rife as to the ruffled state of his temper; and the subject is doubtless sufficiently interesting to those whose heads would fall from their shoulders before a gentle horizontal wave of that withered hand.

> "'Tis a very fine thing to be *under the* law
> Of a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw!"

The two-days' voyage from Alexandria has not been without interest. The Indian passengers, civil and military, are men to be observed with attention; for upon them as a class, must, humanly speaking, in great measure depend the issue of the question, whether we are to hold or to lose our unparalleled position in the East,—whether we are to use or abuse the mighty power entrusted to our island of the west, over countless myriads of the descendants of Shem. It is written, "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem;" but is it to us of the northern west

or to the Scythian hordes of the northern east, that is to be at last awarded the working out of God's will in the religious and social development of these two hundred millions of the human race?—is it to us that is reserved, not the false and fleeting honour of bloody trophy and golden spoil, but the real and abiding glory of rearing in the East the ensign of Light and Grace and Truth to the nations afar off, who yet sit in the darkness of Juggernaut and the shadow of death? To us has been committed the pearl of great price, "the knowledge of God's truth." It may be made in our hands to adorn a diadem of never-dying splendour on Britannia's brow, or it may be cast down, to our endless shame and confusion, to be trodden under foot by devil-possessed swine wallowing in the mire of mammon. India will not in vain "stretch forth her hands to God." If her cry should rise from earth to heaven against us, it "will enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth," as "the voice of our brother's blood which crieth unto Him from the ground"—not the blood of our brother slain, but the blood of our brother *sold*. God grant that indignation and wrath may never be denounced

against us as a nation; but if the *Mene, Mene, Tekel* should be written by the destroying angel, will not our condemnation spring from "covetousness which is idolatry?" Have we not in the vast extension of our empire been serving mammon, rather than serving God? Have not all the resources of a mighty people, "professing and calling themselves Christians," been made subservient to that "love of money which is the root of all evil?" A host of martyrs have poured forth their blood in the cause of Gold, but where do we find the testimony of that nobler army which should have borne witness in the cause of Truth? Alas! not *Truth*, but *Trade*, has been our watchword —the moving spring of England's action—the mark of her calling—the end and aim of her matchless energy. And will she not reap her reward, if, after grasping the forbidden fruit of wealth and luxury, she gnash her teeth on the bitter ashes of *debt* and *pauperism!*

The large party now going overland is of course very variously composed. Some are men ripe in years and judgment, men who have earned distinction, and studied life, in the East and the West, bearing the stamp of calmness

and decision, worn by those who know and are prepared for all the changes and chances of human existence,—some are polished and accomplished members of England's aristocracy, eager to achieve eminence in peace or war,—some are young and gay and reckless, as yet knowing little and fearing nothing as touching danger and duty, anxiety and sorrow; but physical strength and animal courage are good material upon which experience may engrave deeply the lines of wisdom. God bless and prosper them all! They are wanderers to a far country; and "he that wanders from his home is as a bird that wanders from his nest." Alas! how many of them will sicken, pine, and die far from the eyes that would have watched, and the hearts that would have yearned, over their feverish pillow! how many will redden the field of battle with their warm blood, and bleach it with their unburied bones! The news from our army in Cabul is gloomy as Erebus, and expectation is on tiptoe for the next mail.

Our little staggering steamer has been perpetually running upon sand banks, and I have several times regretted that I did not hire a native boat at Atfeh. The north or Etesian

wind blows for nine months out of twelve, and the tall latteen sails are urged by its influence steadily and rapidly up the stream. It would clearly be more in accordance with the *genius loci* to trust the fresh and gentle breeze, than thus to puff smoking defiance in the venerable face of

"Αιγυπτοιο διϊπετεος ποταμοιο."

The river is more than a mile from Cairo at this season; so, hiring camels for luggage and donkeys for ourselves, we trudge across the sun-baked plain, every hoof raising a thick cloud of impalpable dust, which soon renders man and beast and baggage of the same complexion.

CAIRO.

To avoid the noise and confusion of the Indian transit, I establish myself at the French house, *Del Giardino*, and become acquainted with a young American physician, travelling with much the same purpose as myself. Our first evening expedition, *pour nous orienter*,

is to the towering Acropolis, the lofty fortress of this Arabian capital,—this mighty city of Saladin, where three hundred thousand Mooslims still rear the Crescent and revile the Cross —where *Kelb* and *Nozrannee, Dog* and *Nazarene, Infidel* and *Giaour,* still startle the Christian as the curse falls upon his ear, muttered with a scowl of hatred on the disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, from the bearded zealot who proclaims a creed he will maintain to the death: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammad is his Prophet."

This then is Grand Cairo! From these high embattled walls we are looking down upon the capital of Hharoun el Raschid—the city of the thousand and one enchanting and enchanted nights of the favourite Sultana. All hail, ye recollections of wondering and delighted childhood! Ye caliphs, viziers, and genii, here ye have, or had, your "local habitation!" Here below us spreads the vast and varied expanse of "*El-Ckayireh*"—the Victorious—glittering in the dusty gold and white of mosque and minaret, under the blazing rays of a setting sun. The modern name of the capital is *Muzr,* or *Mizr:* query, whether related to *Mizraim,*

second son of Ham, second son of Noah, and reputed father of the African race?

Cairo, between eight and nine miles in circumference, is surrounded by walls and gates. Rising eastward from the city is the arid limestone range of the mountains of *Mookatam*, stretching far away to the Red Sea. Westward, is the Great Desert, from which we are separated only by the river and its green strip of irrigated land on either side; and this strip of green, more or less narrow according to the season and the nature of the channel, is the termination of the valley of Upper Egypt, which here begins to spread into the broad, flat, and well-cultivated because well-watered, Delta of the Nile. One glance at the scene before us, explains the veneration of the Egyptian for his river; its waters are indeed to him waters of life, for they are the sole barrier which protects his native land from the deadly invasion of the desert sand, sweeping before the fiery simoom with the besom of destruction.

Yonder stand, and have stood for three thousand years, on the very edge of that sandy ocean, the *Pyramids of Egypt!* From the point of the grand marble mosque, built by

the Basha, the prospect is vast and magnificent, the atmosphere being so clear that distant objects preserve a distinct outline. Immediately beneath is the Great Square, crowded with bearded and turbaned heads, and bodies clad in the flowing robes of the East; jugglers are twisting serpents and eating fire, while the slow-moving dance, the monotonous song, and the long-spun tale attract and rivet solemn gazing circles of the faith of El-Islàm. The favourite music of Egypt, the shrill quavering of the *Nay*, and the *dub-a-rub-dub* of the *Darabookeh* and *Tubblebeladee* send up far and wide through the dry and elastic air their ceaseless and drowsy sound.

The chief mosque of the Sooltan Hassan towers high in the decorated pride of Saracenic architecture, and from among the green palms rise numberless white tapering minarets, where the *Mooeddins* are now pouring forth at full pitch, from the lofty gallery or *madneh*, the clear and prolonged notes of the musical *Adàn*, or Call to Prayer, the sounds of which from many a mosque rise and fall in measured and solemn cadence on the ear :—

Allàh hoo àkbar,
Ashadoo ànnah la illàha il Allah,
Ashadoo annah Mohàmmad rassool Allah.
Hheiya ala selàh,
Hheiya ala felàh,
La illàha il Allah.

"God is great;
I protest there is no God but God;
I protest Mohammad is the Prophet of God.
Come to prayer,
Come to rest:
There is no God but God

The sound of a bell is an abomination to the Arab, the human voice alone summons the Mooslim to the mosque.

While walking round the ramparts we listen to the story of the Memlook slaughter by the Basha in 1811. The chiefs were invited to a banquet in this fortress, and after being luxuriously feasted and graciously dismissed, they found all the gates closed and themselves and their followers barricadoed in a *cul de sac.* At the given signal a murderous fire opened from unseen assailants, and five hundred of these proud and gorgeous, but infamous and hated soldiery, bit the dust; one alone escaped by leaping the barrier, and plunging, horse and man, down the precipitous rampart: the horse

was killed, but the rider saved his life and is, they say, living still.

These Memlook troops were such a fatal incubus of turbulence, profligacy, and tyranny, that any government would have been justified in the adoption of summary measures; but the mode pursued by Mohammad Ali is revolting to our western ideas of chivalry and fair play. The orientals, however, understand no such scruples; with them, the surest and safest means of destroying an enemy are deemed the wisest and best. The pride and strength of these formidable horsemen never recovered from the steady-rolling death-dealing fire of the French infantry at the "Battle of the Pyramids." As individual soldiers, they were perhaps better mounted and armed than any opponents which Europe could bring against them; and their peculiar swordsmanship was both admired and dreaded by the French cavalry. They charged the hollow squares with a desperate courage, that would have ensured success had success been possible. Each man carried his fortune about him in his arms and accoutrements; and these, with the Cashmere shawls and embroidered silks, helped to enrich the French sol-

diers, who used, as an old officer told me, to fish for Memlooks in the Nile days and weeks after their overthrow in the field. These mercenaries were principally of European blood, taken, bought, or stolen when children, and always selected for strength and beauty. The corps was recruited and maintained by the same means. For two hundred years they exercised sovereign power, and, like the Prætorian bands, chose a sultan from their own ranks. They kept their ground from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, when the Memlook Beys were compelled to yield uncertain obedience to the Turk. Their career of violence and infamy was finally closed by the massacre in this citadel of Cairo.

The Memlook dynasty forms one link in the chain of foreign powers, which, from the days of the Assyrian monarchy, have successively ruled the land of the Pharaohs. Nebuchadnezzar and Cambyses, Alexander and the Ptolemies, the Roman and the Saracen, the Memlook and the Turk, have followed each other in the moving pageant of history; and now, the Basha against the Sultan, Turk against Turk, alien against alien, are playing the game for Egyp-

tian sovereignty. But still "no prince of the land of Egypt" rises to fill the throne; still "it is a base kingdom," "the basest of kingdoms" —"its sceptre has departed, and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt," saith the prophet of the Lord!

Here is prophecy, the fulfilment of which, he who runs may read; and if it cannot be so read, surely the reading is not the true one. "No prophecy," says the Apostle, is of private interpretation;" i. e. "Nullum vaticinium ex se et per se explicari posse, nisi vaticinium et eventus secum invicem comparentur, nec potest intelligi nisi ex eventu et historiâ." (*Rosenmüller.*)—"No prophecy can be explained or understood, save by its fulfilment." Every speculation then upon prophecy, not *clearly* accomplished, falls to the ground, as the mere imagination of the heart of man.

Feb. 24th to March 1st. My head quarters at the French house are not *very* disagreeable, barring those plagues of Egypt, which are not peculiar to it; e. g., here as elsewhere the flies are in great force and of uncommon perseverance,—they *will* buzz in one's ears, and settle on one's nose, and crawl on one's forehead, in

spite of all the whisking and flourishing of horse-tail flap and palm-leaf fan. The fleas hop and skip by myriads, but are not, I think, so vicious as in Europe; at any rate they are less noticed in this land of things creeping and hopping, innumerable and abominable. The flies bite quite as sharply as the fleas, and take more pleasure in tormenting for tormenting's sake. There are also in close alliance with flies, fleas, bugs, and musquitoes, other confederates (*horresco referens*) of whose amiable existence one is only made aware in happy England through the medium of microscopes.

The variety of crawling spiders, of all degrees of ugliness up to the hideous, and of all mis-shapen sizes up to the circumference of a dollar, might interest an entomologist; but I know nothing of their characteristics, and, as they leave me unmolested, care nothing. The green and brown lizards, which run like lightning upon the white-washed walls and rough-hewn rafters, are not to be included among the enemy's force; on the contrary, listening to their *click, click,* as a friendly signal, one watches them with great satisfaction as they pounce upon the odious flies. A solitary scorpion may

occasionally lurk in a dark corner, but, unless provoked, he readily beats a retreat.

It is difficult to decide whether the donkeys or the dogs make the more insufferable noise. Every house has a shed, in which dwells at least one of the first-mentioned respectable, useful, and much-maligned race; but docile and enduring as they are, one cannot help losing all patience and all sympathy, under the exasperating influence of one continued *hee-haw* chorus, from "morn to eve and eve to dewy morn." The dogs are in one respect only half as bad, as they spend half their time in quiet sleep; the barking, howling, and growling goes on chiefly at night; but then they fight so furiously among themselves, and are so evilly-disposed towards Frank strangers, that, taking them all in all, they are perhaps a greater nuisance than the asses.

The police regulations kept up among the canine community are curious: each individual dog belongs to a society to which is allotted a certain district, beyond which none stray or prowl without permission; and woe to the intruder who is caught out of bounds—the hue and cry is up, and he runs the gauntlet for

his life. Still, to give the dogs their due, they are, as joint scavengers with the jackals, very useful members of society, and are accordingly respected and well treated by the Mooslim population, though the *touch* of the unclean animal is held to be pollution, and carefully guarded against, even to the hem of the garment.

The approach to our house is by the usual narrow lane, where the projecting lattices of the upper story almost meet. These lanes issue from streets somewhat broader, constituting the great thoroughfares of the city, from which they are separated by large wooden gates, closed at night, and guarded by porters, wrapped in the hooded white-blanket Arab cloak, and before admission can be gained, the challenge of these warders must be answered:

"*Wachhed Allah!*"

"Proclaim that God is one."

Reply—"*La illàhha il Allah!*"

"There is no God but God."

The zealous Mussulman may add—

"*Mohàmmad rassool Allah!*"

"Mohammad is the Prophet of God."

Of course the Christian has no scruple in

pronouncing the first formula. (Mark xii. 29.) No one is allowed to walk after sunset, without a lantern, usually made of transparent waxed cloth, which folds up flat between a top and bottom of thin copper or pasteboard.

The streets of Cairo, if streets they may be called that are seldom more than six feet wide, are altogether unpaved; and to avoid intolerable dust, the *sackyehs* or water-carriers are employed to sprinkle the contents of their dripping goat-skins, right and left, through every thoroughfare. If the aspersion be at all too liberal, the dry mud becomes a slippery, slimy paste, upon which man and beast, i. e. rider and donkey, are very apt to measure their length. The first stories of the houses are usually built of stone, striped alternately red and white; the upper part of sun-dried bricks; the large projecting windows are of wooden lattice-work, very variously and curiously worked, admitting sufficient air and light for those within, but effectually screening them from the observation of those without; glass panes are seldom found and little needed in a climate where it scarcely ever rains, and where the winter temperature averages nearly 60°. The

street doors are often highly ornamented with arched stone-work, the wood being painted red, green, and white, with the assertion of the Unity of the Deity inscribed in the centre in flowing black characters from the Koran. The entry to each house is usually guarded by a *bow-wab* or porter; after propitiating this official, the visitor finds his way through a zig-zag passage (which baffles curious eyes from the street) into a court yard, upon which look the windows of the *Hhareem*, or women's apartment. The fair inmates often take up a position behind the lattices, where they see unseen; while various entertainments of dancing, music, singing, and story-telling are frequently carried on below for their amusement. The great object of domestic architecture is to keep the *Hhareem* sacred from all intrusion and observation.

Tables and chairs, as well as knives and forks, are unknown in the households of Cairo. No orientals can abide our sitting posture; they either recline bodily upon ottoman cushions, or cross their legs under them in tailor fashion. The table is represented by a round copper tray upon a low stool, carried in and out when needed, and supplied by dishes succeeding each

other *singly*. The guests, who are squatted round, help themselves with the fingers, always of the *right* hand, or with a spoon when required; and it is courtesy to offer a friend with finger and thumb anything that may pass for a delicacy. The dishes are not of a nature to require much carving; the principal mess being the *pilaf* of rice and boiled fowl, then minced meat, with abundant variety of stewed vegetables, the onion first and the cucumber second in precedence: nearly everything is strongly seasoned and spiced. Each person is furnished with a napkin; and when the repast is over, a slave pours water upon his hands.

The orientals will not wash, if they can help it, in any but *running* water; thus, in the ablutions which precede and follow every meal, the water is *poured* from the pitcher over the hands into a brass basin, having a perforated cover, through which it finds its way without offending the eyes of the scrupulous Mooslim. It is amusing as well as instructive to observe how the oriental retorts with interest upon the European, the charge of barbarism and indelicacy. Certain it is we must yield to them the

palm of "cleansing the outside of the platter, and whiting sepulchres full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

The rule of contradiction seems to prevail between East and West wherever there is room to differ. I have somewhere seen a curious parallel of opposition which might be carried to an amusing length: e. g. *they* read and write from right to left, *we* from left to right;—*they* shave the hair of the head and let beard and moustache grow, *we* let the hair of the head grow and shave both beard and moustache;—*we* take off our hats in church, *they* take off their shoes;—*we* sit on chairs, *they* recline on cushions;—*we* eat with knife and fork, *they* prefer finger and thumb;—*we* dance with steps of the feet, *they* dance with gestures of the body;—*our* clothes are tight and buttoned, *theirs* loose and tied;—*we* calculate by the sun, *they* calculate by the moon;—*we* ride with straight legs, *they* with knees up to the chin;—*our* necks are enveloped and heads bare, *their* necks are bare and heads enveloped;—*their* code, abjuring wine, pork, and things strangled, permits polygamy; *our* code, permitting wine, pork, and things strangled, abhors polygamy. Thus, in

religion, morals, politics, literature, and life, we hate, despise, oppose, misunderstand, and misrepresent each other!

The popular amusements of the capital are of a very depraved character; the mountebank tricks and exhibitions often of the lowest and most infamous description—"a base land." In riding or walking through the city we are usually treated with civility, and our presence is always a signal for the best performance in dance and music, song and tale. The donkeys we ride are clean-limbed, quick-eyed and small-headed, equipped with high morocco saddles and housings; the boys in charge drive them full canter through the crowded and narrow streets, shouting and yelling with all their might *riglak! yemeenak! shemâlak!* and other cries, addressed alternately to rider, beast, and passenger. Every now and then we meet a lofty camel, with a huge bale on either side filling up the whole street, and have to manœuvre or retreat accordingly. The women as well as men ride upon asses, and present to a stranger very startling coffin-like figures, wrapped up from head to foot in black silk mantles and hoods, sitting astride upon huge lofty saddles,

exalting their yellow-slippered feet to a level with the donkey's ears, and showing nothing of their own person or features but the large, dark, *kohl*-stained eyes that gaze grandly and calmly upon the despised infidel, from above the hem of the long white linen veil that descends from the top of the nose, and would reach to the feet if its folds did not rest upon the broad and lofty cushion which bears the fair lady's enveloped and mysterious form. The first impression is, that they must fall from their perilous height; but that fear soon vanishes. A turbaned and grave attendant walks by the side, and the donkey is sure footed and securely girthed.

The aspect of the principal streets is full of eastern life, and an artist would be delighted with admirable studies of oriental feature and costume. Here, the venerable white beard and noble countenance of an old *sheyk*, who might pass for Father Abraham himself; and there, the flashing eye of the Bedouin Arab, with the wild grace and ferocity of the outcast Ishmael—the free denizen of the desert—"his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." The bazaars are piled with costly

merchandize, separately arranged, one for cloth, another for shoes, a third for sabres, a fourth for jewellery, and so on. Articles of value, such as Cashmere shawls and Damascus blades, are paraded through the crowd by a crier or auctioneer, who receives the various offers, and at last assigns the purchase to the highest bidder. Very great importance is attached to the temper of steel, and large sums are given for favourite swords. An *effendee*, or gentleman, usually wears a richly embossed scabbard of silver gilt, and all classes are fond of sticking long pistols in their silk girdles; but the locks are luckily less subjected to scrutiny than the ornamented butts and barrels, and many a blood-thirsty pull on a trigger is happily thwarted by an innocent flash in the pan, or probably no flash at all, the hammer and pan, by the benevolent foresight of the Lyons manufacturer, not being designed for collision and explosion.

My Arab servant summoned me on Thursday to see a grand marriage procession marching through the streets. The poor little bride, a mere child in years, enveloped from head to foot in crimson veils and shawls, not even her eyes visible, walking under a rich silken canopy

supported by tall bearers, and a deluge of rose-water dashed over her to keep her from swooning with heat and fatigue; she is supported by matron ladies in the usual black silk wrappers and white linen veils—nothing seen but the points of their yellow slippers, the tips of their *hhenna*-died nails, pink as "the rosy-fingered morn," and the wondrous dark eyes of Egypt, their soft lustre enhanced by the stain of the black *kohl*, a pigment applied under the lash of the lower eyelid—a fashion as old as the pyramids, for glass bottles of the dye are found in the ancient mummy pits. The procession is headed by the usual music—the famous tattoo of the *Darabookeh*, the shrill squeak of the fife, and the joyous jingle of the tambourine; with ever and anon the women's shrill quavering quivering cry of the *Zugghareet*, a most peculiar, and to European organs, inimitable sound, apparently produced by a very rapid tremulous vibration of the tongue against the roof of the mouth, which causes a prolonged note, so wild and yet so sweet, that once heard it can never be forgotten. Half-naked wrestlers, sword players, and buffoons exert themselves in honour of the occasion; several boys, very richly dressed and

mounted upon noble horses led by the rein, were pointed out to me, preceding the bridal parade, previously to the rite of circumcision which is still of Mohammadan obligation. It seems that Thursday and Sunday are the two days appointed for the various ceremonies which precede matrimony; and these ceremonies are by no means of light or easy endurance to the happy couple, if happy they can be called, who never meet or see each other till the knot is tied,—by no means, however, indissolubly, as divorce is a very summary process, and, as may be supposed, of frequent occurrence. The procession, or *ziffeh*, of the bride occupies many hours, parading the principal streets; and it is not till the evening of the second day that she is conducted to the home of her husband, who, poor man, has been suffering his full share of the marching, drumming, and piping, with the nightly addition of epithalamium hymns, blazing fires, and waving torches carried before him. The first day's march is called the Procession of the Bath, from its principal incident; the second, the Procession of the Bride, as it leads her to, and leaves her with, the expectant bridegroom. For details on these and all other

matters connected with modern Egypt, Lane's two volumes in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" are indispensable and invaluable.

March 1st to 8th. Make preparations with my American friend for a week's excursion to the Pyramids, hiring a camel for our tent and baggage, and three *hhomars* for ourselves and Arab servant Hassan—a handsome, active, and accomplished fellow, talking a very amusing but sufficiently intelligible farrago of Arabic, lingua Franca, and English: he himself always maintains an imperturbable gravity, his glittering eyes half closed; a habit common to all the natives, to protect them from the glare of the sand and sun.

As the hot weather is approaching, we adopt Hassan's advice, and pay a visit to a barber, who very neatly and expeditiously shaves our heads according to the fashion of the country, following up the operation with a smothering deluge of soap suds, rubbed and scrubbed till we cry for mercy, when we are dismissed from under the hands of our energetic eastern Figaro with a plentiful libation of delicious rose-water, and Hassan cases our polished and perfumed pates in the close-fitting *tackeejeh*, or cotton

skull cap, covered and surmounted by the lofty scarlet cloth *turboosh*, with its waving tassel of blue silk, requiring only a fold of muslin to constitute a turban complete. The coolness and comfort of our change of head-gear fully bears out Hassan, and we commission him to complete the work by equipping us in white calico jackets and wide trowsers, *à la Turque*, with broad sashes of silk twisted half a dozen times round the waist, which is accomplished by posting your servant at one end of the room, with one extremity of the sash held tight, and yourself at the other end of the room, and with the other extremity of the sash held close; and then, like Molière's *bourgeois gentilhomme*, who is robed to the sound of music, you approach your valet with a slow waltzing step, and find yourself, on reaching him, tightly and securely girthed, with a sensation of well-braced support, which acts as a tonic on mind and body.

Having adopted the *turboosh* and shaved our heads, we are of course henceforth freed from the penance of shaving lip and chin; an infliction which, in this country and climate, one is happy to escape. A visit to the sabre bazaar

completes our equipment; and thus, delighted with the novelty and coolness of our costume, we prepare for the Pyramids,—not without a slight misgiving, for though no one can possibly mistake us for Mussulmen, yet we can scarcely expect to be acknowledged as Christians.

Hassan lays in good stock of rice, coffee, dates, maccaroni, sugar, salt, lemons, and rum, which being stored in a wicker-work *kafass*, a kind of basket for such purpose, formed of palm branch or leaf, we set forth on our way rejoicing. It may be remarked *en passant* of the palm, that it is the universal, the providential, and nearly the only tree that Egypt produces. Everything that *can* be made of wood is here made of palm wood—beams, bed frames, bed stuffings, baskets, mats, ropes, fly-flaps, &c. &c. The camel is not more essential to the Bedouin, nor the reindeer to the Esquimaux, than the palm tree to the Egyptian, and its fruit affords him nutritious and never-failing food. The Basha levies a tax upon the tree, which, judging by the immense groves throughout his dominions, must contribute considerably to his annual revenue, which they say is between two and three millions sterling.

On reaching Old Cairo, about two miles from our quarters and on the banks of the river, we are overtaken and surprised by the first gust of a *khamseen* wind, which seldom blows so early in the season. The word signifies *fifty;* and the wind is so called because during a period of about fifty days in April and May it may be looked for at intervals, prevailing for twenty-four to forty-eight hours at a time. It comes from the south and south-west, across the African desert, bringing clouds of hot, fiery-looking sand, cracking and parching all it breathes upon, and intolerably oppressive to man and beast. We found the Nile so rough with the gale, that no boat would venture out, three lives having been lost during the day; so after some difficulty we at length find shelter under the roof of a Syrian merchant, who allots us a large upper chamber at twenty piastres for the night: truth compelling us to acknowledge we were not married, was an insuperable obstacle to our being received at any of the native houses to which we applied. The family of our entertainer consists of an old lady duenna, enormously fat, and not kept together by the stays and supports that we could desire. She

is closely followed by her two negress slaves, who forget their mistress and their duty, to stare and laugh at us with all their eyes and teeth. The news of our arrival was probably not long in reaching another member of the family of a more interesting appearance—no less a person than the lady of the *Hhareem*—into whose presence we are ushered during the afternoon, with some appearance of management and mystery. She is a young Circassian, very fair, with large dark eyes, brown hair, and eyebrows finely pencilled. She receives us sitting or rather reclining on ottoman cushions; we drink coffee from little cups in gold fillagre cases, eat sweetmeats from perfumed boxes, and the slaves pour rose-water on our fingers, while the lady dons various shawls and jewels, and makes us take off her head-dress of gold spangles, like a comet's tail, and feel the weight and count the number of the gold coins attached. We in return show our watches, telescopes, and pencil-cases; present the fair dame with a pair of scissors and a dozen or two of pins and needles; and having made our bow and exchanged civil speeches, which are appreciated though not understood, we take our

departure, trusting in the good generalship of the ladies for not meeting our Syrian host, their lord and master, whom we heartily wish as much happiness as the undisturbed possession of his pretty little silly wife can ensure.

Visit the ancient Coptic church of Santa Maria and San Georgio, upon entering which we take off our shoes, and walk in yellow morocco slippers on palm-leaf matting. The walls are daubed with various pictures of grim and ugly saints; but the Copts, like the Greeks, admit no image nor high relief casting a shadow. The whole church is screened and curtained off into parallel compartments, reminding one of the arrangement of the four orders of Penitents in the primitive church, *Flentes*, *Audientes*, *Prostrati*, and *Consistentes*. The officiating priests alone enter within the painted panels and cross-embroidered tapestry that conceal the altar; the deacons and acolytes stand outside, chaunting a sort of *targum* in Arabic, being an explanation of and commentary on the Coptic service, celebrated by the concealed priest inside the pale, though he himself is said not to understand the old language much better than the congregation, who do not understand

it at all. The chaunting is like the Jewish, and the Jewish is not unlike the Mohammadan.

The Holy Sacrament is administered to the clergy only in *both kinds*, and the bread is in the form of unleavened wafers; but whether they hold transubstantiation or not, we had no means of learning. Auricular confession is practised, and the censer and frankincense used, as in the Roman church. Coptic and Arabic Bibles and Liturgies lie upon lecterns before the screen of the high altar. The people do not kneel or sit, but "worship leaning like Jacob upon the top of a staff." The fasts are said to be frequent and severe.

According to Lane, the Coptic population in Egypt amounts to about a hundred and fifty thousand, a number yearly diminished by renegades, who embrace the dominant faith of El-Islàm. The Copts are considered true descendants of the ancient race of Egypt, and still show the thick lips, straight noses, broad foreheads, and elongated eyes with which we are familiar in everlasting granite; but the same observation applies in great measure to the people in general. The distinguishing mark of the Copt is, a black or dark-coloured robe

and turban, a badge of inferiority to the Mooslim, who alone claims *green* and *white* as the sacred colours, which are his by prerogative of race. St. Mark the Evangelist is the patron saint of the Egyptian Christians; but they lost the sacred relics (his dust and ashes) when the Venetians, gaining possession of them in the ninth century, transported them to the Legunes, and built over them (so runs the story) the noble cathedral which still stands upon the far-famed piazza. The legend of the church of Santa Maria is connected with our Lord's flight into Egypt; and we are shown the cavern which offered an asylum to the "young Child and His mother."

The dry wind at sunset is still "blowing sand through an egg-shell" (Arabic proverb); and we pass a restless night, tormented with many plagues, which at last drive me out in despair upon the flat roof, where I find, after an hour or two's oblivion, that the gale is stilled and the moon shining brightly upon the broad and placid Nile, on which, tall white sails are gliding in silvery light, and beyond the river rise the dark stupendous masses of the pyramids, flinging their deep shadows far into the

moonlit desert. It is three hours beyond midnight, and the cry of the *Mooeddin* peals through the dead stillness of the morning watch—*Ashadoo ànnah la illàha il Allah:* "I protest there is no God but God." Alas! that this noble profession of the Truth should not *end* here; it would then at least be nothing *but* the Truth, though not the *whole* Truth as declared in Jesus Christ. Alas! that *Mohammad* should still mingle with *Allah,* and ring so loud and clear to greet the rising sun with a lie. But yet the God whose unity they assert has declared, that "in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness will be accepted with Him;" that that alone will be demanded which is given—"much to whom much," "less to whom less." Meanwhile a voice whispers, "What is that to thee? follow thou me;" and "may it please Him to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived!"

Bidding adieu to our Syrian friends, we see the camel and asses safe across the river, and return half way to land on the island of *Rodah,* where Moses was found in the rushes by Pharaoh's daughter. Here stands the old Saracenic

Nilometer, an edifice of some architectural pretension in what we call the *Gothic*, but which might perhaps be more aptly termed the *Arabic* or Moorish style, if, as seems probable, it came to us through Spain. The graduated stone pillar and steps are intended for the official *reading off* of the Nile's rise, upon the due degree of which depends the hope of Egypt's harvest; agriculture and irrigation being here convertible terms. The river begins to swell in the neighbourhood of the capital about the middle of June, and reaches its highest level towards the end of September: a rise of sixteen cubits, or twenty-four feet, is the consummation for which millions offer prayers to heaven; and, when these prayers are granted, a cry of joy and jubilee is heard from Syene to the sea; the public announcement is solemnized with all the pomp of national festivity, and, amid the thundering of cannon, the blaze of fireworks, and, far grander than either, the *Te Deum* of the people, couriers are despatched to speed the news from Cairo to Stamboul. The acme of the festival is the cutting the dam of the canal, through which the yellow and turbid waters of the Nile roll their dust-devouring way into the

parched and smoking plain of the *Esbekeeyeh;* and those only who have breathed the impalpable powder of Egypt's summer-soil, can appreciate the magic creation of a broad and buoyant lake in the midst of the thirsty city.

Before leaving the western bank of the river, we crawl and grope through the subterranean egg-hatching establishment of Ghizeh, handling hot addled eggs and unfledged precarious chickens, in as foul a smelling medium of heat, dust, and darkness as ever human lungs inhaled. The temperature is about 105° of Fahrenheit; and success depends greatly upon its equable maintenance, for which the manager trusts to his own perception, neither having nor requiring any other thermometer. The chicks usually break the shell at the end of twenty days or less, the eggs being duly turned and manipulated by the superintendents. They say that about fifty millions of eggs are annually sent to the different establishments in Lower and Upper Egypt; nearly half the number are spoiled, and perhaps one-third of the chickens die, though they are petted and nursed with great tenderness by ladies to whom they are sent. The required heat is maintained by the slow-burning

camel-dung fuel of the country; and the power of human endurance and adaptation to circumstance, could scarcely find a better illustration than in the person of the director of this stifling, subterranean, artificial poultry-rearing institution, whose hot-house nurslings however, as might be expected, are scarcely a match for the legitimate offspring of dame Nature's primeval brooding and clucking.

A ride of four or five miles, across fertile corn fields, annually overflown, brings us under the shadow of the pyramids; but long before arriving we are beset by a posse of Arab guides running alongside, yelling and squabbling with each other, as Arabs only can yell and squabble, but patting us on the back in a patronizing way, alternately bragging and coaxing about Belzoni and *Baksheesh;* the latter *shibboleth* answering to the French *pour boire* and the German *trink-geld*, but for which, in English, we have no name equally definite, though the thing be well understood. *Felloos* is money, and *Baksheesh* a present; and a countryman of ours had sufficient reason for his new reading of the Arab creed,—"There is no God but *Felloos*, and *Baksheesh* is his prophet."

These noisy gentry are licensed by the government to act as pyramid-guides, and no traveller may dispense with the attendance of one or more of them: they are responsible for the safety of European visitors, who have consequently nothing to apprehend, though the first onset of the sinewy savages might almost justify a little bodily fear. With the assistance of our numerous guard, we soon pitch the tent, and establish our household upon Colonel Vyse's rock,—the *Hôtel sans façon;* water is soon fetched—a fire quickly blazes—and as the sun goes down, Hassan as major-domo, followed by a brace of our new allies, makes his appearance, bearing a small mountain of smoking rice and chicken, with toasted bread and maccaroni, cheese ad libitum, followed by a desert of dates and a bowl of punch; with which, sitting in patriarchal fashion at the door of our tent, while the cool shadows of the pyramids are flung far and wide upon the sand, we drink "the Privations of the Desert." A party of Arabs, sent up by the *sheyk* of a neighbouring village, lie round the tent, wrapped in the *burnoos* or white woollen hooded cloak, which makes them look when their backs are turned like Carthusian

monks of Saint Bruno. When tired of telling long stories and howling dismal songs, which resemble the lamentations of a beaten hound, they watch and snore by turns for the night: not that I believe the vigils to have interfered with the slumbers of our sentinels; for when we went out for rambling midnight meditation in the shade of *Cephrenes*, they were all as fast asleep as Mr. Puff's sentries when looking for the Spanish Armada. The only wakeful watch was a hooting owl perched upon the top of our tent pole, "most musical, most melancholy," staring at brilliant Aldebaran, as the glorious star rose glittering on the dark point of Cheops' pyramid.

The hoot of that bird—"no joyful voice"—is the only sound that now disturbs a night solitary as that which looked so dark to the mournful spirit of Job, when he "opened his mouth and cursed the night in which it was said, there is a man child conceived." And surely these must be the "desolate places built for themselves by kings and counsellors of the earth," with whom the man of Uz would fain "have lain still, been quiet, have slept, and been at rest" (Job iii.) even "with princes that

had gold and who filled their houses with silver." If these pyramids be indeed the tombs and treasure houses of kings and counsellors of the earth, they are still as dark, silent, vast, and desolate as when the weary soul of the patriarch brooded upon their image, as shadowing the last dreary home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!"

A gorgeous sunrise over the mountains of Mookatam, lighting up a far-extended view of the valley of Egypt, with Cairo and its thousand pinnacles trembling in a dancing dusky mirage beyond the river, which winds its silvery green-embroidered course through a wide waste of golden glaring sand.

Hassan's breakfast does him no less credit than his dinner, and we render equal justice to both; sitting down under the shade of our rock to a pile of hot toast and butter, with fresh eggs, rich boiling goat's milk, and the most fragrant of Mokah coffee, with the delightful anticipation of a long day's scramble in and on and over the mighty and mysterious mountains, reared, no one knows how or when or why, by the handiwork of "men that were

of old, men of renown," but whose renown cannot pierce the darkness or traverse the distance of three thousand years; no, nor half three thousand, for Herodotus, B. C. 400, knew no more than we do; all he could learn was, that they were built "lang syne," but by whom, neither priests nor people could tell, any more than the shepherds on Salisbury Plain can now tell who built Stonehenge.

Our first expedition is to the top of the great pyramid of Cheops; standing upon lower ground than that of Cephrenes, but in itself somewhat loftier, the perpendicular height is about five hundred feet, and its base is said to equal the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, following the line of houses; the material is limestone, much worn and shaken by time and violence; the steps, i. e. the successive layers or tiers of massive blocks which constitute the pyramid, are not less than two feet high, and require what the French call a *bon jarret* to ascend without assistance, which is however always at hand; my friend and myself being obliged to show much energy in our determination to trust to our own legs, for our Arab satellites, urged in their zeal for the service

by inordinate love of *baksheesh*, and, skipping like chamois on a mountain, unencumbered with any garment expressible or inexpressible, were resolutely bent on lifting, dragging, and shoving us up the steep, after a fashion which was anything but dignified, though doubtless very safe. Two little blue-robed bare-footed damsels, with porous earthen pitchers of delicious water from the Nile, were far more gentle and welcome auxiliaries, and the "*baksheesh*," modestly murmured and fairly earned, was an appeal from the gazelle-eyed maidens too just and powerful to be resisted. Pausing half way on the tremendous slope, we looked up and looked down on the piled mountain above and below us with a feeling of awe approaching to dread, though the footing is broad enough to ensure safety to any one not cursed with a very topsy-turvy imagination; but here we shudder at the thought of the Englishman, who missing his hold on the first step, fell and rolled and bounded, a bloody, bruised, and broken mummy, down that Brobdignagian staircase. This of course is a grand story for the guides, and, whether true or not, produces its impression then and there; his friend saw him

stumble, caught the last glare of agony from his starting eye-balls, and heard the shriek of despair as the clutched fingers grasped and lost their hold upon the stone. An order has since been issued, that no stranger shall climb the pyramids unattended by Arab guides.

Reaching the summit of the pyramid, we throw ourselves on its rugged pavement, hot, thirsty, and breathless, after a neck and neck race up the last hundred steps, each nearly a yard high; but the dewy pitcher is at hand, we drink a deep cold draught of the Nile's sweet water, inhale the fresh elastic breeze of the desert, five hundred feet above its level, and then gaze north, south, east, and west, in long and involuntary silence. The apex of the pyramid, which from a distance looks like a sharp point, is now a broad area nearly ten yards every way; its massive stone blocks, broken and displaced, are covered with names of travellers, ancient and modern, from all nations of the world, and we of course add our own to the number.

North, we look down the river, expanding into the broad Delta of Egypt, with its green plains, brown villages, and groves of palm.

South, we look up the river, contracting its channel into the narrow valley of Egypt, still with green fields and groves of palm, but walled in with barriers of steep and lofty cliffs ten miles asunder. East, we look across the river upon the domes and minarets of Cairo, bounded by barren rocks and backed by the wilderness of Arabia. West, is the African Zahara, backed by nothing and bounded by nothing but its own trembling horizon. *Sand*, dry, flat, and hot—*sand*, glaring, blinding, and burning—*sand*, dreary, trackless, and lifeless! Thou dread wilderness, thou wide-spread desolation, thou "Terra domibus negata," simoom-swept Desert! art not thou in truth a dead sea, a *mare mortuum*, a boundless *Bahr-bela-ma*, an ocean accursed, dried up, scorched, and withered? and "are not the channels of thy waters seen at the rebuke, and discovered at the blasting of the breath of the Lord's displeasure?" (Psalm xviii.)

At our feet is a city of the ancient dead—the Necropolis of Memphis—the burial place of Noph—the "desolate places of her kings and counsellors"—lofty pyramids, subterranean galleries, square mummy pits, and granite

sarcophagi! One cannot look down from this height upon the mummy pits, many now broken and rifled, without thinking that each of those squares so clearly marked on the sand must once have been the base of a pyramid, and that each pyramid was thus the monument of a tomb containing perhaps many dead. Nothing more probable than the destruction of these pyramids for the sake of their material; even the gigantic mass on which we now stand has only been saved, with its mighty brethren, by the passive resistance of its own ponderous strength. The present Basha, like a true Turk, was contemplating a few years since a renewed attack, and was only deterred from the attempt by European remonstrance.

Of all the huge pyramids that we see rearing their heads to the south, still keeping their ground from *Ghizeh* to *Faioum*, pyramids of *Abousir*, *Sahara*, and *Dashoor*, none have escaped mutilation and violence; what more likely then, if these regal monsters have only *escaped*, that a whole host of the smaller fry should have perished outright, and that the mighty metropolis, the ancient *Memphis*, *Moph*, or *Noph*, for many centuries buried her "counsellors"

as well as "kings" in the "desolate places" on the edge of the wilderness bathed by the Nile's flood, marking the place of rest with these time-resisting structures, that stand so firmly on earth and point so steadily to heaven? There seems no doubt whatever that the pyramids were once cased in polished marble, and that the rough broken layers of limestone which their sides now expose to view, were only intended as rude beds for a more valuable and highly wrought material. Herodotus, writing of this great pyramid more than two thousand years ago, tells us "that Cheops ordered stone to be brought from the quarries of Arabia;" certainly not *common* stone: "εκ των λιθοτομιων των εν τῳ Αραβιῳ ουρεϊ." He speaks of these stones as being "highly polished and admirably jointed, none of them less than thirty feet long." Nothing can be clearer than his description of the mode of building. "This pyramid," he says, "was first constructed after the fashion of steps, and when completed so far, the remaining stones were raised up by machines made of short wooden logs, by which the blocks were raised from the ground on to the first step; and so

on from the first to the second, and the second to the third, till they reached the top, there being as many machines as steps; and thus they completed the top first, and gradually worked their way downwards to the base, which was finished last." (*Free Translation,* Herodotus II. 125.) All this is clear enough, and shows that the external casing of marble was as it were *dove-tailed* into the rough limestone *notches* or steps, which are now stripped of their beautiful smooth covering, though patches of cement and splinters of marble still adhere in the cracks and crevices; and Cephrenes' pyramid (the second in size) is still coated with an even bed of mortar for nearly one third of its height from the top, which renders it difficult and dangerous of ascent.

Pliny informs us that the peasants of a neighbouring village were famed for their skill in climbing these pyramids, an achievement which any active old lady might have accomplished in an hour, had the sides been cut into steps, even though somewhat inconveniently high for short legs; but it must have been a daring and desperate enterprize to scale the steep, smooth, shining, slippery sides of these stupendous mas-

ses, and one that deserved recording even at the hands of Pliny. Diodorus, in the Augustan age, speaks of the great pyramid as still uninjured, and built (as he supposed, though really only cased) with Arabian marble.

Great discrepancies exist in the various measurements of height and breadth, but these are not very difficult to reconcile when we find that the disagreement consists in a gradual decrease as we approach nearer modern times, owing no doubt to the very obvious fact of the constantly increasing accumulation of sand at the base, which of course diminishes equally and simultaneously both the height and breadth exposed to view. Thus Herodotus, the most ancient of the classic historians, makes the height of the great pyramid equal to its breadth at the square base, viz. eight *plethra*, or eight hundred feet, — "μετωπον ἑκαστον οκτω πλεθρα εουσης τετραγωνου, και ὑψος ισον." (Lib. II. 124.) This measurement is corroborated by Strabo, who, five hundred years later, tells us "that nearly in the *middle* of one of the sides (εν ὑψει μεσως πως των πλευρων) is a moveable stone, which, when taken away, reveals a sloping passage leading to the cell,—"συριγξ σκολια μεχρι της

θηκης." (Lib. XVII. 33.) Now this moveable stone has been removed, and the passage is discovered; but it is very far from being half way up the side, probably not one third of the distance from the sand to the summit; and this reconciles Strabo with Herodotus, though the geographer makes the height but one *stadium*, six hundred and twenty-five feet, one hundred and seventy-five feet less than the respectable old historian, who, however much laughed at and called in question, in the long run generally turns the laugh upon his questioners and impugners. The sand no doubt was the cause of difference, and both were right in their own day, though that day is now gone for both; and both are wrong, as the modern measurement is reduced to about five hundred feet, more or less. And if wind and sand are allowed to take their own course, they will, like Lear's two daughters, still reduce and pare and nibble, till at last we shall have no pyramids at all, though not yet awhile. To restore then the pristine glory and grandeur of the pyramids, we must disinter them from the sandy grave in which they now stand nearly up to their middle, and don them

resplendent robes of shining white Arabian marble, smooth and polished from the base to the apex; the base being eight hundred feet every way, and the point or apex being also eight hundred feet above the sand of the desert. Remember that the cross of St. Paul's is about three hundred feet above the churchyard, and we have a fair standard of comparison wherewith to measure this seventh wonder of the world.

The old hypothesis of Lincoln's Inn Fields filled up with a solid mass of masonry, towering to a point half as high again as St. Paul's Cathedral, seems then to fall short of the probable truth; we must extend the area fifty feet every way, and imagine the pyramid rising perpendicularly eight hundred feet, nearly twice the height of St. Peter's of Rome, and on a level with the summit of Arthur's Seat, the mountain that overhangs Edinburgh, a landmark for many a league on the German ocean.

While we are measuring and speculating and reading the old Halicarnassian on Cheops' top, our Arab attendants, weary of waiting our learned leisure, are amusing themselves with various gymnastic feats, to the honour and glory

of which neither my friend nor myself being insensible, we try running-jump, standing-jump, hop-step-and-jump, leap-frog, and follow-your-leader, with various issue of defeat and victory; though perhaps a very candid confession might admit, that we civilized representatives of the old and new world were not altogether a match for wiry, sinewy, supple savages, who are qualified to wriggle through the spokes up and down a fireman's ladder.

The descent of the pyramid, leaping from stone to stone, many of them rough and broken and a yard high, more or less, is quite as fatiguing as the climbing up; and the eye is apt to wander down the piled mountain with a peculiar fascination, that, if indulged in too long, might end as once ended a tragic and well-known expedition, when

"Jack and Jill
Went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water."

We tried to count the layers or steps, but our numbers did not agree. There are somewhat more than two hundred, perhaps two hundred and ten, averaging about thirty inches in height, being by no means equal, and in many

places broken down. The regularity of these stone tiers made no part of the architect's plan, as they were never intended to be seen. If they were still covered with their smooth gay coating, neither we nor anybody else, but the villagers of Busiris, would ever have reached the summit; or, having reached it, would ever have come down alive. How it makes one's blood thrill to think of the *slide!*

Our next adventure is to dive into the interior of Cheops, "μεχρι της θηκης," "as far as the cell," that Strabo talks of, by a sloping passage on the northern face, opening at a height of about a hundred feet or more from the sand, and sloping downwards at an angle of thirty degrees or so. This passage is lined with huge blocks of polished granite from Syene, and we grope our way through it in alternate torch-light and darkness—the alternation of darkness visible and darkness palpable; the nasty bats flapping in our faces, with dust and heat abominable and intolerable. I am very much of opinion with the Roman Emperor, who declined going underground as long as it was optional to remain on the surface. It requires a good deal of antiquarian enthusiasm to feel

much interest or eagerness while grubbing and scrambling in these passages, unless it be an eagerness, like Sterne's starling, *to get out.* However, we scorn to cry craven, and so stumble on with all due perseverance, and visit the King's chamber, and the Queen's chamber, and Lord Nelson's chamber, and sundry other chambers. The King's *sanctum* has a large sarcophagus at one end, and is about forty feet long and nearly twenty in height and breadth, the walls lined with shining granite. Presently we come to a stand still in a dark corner, where a torch at length shows us a ladder, by which we are expected and exhorted to mount into some more chambers, which we ultimately do, notwithstanding the "hiatus valde deflendus" of several spokes; however, by clinging to one and clawing at another, we gain the topmost round, and enter two more chambers,—Arbuthnot's chamber and Campbell's chamber, so called we suppose from the discoverers.

Having thus done our duty in seeing and doing all that is usually seen and done, we are glad to emerge from the mouldering dust and sepulchral darkness of this huge, gloomy, and portentous monument of human vanity and vex-

ation, this

> "Monstrum horrendum inform' ingens cui lumen ademptum,"

into the pure light and fresh air of heaven and earth, which it is surely folly, if not wickedness, to forego even for an hour, while we are permitted to breathe the one and behold the other. Who, that may still rejoice in light and life, would of his own will plunge into darkness and death?

> "Hail, holy light! * * * *
> * * * Before the sun,
> Before the heavens thou wert; and at the voice
> Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
> The rising world of waters, dark and deep,
> Won from the void and formless infinite."

The second pyramid of Cephrenes is twin brother to the first or great pyramid of Cheops. Strabo places them both among the seven wonders of the world—"εν τοις ἑπτα θεαμασι καταριθμουνται." Wonderful they assuredly are—strange, surpassing strange, and one as strange as the other! They must have been once beautiful, of perfect proportion and resplendent material; sublime they still are in their mighty and mysterious mass — time-worn, time-honoured, rearing their giant forms, and flinging

their dark shadows from the sun and moon in "desolate places," for three of the six thousand years that have rolled away since "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Here they still stand, the work of the hands of mighty men of old; and here they may perchance stand till the stream of Time runs itself out into the ocean of Eternity.

"Then, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
* * * * * *
These solemn temples and the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

What may be said of Cheops may be safely said of Cephrenes, but it might not be very safe to say it twice, so we say no more of either; but heartily hoping, in oriental phrase, that "their shadows may never be less," we dismiss them both with an equal tribute—

"Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum."

Strabo tells a pretty nursery story as to the origin of the third pyramid, which is much smaller than the other two: "Once upon a time

when the beautiful Rhodope was bathing in a river, an eagle came and snatched a sandal from her hand, and, carrying it off to Memphis, flew round the king's head as he sat upon his throne, and dropped the slipper into his lap. The king, astonished at the adventure and delighted with the shoe, sent messengers all over his dominions to find out the lady who had worn it; and when they found her in a certain city, they brought her to the king, who made her his wife and queen; and, when she died, buried her in this pyramid of black marble."

They say there is a subterranean passage from the Cephrenes pyramid into the inside of the Sphynx—the huge monster, cut out of a solid rock, crouching upon the sand, rearing its womanly head and shoulders forty feet high, and gazing with its painted eyes and eyebrows up the valley of the Nile, with the placid expression of the Egyptian physiognomy. We walked up and down the ridge of its back, just perceptible above ground, and measured about thirty-five paces from the rise of the neck to the curl of the tail. Belzoni worked hard with his Arabs to dig out the Sphynx, and some of the good-natured people say he worked as hard

to cover it up again; if he did, he liked work for work's sake, which is more than our paupers did when they were set to pave the yard one day, and unpave it the next!

Many a mummy pit lies open before us in the sand, rifled of its dead, whose remains are scattered about in a way that would make even Hamlet's grave-digger moralize—brown, dusty, fusty, crumbling shreds and patches of what was once a man—now a miserable mummy! Poor grinning, ghastly, leathery abomination, at which "the gorge rises," what hast thou gained by "kicking against the pricks," rebelling against the law, "earth to earth ashes to ashes?" for "dust thou art," after all the swaddling and swathing; and "unto dust must thou return," in spite of all the musk and civet, the brain-drawing and embowelling. How much better and wiser had it been to hail "corruption as thy father, and the worm as thy mother and thy sister," than thus, after three thousand years, to be grubbed up as a curious, withered, wizened thing, unrolled and unwrapped, thy nakedness discovered, thy worthlessness acknowledged, and thou flung abroad as a rotten memorial of pitiful ambition, known, despised, and

disappointed! The dark and silent grave would have thrown its friendly mantle over the short festering fermentation that returned thee to "the ground whence thou wast taken;" but now the mother earth that thou hast scorned, spurns thee from her bosom, an outcast cheerless and chop-fallen. Could not all the wisdom of the Egyptians teach thee "that there is a *natural* body and there is a *spiritual* body?" and that in due season, "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality?" What shall it profit when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, that thy fleshless, bloodless, leathern carcass may have cheated the worm and baffled corruption? Thy vile body will not be a jot nearer "the glory of the celestial which is one," though it have lost "the glory of the terrestrial which is another."

A beautiful sarcophagus of black granite, once probably in the cell of a pyramid, now stands neglected among the pits; the sculpture on the adamantine stone admirable; on the breast of the figure represented by the lid, is a very spirited emblem of immortality with its angel wings outspread. We collect a few shreds

of mummy cloth, and little porcelain images with hieroglyphic inscriptions (perhaps prayers for the dead) which are found always buried with the mummies; a quantity of pottery and glass lies strewed about, and *tear-bottles*, or lachrymatories, are often discovered: "Put thou my tears in thy bottle." (Psalm lvi.)

Our evening levee of Arabs at the tent door is very amusing, and might occupy an artist. Poor fellows! nothing can be more unassuming and tractable than their behaviour; they sit squatting upon their heels before us, with little fragments of antique trumpery scratched up in the sand, and wait patiently for their turn to barter for a few *fuddahs* or *parahs*, or, better still, a thimble-full of gunpowder. We discover no attempt at filching, though our tent contains priceless (Brummagem) treasure, and no propensity to bully, though they are twenty to one, and might frighten us to death, or eat us alive, if they thought proper. But we are in no danger either of "spoiling of our goods or martyrdom," were they even evilly disposed; for the Basha rules with a rod of iron, and would visit the village and district with halter and bastinado, if European travellers were

molested. This explains the anxiety of the old *sheyk* or chief to ensure our safety by dispatching a guard on the first night of our arrival, for he would be considered and treated as responsible, both for our lives and property. These village Arabs are a very different race from the Bedouins of the desert, as different as tame cats from wild cats; the *fellah* or peasant (plural, *fellaheen*) is a quiet laborious hewer of wood and drawer of water, especially the latter, his principal toil being that of irrigation; while the Bedouin is a restless prowling wanderer over his native wastes, of which he considers himself joint owner and occupier, entitled and empowered to levy contribution on all intruders. The *Bedouin* looks upon the *fellah* with contempt as a dweller within walls, and the *fellah* acknowledges his own inferiority, and takes pride in claiming kindred with the unconquered warriors of the desert.

After three days and three nights' gipsying under the pyramids of Ghizeh—with great interest in the past and intense enjoyment of the present—with books and guns and good cheer at command—we strike our tent, and move southward about ten miles, to *Saccara*, shoot-

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ing wild fowl on various pools along the line of march, to reinforce Hassan's commissariat. Meet long strings of laden camels, and occasionally parties of mounted Bedouins in the pay of the Basha, equipped with prodigiously long spears, and not much shorter guns; but a stranger may pass without fear of spear or gun from Cairo to Syene; and for this we are bound in gratitude to make due acknowledgment. An Englishman was shot some years since on the Nile, and the hubbub never subsided till the village was burned, the sheyk beheaded, the best of the men enrolled, and the rest bastinadoed,—a wholesome example, which has stamped each one of us with a very legible "nemo me impune lacessit," or we might not be quite so much at our ease in the neighbourhood of the light cavalry.

The great curiosity of Saccara is the Ibis mummy pit, into which we crawl on all fours till we find ourselves by torch-light in the presence of many hundreds of earthen jars, which might at first pass for red chimney-tops, except that the narrow ends are oval and the broad capped with white mortar or cement. These red sugar-loaf-shaped pots are piled like empty

wine bottles in rows one above the other, and each of them contains, curiously swaddled, embalmed, packed, and potted, a genuine, ancient, and sacred Ibis. We, like other travellers, break open an unreasonable number for the sake of a perfect specimen, but when exposed they soon crumble to powder; some of the heads and long beaks come out perfect, and the black and grey plumage of the wings is very discernible. The cave is full of broken pottery and Ibis dust, sacrificed to the curiosity of new comers, who hammer away without scruple, when they are told that thousands more remain in close-packed order behind the first ranks. Having smashed our share, and secured some bones and feathers, we choose four good-looking uncracked jars, and retreat with our prizes, nearly stifled with the brown snuffy dust of these departed *raræ aves*, and glad to clamber up by the perpendicular hole, through which we issue once more into fresh air and daylight.

The veneration of the ancient Egyptians for the Ibis is said to have arisen from the great utility of the bird in ridding the country of serpents, at a period when Egypt extended

much further into the desert than at present; its habitable breadth being increased by artificial irrigation from huge lakes or reservoirs of Nile water, conducted by canals at the season of the overflow. These immense works were the pride and profit of the old monarchs, conquering large sterile tracts of wilderness, and converting them into corn fields of Egypt by bringing the slimy water of the Nile to stagnate on their surface; but the serpents of these sandy regions were hostile and fatal to man, who, in gratitude to the birds that congregated on the new-made lakes and waged war upon the snakes, invested them with a sacred character,—hence the mummied Ibis, the pits we have explored, and the pots we have secured. The living bird is no longer found in Egypt; for, as the men no longer dig the pools, the snakes no longer bite the men, and the birds no longer eat the snakes. The vast lakes of the desert are now dried up, or remain only as salt natron marshes; the serpents are left undisturbed in their own domain, and the Ibis has winged its way to regions further south—the wilds of Ethiopia—where, leisurely wading in stagnant water on its long legs, and compla-

cently gobbling writhing vipers in its long beak, it wastes no vain regret upon the loss of its posthumous honours—the priestly potting, preserving, and perfuming, which awaited the feathers of its fathers. Bruce describes a bird he frequently saw in Abyssinia as answering in all respects to the mummied Ibis, about twenty inches in height, with a curlew beak and black and white plumage.

Moving our settlement from the pyramids of Saccara to those of Dashoor, we climb and dive as before, with much the same impressions and the same result. The great pyramid of Dashoor is supposed to be the most ancient human monument now in existence; the lofty granite chamber, into which we crawl through sand-choked, bat-infested passages, is very lofty, the roof tapering away by successive degrees or steps to an acute-angled or pyramidal form, the construction of which must have been scientific. Champollion ascribes this pyramid to the third, that of Cheops to the fifth, dynasty. The ascent is somewhat difficult, and does not pay so well as Cheops.

We now approach one of the most extraordinary of all the gigantic works of the kings of

old—the *Birket el Keroom*, or the Lake Mœris, described by Herodotus as nearly three hundred miles in circumference, and three hundred feet at the greatest depth, "made with hands and dug:" "χειροποιητος και ορυκτη." Nearly in the middle of the lake stood two pyramids, each rising three hundred feet above the water, with as much below as above; and upon the summit of each was a colossal statue of marble. The water for six months flowed into the lake from the Nile, and for six months flowed out. While it was ebbing, the king received daily a talent of silver for the fish caught; while flowing, but twenty minæ, or one-third of a talent. (A talent is equal to £225.)

Herodotus describes both the lake and the labyrinth as an eye-witness, and is assuredly worthy of credit, borne out as he is by Pliny. True, the lake is now much smaller, because Egypt is fallen from its high estate; and such a gigantic work required power not only to achieve but to maintain it: "but the pride of her power has come down," (Ezek. xxx.); "her rivers are dry and her land is waste." It is worth remark, that when the Egyptian *rivers* are spoken of in Scripture, irrigating *canals*

are meant. The Prophet likens Pharaoh to the Assyrian, "whom the waters made great; the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field." Yes! the water made, and would again make, Pharaoh great; the flood of the deep Nile sets him up, and the draught of the thirsty desert brings him low—water is the life of Egypt; and agriculture means *irrigation*. There seems scarcely a limit to the reclaiming power that science might bring to bear upon the sandy wastes: a prodigious flood of the most fertilizing water rolls its calm course from south to north on the edge of the desert, whose surface is below the bed of the river, which is constantly rising from its own deposit; and during three months of every year the inundation reaches a height twenty feet above its average level. Here surely is a fine field for enterprize, a good investment for capital, a noble conquest for civilization—barren sand that may be made fruitful soil, offering real *produce:* no *transfer* of property; no juggling trick of trade, where one loses what another wins; but the true wealth resulting from God's law of increase,

giving and preserving to our use the fruits of the earth, yielding some ten, some twenty, and some thirty fold. King Mœris saw this, understood it, and realized it three thousand years ago; and the lake and the canal still remain, as monuments of wisdom and true economy to our politico-economic age. And what prevents the Egyptian ruler, in the nineteenth century of the Christian æra, from doing likewise?—nothing but the ignorance of a Turk deluded by the knavery and quackery of European adventurers, and the pitiful ambition of raising an army he has no means of paying, and which therefore will not fight—of creating a navy he has no means of manning, and which therefore cannot fight. But his peaceful cupidity is no better directed than his warlike energy: Manchester mills, which cannot work because the sand blows through the machinery—locomotive rails, that cannot be laid because the sand blows over the sleepers—monopoly of corn, monopoly of rice, monopoly of sugar, monopoly of cotton, even the very boats on the Nile monopolized—grasping, squeezing, iron-fisted, short-sighted, and suicidal policy! or rather folly—the folly of the fool, who wrings the neck of the goose that

lays him golden eggs—the folly of the prince, who "keeps back by fraud the hire of the labourer" and "grinds the faces of the poor—the folly of the fool, who grasps at the shadow and lets go the substance—the folly of the prince, who would make Egypt what it neither was, nor is, nor will be, and neglects, oppresses, and ruins it, as what it was and should and might be—a garner and storehouse of nations. Mohammad Ali, the soldier of fortune, must go back to Mœris Pharaoh, the monarch of Memphis, to learn "the wisdom of the Egyptians."

Of the Labyrinth near Lake Mœris, which Herodotus preferred to all the works of Greece put together, nothing is now seen or known. The "three thousand chambers,"—the "tombs of the sacred crocodiles,"—the halls, the pillars, and the sculpture,—have left no record of their existence but in the pages of the old historian, who has jeoparded his reputation by the marvellous narrative; yet he tells us only of what he saw, or said he saw; and surely it is scant courtesy to suppose he said or saw the thing that was not: "the labyrinth which I myself beheld surpassing its fame"—"τον εγω ηδη ιδον λογον μειζω:" "surpassing even the pyramids"

—"ὁ δε δη λαβυρινθος και τας πυραμιδας ὑπερβαλλει:" and even the sober Strabo makes it "ἐργον ταις πυραμισιν παρισον." However, it was but a gigantic monument of human folly and superstition; and if its memory had perished with it, we should have lost nothing but the record of "works that were wrought and labour that was laboured for vanity and vexation of spirit, and no profit under the sun."

We have been now more than a week dwelling in a tent, in full enjoyment of all the freshness and freedom of the desert, with the means and appliances, the resources and the interests, of civilized life; we could cheerfully prolong our bivouac for another month, but the desert is not our "dwelling place;" another month will, *Deo volente*, find my friend careering across the broad Atlantic, with a power the Egyptian never had, to a world the Egyptian never knew, driven with the strength of eight hundred horses, to battle against the winds of heaven and the billows of the ocean.

We are, after all, the men of olden time; no time so old as the time that *is:* time *was* three thousand years ago, and the world was young, and men were children in those days,

though strong of hand and sprung from the loins of Anak. These modern times are "latter days," and therefore nearer to the end; and mighty agents, which the wisdom of the Egyptians never knew, are at work to speed the progress of human consummation—printing and powder, steam ships and rail roads, "galvanism and gas." All these are means for the spreading of knowledge far abroad, and the speeding of many to and fro; and our vocation calls us hence from the dreamy by-gone grandeur of kingdoms that are no more, and the free and silent solitude of the wilderness where we would fain linger, to the busy crowds and stirring scenes of the living and leading nations of the earth, where we have our real part to play, however humble, each of us "a citizen of no mean city," and towards these cities our faces must soon be set. But my path to the great Babylon of Britain will lead me, I trust, to the walls of desolate Thebes and fallen Jerusalem, as yet "a far cry" to either; so lade the camel, saddle the asses, down with the tent, adieu to the pyramids, and let us plod our sun-burned track back to the gates of Cairo.

The first day's retrograde march brings us

again to the cliffs of Saccara, where we encamp for the night; our larder well furnished with wild ducks, a little Arab lad having played retriever and water-dog to admiration. Next morning, explore the tomb or painted gallery of Psammeticus, excavated in the lime-stone rock, and displaying a series of fresco paintings wonderfully fresh and vivid, long processions of conventional but spirited figures, bearing various offerings to a seated monarch; signs, symbols, and hieroglyphics many and manifold, but to us representing and signifying nothing definite—the lotus, the ibis, the hawk, the scarabæus beetle, the owl, and the beautiful winged figure of immortality—here a yoke of oxen ploughing, there a man milking a cow, his comrade holding up her fore foot lest she should kick; another cooking a goose, while a boy fans the charcoal; with other lively scenes, sacred, profane, and domestic;—the vaulted black roof spangled with golden stars, and many of the lines and ornaments of Egyptian architecture in high preservation and beauty; though English tourists will nibble now and then for a pocket specimen of ancient art, and occasionally scribble their names on a royal *cartouche*—a

liberty that King Psammeticus himself might permit to the enterprising zeal that brings the cockney pilgrim to the monarch's tomb, apparently for no other purpose.

Pass through a magnificent grove or forest of palm trees, extending for miles along the bank of the river, and almost concealing from view the villages of *Mit Rahini*, now recognized as the site of the ancient Memphis, the *Noph* of Scripture,—the royal city of Egypt,—the "Βασιλειον των Αιγυπτιων" of Strabo. Truly, that which was written has come to pass: "Noph shall be waste and desolate without an inhabitant." (Jeremiah xlvi. 16.) Apis and Osiris, the temples, the idols, and the images are gone, and have left no trace. "Thus saith the Lord God, I will destroy the idols, and I will cause the images to cease out of Noph." (Ezek. xxx.) The only image that remains as a memorial of the past, is the beautiful colossal statue of Sesostris, in red granite, now prostrate, and lately excavated to the head and shoulders by Caraviglia. The features are exquisitely chiselled, and the expression gentle and benignant. The height of the statue, more than half of which is yet buried, cannot be less than forty feet.

A few granite fragments, deeply cut with hieroglyphics, are the only relics of this capital of the Pharaohs; and "Noph must (indeed) have had distresses daily" (Ezek. xxx. 16) before her name and place and remembrance could have been so blotted out from among the nations. She cried to the gods she had chosen, but they could not deliver her in the time of tribulation, and she is now "cast up as heaps" and nothing of her left.

"Men are we, and must grieve
When ev'n the shade of that which once was great
has passed away."

Arrive at Cairo, and occupy our old *gîte* at the giardino, with a feeling of constraint and impatience at the limitation of stone walls worthy of a Bedouin, with whose contempt for civilization we are disposed for the time heartily to sympathize.

Make arrangements with Hassan *effendee*, or gentleman Hassan—not our factotum of the tent—for daily Arabic lessons on the *cramming* or anti-scientific and anti-grammatical system, having for its object the acquisition within a given time of the greatest possible amount of

producible and available talk. Words, words, words, current coin of conversation, from negative *là* and affirmative *tybe*, to such a ceremonial salutation as the following long but beautiful and very orthodox formula—*Allay kodmoo esseldmoo wardchmatoo Alldhi webarahkdhtoo*: "Unto you be peace and the mercy and blessings of Allah"—a guttural, pectoral, growling, deep and difficult enough to stagger one's cosmopolite principle of "nihil humani a me alienum puto." However, to be a man among men, and yet unable to express a thought, ask a question, or comprehend a syllable, is a predicament so helpless and forlorn that there is no submitting to it quietly; and one must make an effort to get out of a position of pitiful imbecility which meets nothing better, whatever it may deserve, than that sort of compassion which is nearest akin to contempt. The common words are all Hebraic, needing no greater change than may be worked by omission or alteration of vowel points. My professor has been partly educated in England, being one of several sent over for the purpose by the Basha, to qualify themselves as instructors in a polytechnic school lately established. He is

intelligent and well informed, and helps me in more ways than one.

Mohammad Ali is now here, lately arrived from Upper Egypt; and the white-bearded, grizzly-browed, sunken-eyed old man, looks as if he had blood enough for another battle field, and resolution enough for another Memlook massacre. He was born in Roumelia, a Turkish province, in 1769, son of Ibrahim Aga, an officer of some rank, and has fought and intrigued his way up to his present eminence by dauntless intrepidity, never-failing self-possession, and most unscrupulous ambition. No one knows how many bow-strings have been dispatched from the Sublime Porte, specially destined for the neck of his Highness, who has always contrived to have them twisted round the throat of the bearer: neither bow-string, dagger, nor poison have prevailed against him, and there is now little probability of his being again exposed to such deadly missives; he will probably die quietly in his bed, and be gathered to his fathers in a good old age—a patriarch surrounded by the second and third, if not the fourth, generation, after a long life of peril, toil, and turmoil—deeply dyed with blood, as a sol-

dier, a statesman, and a Prince; but not perhaps cruel as a man, i. e. cruel for cruelty's sake. Regard for human life has never stood for a moment in the way of his will: the sacrifice of twenty thousand peasants in digging the Alexandrian canal of Mahmoudie—the slaughter of the Memlooks in the citadel—but above all, the fearful havoc of his military conscription, are chapters in his life to be stamped with a Death's head; and one cannot look upon those haughty sinister features, that habitual but slight curl of the lip, without a certain creeping of the skin. Ay, he has been a man in authority, "having soldiers under him;" and not soldiers only, but more dark and deadly ministers, with none to dispute or disobey: no human appeal from the fiat of death when uttered by those lips, or waved by that right hand: he saith to his slave "Do this, and he doeth it." Poor slave,

> "Erroneous vassal,"

dost thou not know, or dost thou not heed,

> "That the great King of kings,
> Hath in the table of His law commanded
> That thou shalt do no murder; wouldst thou then
> Spurn at His edict and fulfil a man's!"

But such is and ever has been the spirit of

the East—command, absolute and uncontrolled, till violence and revulsion metes to it its own measure withal; and the consciousness of this impending danger, this frequency of sudden transition from the loftiest pinnacle to the lowest depth, does much to humanize and check the pride and ferocity of unbridled power, and perhaps brings the prince and the peasant nearer in sympathy, than under the steady and safe system of constitutional check and restraint. While Mohammad Ali lives, all will probably remain *in statu quo;* but people speculate upon his death, and anticipate trouble. Ibrahim, however, is a man likely to hold his own—a soldier, not disposed to trifle or be trifled with, and moreover the favourite of the army; a competitor for empire would not wear his head securely on his shoulders, though he were his own brother.

The grievance which rankles at the heart of the people, the root of discontent and disaffection, is the *conscription*—the maintenance of an army of forty thousand men out of a population of not more than two millions. The political economists say that no state can sustain the burthen of a standing army if its proportion exceed

that of one in a hundred, and here we have one to fifty. There is no suffering to which the peasant will not rather submit than be enrolled in the ranks: they systematically knock out their front teeth, that they may not be qualified to bite a cartridge—they cut off a fore finger, that they may be disabled from pulling a trigger—they gouge out a right eye, that they may not have wherewithal to squint along a musket barrel. The Basha was so enraged at the number of these disqualified recruits, that he collected several hundreds and made them into regiments of cavalry—a toothless, four-fingered, one-eyed brigade, drilled and armed accordingly.

The *sheyk* or chief of every village is held responsible for the appearance of the required contingent, and woe to him if he or they be found wanting; he sets to work forthwith, and saddles the burthen on a dozen of the richest men of the community, who in their turn begin to bully, to buy, and to bastinado. The *Bastinado!* Let us pause a moment, and render tribute to this prime minister and mover of Egyptian government — this solver of all difficulties, cutter of all knots, remedy for all grievances, and *open sessame* to all treasures—

a privileged *Johnian* might call it moreover, an unanswerable argument addressed to the *understanding*, appealing and appalling to the *sole*. Does a man growl at rates, grumble at taxes, or object to leaving his home, losing his property, and risking his life? down with him to the ground, pinion his upturned naked feet to the loops of the wooden bar, and then whack away as long and as hard as two tall fellows can lay on, rising on tiptoe for alternate cuts with heavy whips of rolled and hammered hippopotamus-hide, as tough and springy as — — but there is no fitting simile forthcoming, for nothing can be so tough and springy as these whips of hippopotamus-hide; so let us say as they say in Warwickshire, when no more Shaksperian image presents itself, "as tough as tough, and as springy as springy;" a hundred cuts or so reduce the soles of the feet to mangled shreds and a gory pulp or jelly which once was flesh. When the poor patient can shriek no longer and feel no more, he is flung aside till he returns to his senses, and then the *aye* or *no* is put again; and unless he prefer his money to his life, which not unfrequently happens, he pays his contribution and is carried

off by his friends, a bleeding groaning cripple, halting to his grave. They say that a *fellah* has been known to endure the bastinado till deprived of all consciousness, when the parting kick to the senseless carcass has jerked from between its teeth the golden coin that would have saved its owner; certain it is that the power of endurance on the one side is about equal to the power of infliction on the other—the same master-passion rules the tyrant and the slave, and while it arms the despot with torture to wring their "poor trash" from "the hard hands of peasants," it nerves the peasant's fist to so close a clutch upon the trash he grasps, that nothing short of the gripe of grim Death can make him loose his hold.

The most frightful result of the conscription, was in the attempt to carry it out among the Nubians, south of Syene: thirty thousand of them were forcibly enrolled and drilled as European troops; and it is said in Cairo that two out of every three fell victims to *mal du pays* and despair during the Basha's career of conquest in the southern provinces, extending from the cataracts to Sennaar. One of his younger sons was killed by a chief for having

caused him to be bastinadoed, and fire and sword were sent to wreak vengeance upon a whole nation for the deed. Twenty thousand lives are asserted to have paid the penalty for this one death.

The loss of life in the late Syrian campaign has been immense, especially during Ibrahim's disastrous retreat across the desert, when thousands of men and camels fell dead upon the sand, exhausted with fatigue and thirst. The unsuccessful issue of the struggle has confirmed the people in their utter disgust for military adventure, and Ibrahim's reputation as conqueror of Damascus has waned apace. The expulsion of the Egyptian army from Syria was, as we all know, hastened, if not mainly caused, by the interference of England, bombarding the coast towns with her squadron under Admiral Stopford and Commodore Napier, and landing a vast number of muskets, with ammunition, to be distributed among the natives. The Basha might naturally have felt and shown displeasure towards our country and countrymen, but has gained greater honour by refraining from molesting either English subjects or English interests,—we are as free as ever to come and go,

sure of protection for life and property; and the transit of Indian passengers, as well as that of the overland mail, has never once been subjected to interruption or inconvenience. Commodore Napier visited Cairo after his blockade of Alexandria, and was very courteously and respectfully received, both by the government and the people. There is a current report that many of the guns at Alexandria were spiked during the blockade, by the men who were to work them in the event of an attack; and the army was so discouraged and discontented by its arrear of pay, the hostility of England, and the non-intervention of France, that the Europeans of Cairo were in dread of open revolt, too surely to be followed up by the plunder and massacre of resident Franks.

Opinions of course differ as to the wisdom of Lord Palmerston's policy on the Syrian and Egyptian question; but whether his policy was wise or otherwise, it certainly was graced by success,—a result with which the world never quarrels, having long since pronounced its dictum, "better be lucky than wise." Lord Palmerston played the game, and won—M. Thiers played against him, and lost. France looked on

and her fleet kept off, while England battered and bombarded Beyrout, Tyre, Sidon, and Acre —landed arms and ammunition upon the coast, for the Syrian people—blockaded Alexandria in the teeth of the Basha's dozen line-of-battle ships—and finally compelled Ibrahim to retreat into Egypt, with the loss of half his army, and Mohammad Ali to loose his grasp upon the noble province, the possession of which would have made him a powerful and independent sovereign, and the loss of which would have toppled over, once and for ever, the tottering fabric of the Ottoman Empire, now crutched and propped for a future but no distant fall.

A Frenchman, who professes to *know*, and who has been a political *employé*, assures me that the Basha sent a letter to King Louis Philippe at the time of the Alexandrian blockade, declaring his readiness to attack the English ships, if assured of the ultimate protection of France. The plan was to overwhelm Napier's little squadron (catch a weasel asleep!) with a sudden onset from the whole Egyptian fleet then in harbour, and, after sinking the Commodore, to sail for the Syrian coast, and take our vessels by twos and threes at their different

stations. The answer of the King was, "that no aid must be expected from his government, and that the worst thing that could befal the Basha, would be any temporary success against the British flag; a success that would ensure his political annihilation, by involving him in *national*, not diplomatic, hostility with the first naval power in the world." Whatever may be the truth or worth of this story, it is certain that the Egyptian fleet consisted of a very formidable-looking line of heavy two-deckers, which, with French science at command, would have been no contemptible enemy. The contest has ended for Mohammad Ali as well or better than might have been expected: he is established in the hereditary Bashalic of Egypt, with no more than a nominal dependance upon the Sublime Porte; while the Sultan, on the other hand, has been restored to the precarious possession and misrule, or no rule, of his Syrian provinces, which, under the iron hand of the Viceroy, would have been reduced to order; a consummation to be wished, at any rate, as even the stern order of military execution is better than the anarchy of a horde of robbers.

The French residents at Alexandria and

Cairo were sadly crest-fallen at the issue of the struggle. It had been confidently asserted and believed that any active interference on the part of England, would immediately be met by a corresponding demonstration on the side of France; and, even to the last moment, the breaking up of the Alexandrian blockade by the appearance of the *tricolore* in the offing, was looked for by all parties—French, English, and Egyptian. In hearing the matter talked over, no mention ever occurs of the other powers, Austria and Russia, with whom we were acting, or supposed to be acting, though only an Austrian frigate co-operated with the English fleet. They say that the Basha was more indignant at the passive position assumed by France, than at the active opposition he encountered from the British government. His Highness told some English acquaintance of mine two or three days since, that we were *une brave nation* (the interpreter was French), and asked them whether they were satisfied with their travels, and the security and protection afforded them. This is a digression from Egyptian politics, but the interview was characteristic and worth mentioning. The Basha

saw a party of English in his Shoobra gardens, and sent for them, gave coffee and pipes in princely style, asked questions with Napoleon rapidity, and dismissed them graciously. I was sorry not to have been one of the company. His Royal Highness is fond of being reminded of his victory in Lower Egypt over an English army of six thousand men under General Fraser —a disastrous affair of ours in the great war. His courtiers tell him that the English beat the French at Waterloo, and he beat the English at Rosetta; and therefore that he has had an honour equivalent to drubbing us both. But the natives of Egypt have no sympathy with the warlike ambition or distinction of their ruler. There seems indeed little or no national bond among them, unless it be the bond of religious bigotry; and even that is growing weaker, or is kept under, by the philosophic liberality or sceptical indifference of the Basha, who protects and supports the Christian, and restrains the Mussulman, whenever he can.

The people can scarcely be called *a people*, in the high sense of the term. They have no political rights or privileges,—in short, no political existence: even the hope of amassing

wealth is denied them; for the bare suspicion of being "well to do in the world," would assuredly subject any unhappy wight to a hard squeeze. They are slaves, and feel that they are slaves, and would soon be told so if they doubted it — told quite as plainly as Richard the Second, in his dog-latin, told the peasants of England six hundred years ago, "Rustici quidem fuistis et estis et in bondagio permanebitis." It is not likely then that the poor *fellaheen* should be very eager to seek reputation for their chief "even at the cannon's mouth;" they are more disposed to remember, with Falstaff, that "honour sets no broken bones," and entertain a very natural aversion to a career of marching, fettering, and flogging, exposed to the tender mercies of fire and sword and fever, with just enough of bread and onions to qualify them as food for powder. The mortality among the recruits from despondency and disgust—the moral disease called Nostalgia—is frightful, to say nothing of the item *expended* in active service. The men who survive the ordeal, moral and physical, are strong, active, formidable-looking soldiers, armed with musket and bayonet, drilled according to the French

discipline, and equipped in a *quasi* European uniform, surmounted with the red *turboosh;* even military music of an occidental character has lately been introduced. In short, here as elsewhere, the genius of El-Islàm is failing before the ascendant star of western civilization; yet a few years, unless the dying flame rise in a fitful flash before it flicker from the socket, and the spirit of the East will have fled for ever—the Crescent will have waned before the Cross; and oh! let us hope that this glorious ensign of the true Law of Liberty may be borne aloft by those who, in their lives as by their lips, profess and prove themselves Christians—that the Cross may indeed be the sacred standard of peace and happiness, truth and justice, to be established among us, east and west, for all generations; then will our power, science, and genius have been devoted to their right purpose, and ennobled by their right use, when consecrated to the free and sacred service of the abiding three—the cause of Faith, Hope, and Charity. If civilization mean Christianity, it is the priceless boon of true wisdom offered from the kingdoms of the West to the nations of the East, and it may go forth conquering

and to conquer, εν τουτῳ νικᾳ—if it mean less, or mean aught else, it is but the diabolical and deadly knowledge of good and evil already offered by the Tempter: "Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum"—"ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil."

But we may believe that a brighter day is already dawning for Egypt; her valley is now the channel of communication between Britain and British India, and the stream of English wealth, intelligence, activity, and education cannot pour through the land without improving the moral culture of its princes and its people. Many eyes are turned with anxious hope towards Ibrahim Basha; no one doubts his power to accomplish much good, if he should live to succeed his father upon what may now be considered as the throne of Egypt, and most men augur well of his principles and disposition. His popularity with the army will go far towards securing his peaceful accession; he has won the affection of the soldiery, not only by his personal prowess, which is renowned, but for the interest he has shown in the welfare both of officers and men. His policy is thought to be more liberal and far-sighted than that of

Mohammad; he is known to be a lover and promoter of agriculture, and disposed to allow trade to seek and find its own free level; he loses no opportunity of *planting*, *reclaiming*, and *irrigating* — and these three are watch-words for Egyptian prosperity. Many of his old soldiers are comfortably established upon his new farms, as ready to resume the sword in his service, as they were to change it for a ploughshare at his bidding. He is a more rigid Mussulman than his latitudinarian father, and therefore has more hold upon the people; his sons are educated in the strict faith of El-Islàm, and both the costume and the manners of himself and his dependants, argue a strong attachment to the old order of things, in which, for the present, the national strength perhaps principally exists. A just appeal for protection from a Christian to Ibrahim is, however, seldom or never made in vain. In person he is heavy and powerful, excelling in all martial exercises, and priding himself upon feats of swordsmanship, e. g. cutting a camel's neck in twain at a single blow of a sabre. Of his courage there is no room to doubt, though it is not so certain that it be not sullied with ferocity.

The saddest sight I have seen in Cairo, is the *Mooristàn*, or mad-house,—misery mitigated by nothing but its own oblivious antidote

"Razing the written troubles of the brain."

A horrid court-yard surrounded by tiers of iron cages, where men are cooped, and sometimes chained, with less of space, air, light, and cleanliness than are allowed to a wild beast in one of our travelling menageries. Poor hapless wretches!—the moping idiot, the gay madman, and the furious maniac, sullen and weeping, laughing and singing, grinning, howling, and tearing behind the bars—of all the fearful "ills that flesh is heir to," this overthrow of reason is surely the most painful to look upon:

* * * * "omni
Membrorum damno major Dementia."

I saw one poor patient brought out of his den and set at liberty; he lay for a few minutes upon a filthy mat on the stone pavement, his features drawn, livid, and stiff—a shudder passed through his wasted frame, and he was dead.

After several visits, I have established an acquaintance with two or three, and make them presents of bread and tobacco, for which they

are very eager. One captive, quiet, self-collected, and handsome-featured, tells a long well-sustained story of female jealousy and a family conspiracy to obtain his property and confine him for life; he stoutly maintains that he is as much in his senses as any man in *Muzr*—a strong reason for doubting the tale, which, if true, would have driven a philosopher crazy. My new servant, Black Omar, who stands interpreter, believes every word, and thinks it no uncommon case; he tells me that *snake-broth* is the "sovreignst thing on earth" for these mental maladies, and that no other medicine is used in the Mooristàn, save the iron chained collar and bastinado.

The next page in the chapter of horrors may be the Slave Market; but the maximum of misery is usually over before these human goods and chattels arrive in the Cairo bazaar—the deplorable and sickening abominations of the Nile voyage and journey across the desert have been endured, and the rest is comparatively an easy burthen. The slave drivers or dealers, called *gellàbs*, are equal, if not superior, in cruelty and villany to any class of miscreants that disgrace the earth; it would be "a shame even

to speak" of the practices common among them, and numbers of the unhappy victims of these diabolical agents seek refuge in the waters of the Nile from a life more insupportable than death. The negroes soon become contented with their lot, which, after all, is usually not harder than that of a hired servant: they are generally well fed, clothed, and lodged, even from a motive of self-interest, if no worthier feeling; when ill they are nursed, when weary they have rest, and when worn out are frequently retained for some easy domestic duty. Negroes dancing to drum and fife on a holiday evening, afford as joyous if not as *fair* a sample of thoughtless, light-hearted merriment as can be seen among the peasantry of France or Italy: in our own free but no longer "merry England" one might look in vain for such jocund trippers

"as they go
On the light fantastic toe."

God forbid that an Englishman should undervalue the sacred heirloom of his native freedom; but if such freedom should be clogged with the condition of toiling from the rising to the going down of the sun, during half a century, for the

bare necessaries of life, with *Union* shelter for old age, and *pauper* burial for the last scene, it might expose him to the disagreeable suspicion of *cant*, if he were to sing too loud a pæan to the high-souled goddess who has left her votaries so scurvily provided. It may be doubted whether the man who, on these terms, has to provide for himself, his wife and family, in food, raiment, rent, coals, candles, and casualties, with a sum equal to half the maintenance of a saddle-horse, has very much advantage in physical well being, whatever he may have in moral dignity, over the negro, who eats, drinks, sleeps, laughs, sings, and dances, as heartily and joyously as he appears to do in the household of a Mussulman, among whose vices domestic cruelty seldom seems to be numbered.

A more interesting class than the sable woolly negro, is the gentle, delicate, pensive race of Abyssinia, of a hue most nearly approached by pale ink, and far less remote than the poor black from the European standard of body and mind. The price of a handsome Abyssinian girl is about twenty-five or thirty pounds; and they are very anxious to exchange the vile durance of the market for the rank of an inferior

wife in the establishment of a rich Mooslim, who by the law of the Koran may have *four*, though he seldom avails himself of this privilege to its full extent; the far greater number being content with one, though that one may be, and often is, changed for another, from the great and mischievous facility of divorce.

Besides negroes and Abyssinians, male and female of all ages, who are exposed to the view and observation of all comers, there is another class of *white* or Circassian slaves, who are not to be seen without an order from the dealer; these (they say) are usually very beautiful and often very accomplished women, destined for the houses of great men, governors of provinces, dignitaries of Constantinople, and so forth; perhaps even reserved for the *Hhareem* of the Sultan himself. They are brought up with this prospect, and esteem their position higher than that of free women and wives under lowlier roofs. Singing, dancing, dressing, music, and working embroidery, are the principal studies pursued in their education. Of these matters, however, a stranger knows nothing, but the truth he may chance to hear, which probably amounts to the usual proportion of half what he is told.

It is amusing and cheering to watch the delight of the blacks when the bargain is concluded which hands them over to the purchaser; they don the white calico wrapper and march off, apparently as proud and happy as if newly appointed to an office of honour and profit, looking with great contempt at their rejected competitors for sale, who slink back mortified and discontented. The price of a woman is *cæteris paribus* higher than that of a man; and a beautiful Abyssinian girl is eagerly contested by wealthy and rival bidders, before whom she is perfectly willing to appear to the best advantage. The anomaly of mutual antipathy and contempt between the kindred races of black and half-black, exists as much here as in the West Indies; a negro slave considers it degradation to wait upon an Abyssinian, but an honour to serve a white. Slaves, male and female, when purchased, usually adopt the religious worship of their masters.

The principal amusement among all classes of women, is the Bath, where they meet in company, as European ladies do at a morning visit, drink coffee and sherbet, eat sweetmeats, smoke tobacco through rose-water, and talk over the

topics of the *Hhareem;* of course closely veiled and guarded in their passage to and from the establishment, if it be a public one.

The Bath, or *Hummum,* is not however a pleasure confined to one class, but is the delight of all ranks and ages of both sexes, and no doubt contributes mainly to the preservation of health under much adverse influence and the lack of medical skill. The bathing process is so singular as to constitute one of the peculiarities of eastern life. The public establishments are open to all comers for a trifling fee, strict privacy being of course ensured to the women. The building is known externally by the number of small white domes, rising from a flat roof and affording light to the interior through a bull's-eye glazing. After passing into a reception room, and consigning any property of value to a responsible officer, we enter a heated apartment, where an attendant youth aids in doffing the costume of Frank or Turk, and donning a curious array of girding-towels and napkins; after which the bather is at once ushered into the penetralia called *harahrah,* or hot-water hall, where, half-blinded and bewildered by steam and sweat, he is sud-

denly assaulted by mysterious dimly-discerned mutes, who, stripping him of all but one towel, commence the vigorous and alarming manipulation, known by the name of *tùck-tùckah*—pulling, twisting, wrenching, and tugging at arms and legs, toes and fingers, head and shoulders, neck and back, till all the joints and all the vertebræ yield the *tùck, tùck*, or *crack, crack* required by the merciless official, whom nothing short of this will satisfy or pacify, though he jam his knees into the hollow of your back, and pummel away with a determined ferocity that makes you cry for quarter. But this ordeal once over, which after all involves no real though some apparent danger, the rest is luxurious enjoyment; one attendant kneads and shampoos you all over with finger and thumb, another polishes heel and toe with brush and scraper, and then comes a grand soaping, scouring, and sousing (partly self-performed), followed up and concluded by as good a rubbing down as ever awaited a thorough-bred after a training gallop. The cooling is gradually and carefully accomplished by successive gradations of temperature in different pavilions, when, after reclining for an hour upon an ottoman,

sipping coffee or sherbet, we may at length depart, under a large libation of rose-water, quite sure, for the first time in our life, that we are as clean as soap and water can make us: we often used to *think* so before; but certain tiny dark streamlets, trickling from the pores, excited by the extraordinary combined stimuli of steam boiling, scrubbing, scraping, and *tuck-tucking*, convinced us that we had never been thoroughly purified from soot and smoke till then and there, at the cost of sixpence sterling, by the hands of the fastidious Mooslim, who, alas! after all looks upon the attempt to cleanse the swine-eating Giaour in much the same light as the labour of washing a blackamoor white: "Can the eater of blood wash and be clean?"—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" Nothing rouses the Mussulman to such a pitch of disgust and horror as our love of pork; to him the swine is the incarnation of uncleanness and pollution; he could not even be persuaded to sit upon a cushion if he suspected the stuffing to contain a hog's bristle; he would not put on a garment that had been tainted by contact with a brush of such hated material;—what

then are his feelings when he finds that we not only perpetrate these preliminary abominations, but actually devour the flesh, and, as the climax of all unutterable horror, feed upon the blood of the beast which he believes to be still possessed of the devil? Black puddings must be banished before we can win respect from the Mooslim: he may admire our means and appliances of scientific civilization, but while we eat coagulated pig's blood, he will never ascribe our superiority to anything better than diabolic agency. One can understand, from the intensity of this prejudice in the East, why the Apostles thought it expedient to write to the Gentile converts that they should "abstain from things strangled and from blood." To this day there are many millions of human beings who would suffer the extremity of hunger, rather than transgress either precept. In the streets of Cairo we see poultry fluttering with cut throats before the door of the house where they are to appear at table, sprinkling their forbidden blood upon the thirsty dust which drinks it, and may alone drink it without sin, as "the life thereof."

Would, however, that the aforesaid hot bath

could be obtained as readily and cheaply in Christian England as in Mussulman Egypt!—How much burning fever, racking rheumatism, and foul ulceration might be spared to our poor dirt-ingrained cottagers, if every town afforded easy access to such a clearing, cleansing, and pore-opening ablution! What a boon and blessing to the labouring people of such a cold-catching, perspiration-checking climate as ours, if the thousands of gallons of boiling water that escape by pipe and valve from our factory engines, could be made available for the comfort, enjoyment, and security afforded by the Turkish bath to the humblest classes of the Mooslim community! No people value cleanliness more than the English; the national proverb ranks it next to godliness: and yet, nowhere upon earth are the means of securing it placed so far from the reach of her toiling millions. The Frenchman, the German, the Pole, and even the Russian Cossack, have all baths at command, and regard them as essential to health and comfort. The Greeks and Romans of old, patrician and plebeian, all revelled in the same enjoyment: we alone, as a people, know not what it is to bathe for nine months out of

twelve, all but the comparative few being denied the ways and means of securing a blessing, that might and ought to be within the reach of every member of every family in the kingdom; tending, as it does, to promote the health of body and mind, by maintaining purity in the one and cheerfulness in the other—checking disease by cleanliness, and despondency by self-respect.

But neither the old-established baths nor the new-established quarantine, saved Egypt, in 1835, from the most fearful attack of the plague which has been known for centuries. Many years had elapsed without any formidable invasion of the destroyer, and the Basha was beginning to plume himself upon the efficiency of his *cordon sanitaire*, when the angel of death suddenly stooped his overshadowing wings upon the devoted city, and "there was a great cry in Egypt:" a hundred thousand victims were buried in the space of a few weeks, from among the population of Cairo alone, which mourned for a third of her inhabitants; houses and almost whole streets were utterly cleared of every living being, and all who could escape, fled for their lives to the

dry and pure atmosphere of Upper Egpyt or the desert, where the fell fever never extends its ravages. It is said to have been introduced in this awful instance by woollen bales from Trebizond on the Black sea, always, like Constantinople, a focus of the disease in a latent or rampant form. Physicians usually consider it as the most malignant species of typhus, prevailing with various modifications all over the world; and the description of the great plague at Athens, by Thucydides, three hundred years B. C., might pass very well for that of Cairo more than two thousand years later, —dizziness, headache, sickness, spasms, convulsions, blue spots, and the last rattle, are the train of symptoms, which often run their deadly course in six hours.

Predestination, or the doctrine of fatalism, comes to the aid of the Mooslim in such a fiery trial as this; though neither here nor any where is it, or can it be, carried out to its full and consistent extent, to the neglect of the means offered for our acceptance and employment—the sufficiency granted from God to man—with which he is called upon to *work* out his own welfare, natural and spiritual, within

given and prescribed limits. Still, "what is written is written," and the Koran assures the Mussulman that there is a tree of life planted in Paradise, a leaf of which pertains to every living man upon the earth below, and that there is one night of each year—a night to be observed by every follower of the Prophet—in which the death-bearing breeze blows through its rustling foliage, and scatters to the ground the withered leaves of those whose summons has gone forth to return whence they came, before the sun completes his yearly course. Whatever may be said on this mysterious subject, which is too hard for man, the "knowledge of which he cannot reach unto," it is certain that calmness in danger and resignation in death are lofty characteristics of the oriental faith, while the instinct of self-preservation is generally too strong for the sophistry that would persuade him to close his eyes to a peril he might avoid, or fold his arms before a foe he might vanquish. His hatred to quarantine arises more from his hatred to all vexatious innovation, than from any religious prejudice or doctrinal scruple, just as he would heartily sympathize with us in our determined hostility to the introduction of the

passport system, and call it as he calls a bill of health, "a device of the devil, whom may Allah confound."

March 10th to 20th. The attention of a stranger in any foreign city is naturally directed to the Courts of Justice. Here, if anywhere, he may hope to gain some insight into the spirit of the laws and the character of the people, as he watches the evil elements of human society fermenting on the surface, where violence and treachery, envy and hatred, malice and uncharitableness, boil and bubble like the witches' gruel in the devil's cauldron. It is a lesson of deep interest to learn how far the judge and the advocate, in different stages of man's social development, work the will and win the wages of the prince of this world; or how far they recognize the existence of another and higher kingdom, whose laws are Justice, Mercy, and Truth. Here as elsewhere lawyers, like other men, must choose whom they will serve; the law of mammon demands that they "call evil good and good evil, put darkness for light and light for darkness, justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him." The law of God com-

mands that they "learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless and plead for the widow."

The Mohammadan code is in great measure, if not altogether, derived from the Koran and its traditions, the laws of which, when not involving religious dogmas, are usually based upon broad principles of equity. Here again, however, is seen the imperfection of all things human; the code is simple and good, but its generalities are necessarily left for interpretation and application to the discretionary power of *Imàms*, i. e. doctors, and *Ckádees*, i. e. magistrates: the former are generally supposed to be stupid, and the latter corrupt. The modern *Ckádees* indeed seem to have fallen below the standard of our old friends in the days of the magnanimous Hharoun-el-Raschid, who kept his subordinates in better order than their present representatives, whose first if not sole object is to turn their judicial purchase-money to profitable account, the prospectus of the investment being understood to hold out unlimited capabilities in the way of bribery and corruption, extortion and peculation.

The *Ckádee* is always a Turk, and as such

knows as little as he cares about the Arabic or vulgar tongue of the people; his duties are performed by deputy and interpreter, who settle the matter by weighing the bribes of defendant and plaintiff—the lighter scale of course kicks the beam. The witnesses are examined by affidavit, as with us, swearing on a copy of the Koran, and invoking the name of Allah; their testimony is taken down by officers or clerks, who sit and scribble the deposition with reed pens dipped in the brass inkstand stuck in their girdle. This is read before the judge, who, if not satisfied with the witness, gives a sign to two grim officials, who place him not very ceremoniously on his back upon the stone pavement of the open court, which soon rings with the yell of the said deponent, as his feet flinch under the heavy-falling stripe of the bastinado: "And it shall be, if the wicked man be worthy to be beaten, that the judge shall cause him to lie down, and to be beaten before his face, by a certain number." (Deut. xxv. 2.) It is not very difficult to perceive that, by skilful management of this persuasive *argumentum ad hominem*, the witness may be induced to say aye or no, as may seem most expedient to the power

that regulates the lash and calculates the fee. On one occasion I saw a poor prostrate patient so roughly dealt with, for persisting in his first version of the story, that I could not help thinking that, if a martyr to truth, he deserved to be canonized; not content with cutting his feet to ribbons, they kicked and cuffed him till they were tired, and then lifted his bald head by the long pig-tail on the crown, and bumped it against the stone flags as if they intended to fracture his skull, only pausing now and then to look at the cloud-compelling judge, who nodded serenely through his perfumed tobacco smoke, as villainous a Jupiter Scapin as ever disgraced a tribunal. After a few minutes' intermission of thrashing on one side and howling on the other, the examination was renewed with cross questions and crooked answers, roared and yelled to and fro, with sundry explanatory slaps on the face, till at length this bullying, blaspheming, and bellowing burlesque upon justice, ended to the satisfaction of the court in the required deposition; and we walked away, thanking our stars for Magna Charta, Habeas Corpus, and every other constitutional bulwark that stands between us and the "fantastic tricks"

of our fellow men,

"Drest in a little brief authority."

The usual punishments are flogging, banishment, compulsory labour, and death by hanging, drowning, or beheading. The Koran ordains the loss of the right hand for theft in the first instance, and of the left for the second; but this cruel penalty is now generally commuted to the bastinado. A debtor's property is at the disposal of his creditor, and, if insolvent, his labour; but no power of imprisonment is accorded. The law of inheritance recognizes no rights of primogeniture, not even the Mosaic "double portion of the first born, the beginning of his strength." (Deut. xxi. 17.) A proselyte to the Christian faith incurs the penalty of death.

One of the most extraordinary sights in Cairo is what is called a *Zikr*, or dancing circle of howling dervises—(pronounced *dervéesh*.) I have been several times to their mosque, and every time am more struck with the absurd but fascinating ceremonial rite. These men are a class of religious fanatics, a sort of mendicant order, laying claim to special sanctity, with peculiar powers, and are accordingly held in high

respect by the people; their costume is usually a lofty conical cap of black or white wool, with a wide-sleeved frock belted round the waist, and the legs naked to the knee. The *zikr*, or circle, is formed by a number sometimes approaching a hundred, who commence by bowing lowly and solemnly one to the other, turning alternately right and left, and pronouncing, in the deepest of all pectoral tones, the name of *Allah*, or more nearly *Ôllah*; they soon join hands and begin a cadenced movement to the right, still bowing low and swinging to and fro, with imperturbable gravity, to the slow sound of *Allah! Allah! Allah!* gradually growing quicker and quicker, deeper and deeper, with an accelerated pace round and round, which begins to tell upon the brain of the grim votaries of the dance, which soon waxes "fast and furious." The swinging and bowing, mopping and mowing, reaches to a frantic pitch—the deep hoarse sound of *Allah* bursts into a wild double-bass chorus of *La illàha il Allah*—the revolving ring bows, jumps, and whirls, lower, higher, and quicker—the deep-mouthed chaunt sinks to a husky, exhausted, spasmodic grunt—and the panting, foaming ma-

niacs reel senseless to the earth in epileptic paroxysm. A spectator looks on this marvellous dance, first with a strong sense of the ludicrous, then with a degree of apprehension as to what may come next; and lastly, with a kind of rivetted fascination, bordering upon animal magnetism, which urges him to rush in and join the solemn antic with all his might and main. Nor is the impression transitory; the deep monotonous notes sound in his ears, and the wild black-bearded forms float before his eyes long after the stern fantastic mummers have ceased their round; and in the sleepless hours of many a future night, when flocks of sheep and the multiplication table have been tried in vain, he may steep his senses in forgetfulness, by conjuring up the measured swing of imaginary *zikrs*, intoning the musical hollow-chested *shibboleth* of Islàm—

"Allah, Allah,
La illàha il Allah!"

The *whirling* dervéeshes are distinguished from their howling brethren by the exercise which the epithet announces—the arms are spread out, and they whirl and twirl with extreme velocity, avoiding each other with great

success and apparently no effort. These spinning teetotum votaries are every whit as grave and grim as the howlers, and the striking effect is greatly enhanced by seeing men of noble mien and stern black-bearded features performing evolutions that at first sight appear excessively absurd. The performers are animated by the sound of the *Darabookeh* drum and pipe, accompanying the song of a poet, who screams extempore effusions at the top of his voice, with sometimes surprising success. A happy expression or brilliant image gives new life and vigour to a drooping exhausted circle, who, with a deep shout of *Allah,* regain their zeal and power, and renew the unwearied round. Nothing delights the Egyptian more than these religious exercises, which constitute an indispensable and principal feature in the festivities of all high days and holidays. Twice a week, after sunset, we hear the howlers, from the flat roof of our house, which is close to a mosque or college they occupy. The term *howl* by no means conveys a true notion of the sound, which is nearer the bay of a blood-hound than any other canine note.

The mosques or temples of the Mooslim are

simple and solemn in their aspect, totally free from all gaudy or tawdry decoration. The Saracenic architecture is closely allied to our own Gothic. Pillars, arches, and lofty roofs impress one with a CHURCH feeling. A lectern for the Koran and a pulpit for preaching stand in contiguity, similar to that we are accustomed to see; the stone walls are plain, unless inscribed with Koran texts; and the pavement covered with clean matting, upon which no one is allowed to walk, unless bare-footed, or with the morocco sock only, the shoes being left at the porch. No pews or seats of any kind; all ranks pray, standing or kneeling upon the mosque matting, or their own Persian carpet brought for the purpose. The Mohammadan Sabbath is on Friday, when the *Imàm* preaches, after offering prayers for and with the people. Great solemnity and decency characterize the public worship: every posture of prayer is defined and scrupulously fulfilled; the bowing, kneeling, and prostration are marked in every movement by extreme grace, decorum, and outward devotion. The assertion of the Unity of the Godhead, the expression of His attributes, and the prayer for the blessings of

His mercy and peace, are all in accordance with, as indeed they are all derived from, the sacred oracles of Scripture.

The mosques are generally, if not always, endowed; and the *Imâms* or priests receive from this property certain small salaries, upon which they are not dependant for existence, as they are at liberty to pursue any profession or craft they think proper. They are not a priesthood in the mediating, sacrificing, or absolving sense of the term; neither is their ministration essential in the celebration of marriage, though that rite is held by Mussulmen to be strictly religious, and is always accompanied by recitations from the Koran and worship in the mosque. Similarly with respect to funerals; the devotional rites consist in chaunting chapters of the Koran, usually performed by men trained in the practice, called *fickyees*, while *moonshids* or poets alternately sing hymns from the same source, and the women tear their hair, shriek aloud, and invoke the spirit of the dead. The cemeteries are always beyond the walls of a town, and usually planted with cypress—sad, solitary, and picturesque. The sepulchres are ornamented with sculptured turbans, texts from

the Koran, &c.; and the corpse is carefully propped up with its face towards Mecca. The wailing cry and frantic grief of the women is very striking, but is generally considered a requisite demonstration of affection, whether sincere or not. The women never appear in the mosques, and hence the common but unfounded error that Mohammad denied them a place in his Paradise; they are supposed to pray at home five times a day, when they hear the chaunt of the *Mooezzin* from a neighbouring minaret. The mosques are open daily from sunrise to sunset, and all who feel disposed for meditation or devotion have free access to the house of prayer, where they may kneel before their Maker, according to the faith of their fathers, freed from the fretful bustle and stir unprofitable of the world without. I never looked on a prostrate Mussulman, thus muttering deep devotion within the walls dedicated to his Creator, according to his knowledge, without sincere and involuntary respect, and a fervent hope that I might be found as faithful a steward of the talents entrusted: to us more is given, and from us more will be required; he, if "he know not and do not the will, may be beaten

with few stripes;" we, if we know and do not, "shall be beaten with many stripes." But "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him," through the mediation of that Advocate "who died not for our sins only, but for the sins of the whole world."

The Koran, though it contain monstrous and hideous absurdities, has yet flashes of grandeur and sublimity that remind us strongly of the Bible, for the good reason that they are in great measure borrowed from it. Every one knows that the Mohammadans recognize authority in the Old and New Testament, though they maintain that their Prophet was sent as the Paraclete, or Comforter, to declare the truth more fully. They acknowledge Moses as the prophet of the Old, and our Lord as "the Teacher come from God" to declare the New Covenant of peace and good will,—they confess the superiority of Christ over all the sons of men, and mention His sacred name, murmuring, "may that name be blessed,"—they object to the designation, "Son of God," though they believe Him to have been born of a pure virgin,—they assert that our Scriptures are

corrupted; that Christ never suffered death, but was taken up to heaven, while another in his likeness suffered in his stead; the old heresy of the Gnostics or Docetæ. The Koran they hold to supersede the Bible, where it differs, as being a more recent revelation. They still practice the rite of circumcision, but not in early infancy. The fasts are very severe; frequent and scrupulous ablutions prescribed; wine, pork, things strangled, and blood, are strictly prohibited; but one finds no trace of the Sacraments, and no assertion of the doctrine of redemption through Christ, whom, however, they look for at His second coming to establish a millennium of peace before the day of judgment.

Pilgrimage to their prophet's tomb they hold to be the most meritorious act, next to the propagation of the Koran by the sword. Paradise is to be reached only by skating across a chain bridge, finer than a spider's thread, thrown across the abyss of Perdition, which cannot be escaped except by the aiding hand of the Prophet, who supports the faithful in their perilous transit. The life of happiness which awaits his accepted follower, consists in

unlimited indulgence of sensual appetite, though the more spiritual Mooslims interpret the promise of the houries or *hhoóreéyehs*, the sherbet, the pearl tents, and so forth, figuratively and allegorically.

The prohibition of wine is, they say, not very faithfully kept, at least by the higher orders; and if it were, sobriety and temperance would not gain much by the substitution of opium, the bane and poison of oriental life. The abstinence from swine's flesh is no great merit where it is notoriously unwholesome, and the beast disgustingly unclean. Polygamy is, as every body knows, permitted, and divorce scandalously easy; the Mussulmen are, in short, much like their fellow men in other latitudes, well disposed.

> "To compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

The profession of the leading truths of their religion is always on their lips; soldiers, watchmen, boatmen, tradesmen, craftsmen are ready at all times and on all occasions to assert and maintain the faith that is in them; and the language and sentiment from the lowest class on

this subject are replete with beauty and sublimity. No matter of any import is concluded without the invocation of "the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful,"

"Bismillah ir-rachman-ir-rachèem;"

and the very watchmen cry the hours in "the name of the Great King that neither sleepeth nor slumbereth." We may hope that this is something better than mere formalism; at any rate better than the obscene blasphemy coupled with that name in the streets of our Christian cities, where no one could ever suppose the third commandment to be received as Divine law. If the poorest beggar sit down at the table of a noble with the expression *Inshàllah* —"if it be the will of God"—he will be made welcome with *Bismillah*—"in the name of God." The respect thus paid to the *name* is, as among the Jews, carried to an excess of superstition; nothing, for instance, would persuade a devout Mussulman to permit the Koran to be printed, as the name of the Deity must in such case be subjected to violent pressure; and inadvertently to stand or sit upon the Koran, would be a very heinous sin, and for a Christian very dangerous, if observed.

Among other superstitions which maintain their ground in Egypt, is that of the *evil* or envious eye, against the influence of which they fortify themselves by many charms. Children, camels, horses, and everything else likely to raise cupidity, are protected by amulets of alum, or small shells: any strong expression of admiration on the part of a looker-on is resented, and a charm or text from the Koran muttered against the covetous heart and blighting eye. Children, as being esteemed the greatest of all blessings, are specially guarded against the mischief that might befal them from the envious glance; and to caress the favourite child of an Egyptian mother might produce an impression on her mind the very reverse of that which an Englishman would expect from his experience at home. Poor little wretches! there is not much inducement to run any risk for the sake of a kiss. Of all pitiable objects, an Egyptian child is the most deplorable—yellow, flabby, mangy, pot-bellied victims to climate and vermin; the latter curse is considered not only a preventive against envy, but in its own nature absolutely wholesome. An infant's face is constantly seen in the streets

blackened with all sorts of sucking and buzzing flies, deemed beneficial for opthalmia, which sooner or later afflicts the offspring of Egypt, and towards which, no doubt, the said flies conduce. The children, however, in spite of their infantine filth, ugliness, and wretchedness, grow up straight, well-made, handsome men and women: the figure of a peasant girl, in her blue single robe, with a pitcher on her head, might vie for ease, grace, and elegance, with the loveliest women in Europe.

All classes of the women delight in ornaments, and if gold and silver are not to be had, adorn themselves with trinkets of baser metal —anklets, bracelets, and necklaces, finger-rings, ear-rings, and *nose*-rings. The latter, though a novelty to us of the West, are older than the book of Genesis, for when the servant of Abraham meets Rebekah at the well with her pitcher on her shoulder, and she offers drink for himself and his camels, he puts the ring on her *nostril* (hannezem yal appah) not "an ear-ring on her face." (Gen. xxiv. 47.) The *hhenna* or delicate pink stain upon the palms of the hands and the finger nails, is used by all women exempt from manual labour. This latter and lower class

tattoo the forehead, chin, arms, and hands with blue dots and lines of elegant design, after the fashion of Otaheite. The beauty of the Egyptian women of the *fellaheen* order, whom alone one can see unveiled, is often of a very fascinating character; the large black eyes are peculiarly soft and brilliant, the hair dark and thick, the teeth white and even, the features well formed, the nose Grecian, the deep olive complexion smooth and clear, and the figure the very perfection of rounded symmetry. But, unhappily, this feminine loveliness soon fades and withers away: the relaxing heat of the climate, together with toil and exposure, reduces the term of their bloom to about five years, beginning at fifteen or earlier, and ending at about twenty; though they never lose their upright and noble carriage, owing probably to the practice of carrying water-pitchers and other burthens on the head. They have a peculiar aversion to uncovering the head, and would consider themselves disgraced if the occipital region were exposed to view: I never could learn why: they think nothing of leaving their single blue robe open to the girdle, but veil the face the moment they are liable to observation.

The *ghawazee* or dancing girls are, as may be supposed, of a disreputable class, and they alone remain unveiled in presence of a stranger. Their celebrated performance consists rather in voluptuous action of the body than cadenced steps of the feet, and is the reverse of modest; though from paintings in the ancient tombs, their predecessors, not a whit more reserved, were evidently thought worthy to dance before the Pharaohs of old. The never-failing drum and pipe, with the castanet in hand, are the music to which they move, and when a spectator is peculiarly charmed with some new grace, he utters a deep *Allah*, as a note of admiration and applause.

Pay a visit to the museum of Dr. Abbot, an English physician, long resident in Cairo, and well known for his collection of Egyptian antiquities—mummies of men, of crocodiles, and ibises, curious rolls of papyrus, bronze ornaments, seals, glass beads, ancient nets, and so forth. Among other things, a very spirited group of bronze lizards in mortal combat, the smaller in the deadly gripe of the larger, the execution rivalling any Greek work of a similar character at Pompeii. One cannot help being

impressed with a high idea of early Egyptian civilization, from the index afforded by the few vestiges that remain. The reed paper, the fine linen, the ornaments of gold, silver, and bronze, the art of embalming and perfuming, the statues, the paintings, the sculpture, and above all the architecture, stamp the "wisdom of the Egyptians" as having been of no rude epoch. The household furniture—sofas, chairs, lamps, &c.—depicted upon the walls of ancient rock-hewn galleries, supposed to be as old as the Pharaohs, are of an elegance that Gillow could not surpass. Dr. Abbot has lately become possessor of a massive seal-ring, of pure gold, with the royal *cartouche* of Cheops beautifully engraved. It was found by an Arab a few weeks since while excavating among the mummy pits, and is pronounced of undoubted antiquity and great value—perhaps the very signet of the king himself, the sign manual of Cheops, who built the pyramid, and who lived so long ago, that

> "Antiquity appears to have begun
> Long after his primæval race was run."

But his ring-finger was evidently no thicker than fingers are wont to be, even in these de-

generate days; so we may still hold our heads as high as our forefathers, not all giants, though "mighty men and men of renown."

The courteous proprietor of the museum was kind enough to present me with half a dozen young mummied crocodiles, curiously embalmed, swathed, and scented, which, on being carefully unwrapped, proved as perfect from head to tail as when devoutly packed and preserved by the priests of Crocodilopolis, two or three thousand years ago. The length of one of these small fry did not much exceed a foot, though at full growth they measure thirty.

Spend an evening with our distinguished and now regretted countryman, Captain Basil Hall, on his way up the Nile; the circle saddened with the fearful news from the Pass of Khyber —the army destroyed, a hundred and twenty officers lost: but no one doubts that the might and majesty of England, when roused by the shock, will shake off the stigma of defeat "as a dew-drop from the lion's mane"—her sons have not forgotten the streaming signal of Trafalgar!

Sunday, March 20th. English Missionary Chapel: five Europeans and ten or twenty na-

tive boys educated in the Faith by the German minister. May the grain of mustard seed, by the grace of God, become in due time "a tree for the birds of the air to lodge in the branches thereof!"

JOURNEY TO THE RED SEA.

March 21st to 31st. Set off with a French merchant for a journey to Suez across the desert, with a cavalcade of four Arabs and half a dozen camels, two of them being of the light dromedary breed for our own riding. These dromedaries only differ from the camels in being lighter, just as a roadster differs from a dray-horse; they have but *one* hump, and not two, as is sometimes supposed. Our tent and a stock of provisions, consisting of goat-skins full of water, and a good supply of bread, rice, maccaroni, coffee, sugar, lemons, rum, and live poultry, constitute the load of one of our beasts of burthen; the other three carry my friend's bales, and the Arabs when they think proper. Monsieur and I left the walls of Cairo at an

early hour, and halted outside the gates under the shadow of the tombs of the Caliphs, admiring the richly-sculptured Saracenic domes of these ancient and royal sepulchres, which tower from the lonely sand in all the pride and beauty of the richest style of oriental architecture. Our expected cavalcade give us ample time to look and speculate, being, as usual with these gentry, utterly regardless of punctuality; and to meet this and other characteristics of the East, a traveller will do well to provide himself with a three-fold panoply of patience. At length, after galloping hither and thither in search of the defaulters, with much less impenetrable quietude than that recommended, we espy our friends in the distance, leisurely bowing and swinging time to the slow-pacing, long-necked, high-humped beasts, on the tops of which they are perched. Having sent off our horses, and each of us displaced his *locum tenens*, we take our seats on the backs of the kneeling, growling camels, which, at a given signal, rise up suddenly with a jerk, hind legs first, and I just escape a topple down the steep declivity of the sloping neck and low shoulders of my tall dromedary—a consummation by no

means improbable or infrequent, till the rider becomes acquainted with and prepared for this forward impulse from the rear: the somerset, however, though very amusing to the spectators, involves no serious damage to the performer, if he alight upon nothing harder than sand.

We had not advanced a mile before the wind blows our bales off their balance, being secured with no girths, and we spend an hour in putting matters right, and making them as secure as a few rotten palm-rope ends will allow. The burthen of each beast is about two hundred weight, which they will carry at their usual walking pace for a hundred miles, with two or three short intervals of rest. The heavy camels of Cairo are equal to nearly double this weight, but are less adapted to long marches over the thirsty sand than the lighter breed of the Bedouins; the broad, elastic, spongy foot of the animal, is admirably adapted to the yielding surface they traverse, and they scarcely leave more than a trace upon the sand where a horse would be up to his fetlock. The patient, toil-enduring, hunger-supporting, and thirst-defying camel, is peculiarly a providential gift to man in these wide-spread regions of pathless desolation

—without its aid the desert would be as impassable as the ocean without a ship: by means of the supply of water carried within its antiseptic reservoir, it will travel through a parched wilderness under a burning sun for three weeks, without once drinking from any external source; the rider, himself reduced to a pint-allowance of green tepid dregs, which he cannot swallow without stopping his nostrils, listens to the fresh gurgle in the long neck of his beast with a feeling of envy and longing, which, in extreme cases, involves death to the poor brute, whose throat is cut for the sake of the gallon or two of water that may yet save its master from a more cruel and lingering fate. The flesh too, though coarse and stringy, is not despised in the absence of better cheer.

Pass the ancient site of *On* or *Aven*, or Beth-shemesh of Scripture, and Heliopolis of the Septuagint, famed for its Temple of the Sun; but all its glories are gone, save one lonely obelisk—a granite monolith—the hieroglyphics deeply and beautifully sculptured on the Syene stone, the characters filled with the cells of the wild bee, thousands of which are flying about. An old gnarled sycamore, covered with the

names of pilgrims, is asserted by tradition to have been the resting-place of Joseph and Mary after their flight across the desert. The Scripture mention of *On* occurs only in Genesis, in speaking of Potipherah, priest of the sun and father-in-law of Joseph; but *Aven* is threatened with destruction and desolation by Ezekiel and Hosea: "The young men of Aven shall fall by the sword: the city shall go into captivity."—"The high places of Aven shall be destroyed; and the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars." Strabo speaks of the ruins as being very grand in his time (eighteen hundred years since) and says that two of the remaining obelisks were transported to Rome, and that some were still left, erect or prostrate, though marked with the consuming fire of the furious and sacrilegious Cambyses. The porches and pillars, statues and sphynxes, of which he talks, are all gone for ever; and instead of them, the breeze of "the plain of Aven" blows through the bushes of a thicket.

Encamping for the night while the sun is yet high, in the bed of the Pilgrim's Lake, at this season a dry sandy basin, I ride on to the *Tel Judieh*, a hill of artificial pottery, though it does

not look like one, which tradition and its name connect with the sojourn of the Israelites in the land of Goshen—their brick-making toil, and straw-seeking servitude. This hill, about four hours' march north-east of Cairo, is just beyond the limit of the inundation, with the fruitful fields of Goshen on one side, and boundless plains of sand on the other; and there seems no reason to doubt the assigned origin of its name. What the extensive brick-making was for, no one knows; but it is not unlikely that they were destined for the internal mass of the great pyramids, which perhaps were raised to give employment to the formidable sojourners: and Pharaoh said, "Behold now the people of the land are many, and ye make them rest from their burthens."

Rising before the sun from our night's resting-place on the *Birket el Hadji*, we pursue our course due east towards Suez, across the dry desert, about eighty or ninety miles broad, that spreads its sandy surface between the Nile and the Red Sea, nearly following the usual track of the Indian passengers,—the air delightfully pure and bracing; the sand firm and flinty, totally distinct from dust; the prospect

wild and wide, looking as it looked to Israel and his sons when they came down into Egypt to buy corn for themselves and their little ones; and we are pacing our solitary way as the patriarchs of old—our camels, our tents, our goods, our water-skins, and our young men journeying through the wilderness to the sea, even the Red Sea. We might imagine ourselves following the broad track of Jacob and his sons, their wives and their little ones, their cattle and their goods, "in the waggons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him;" but the waggons that have lately passed towards Egypt and left their trace, are not the waggons of Pharaoh, but the waggons of Waghorn and Co.; and the sons and the daughters and the little ones are of the blood, not of ancient and eastern Israel, but of our own Island of the Ocean—still, we trust, an Israel of the West—of the days which were to come—a people "prevailing with God," strong in the "New Covenant of the house of Judah, written upon the heart" in the lines of spirit and of truth. The chariots of the indefatigable Waghorn drive over these wilds with the fury of Jehu,—high, lumbering, two-wheeled cars, yoked with four

steeds, tearing away from station to station, where the genius of traffic—the genius of the age in which "many run to and fro"—has provided and advertised "good accommodation for man and horse." We however have no tickets of admission, and need them not, but steer clear of the massive stone buildings which have been raised with great labour and expense, every twelve miles or so, to expedite the communication between England and her Indian empire, and to which every item of consumption must be conveyed from Cairo or Suez; the price of a bucket of water is not therefore exorbitant at half a crown.

Our eastward course is strewed with melancholy memorials of death; we pass skeleton after skeleton of man and horse and camel, bleaching the yellow sand with their whitening relics. Sometimes a little heap of gravel flutters with a few rags that were once a soldier's uniform; for we are on the line of march of Ibrahim Basha's army, in its late retreat from Syria, when thousands perished from thirst and fatigue, whose bones have now been stripped and their flesh devoured by the hyena and the vulture. These horrid birds are nearly the

only living creatures we see beyond our own company; they stand upon every camel carcass we pass, digging their beaks into its bowels, and tearing its eyes from their sockets. Tall, bare-necked, blood-stained, obscene-looking, death-smelling wretches; I never lose an opportunity of disturbing their feast with a rifle ball, which goes plumping into the carrion they are tugging at, and they soar up and wheel round, screeching and startled, but not scared from the prey. Down they flap again, with folded wings, upon the dead, true to their dismal calling: "Where the carcass is, there shall the vultures be gathered together." The sense of sight in these birds is wonderfully keen. The patriarch Job speaks of "the path that the vulture's eye alone hath known." A traveller may look round an horizon of many miles and not see one of them on the earth or in the air; and yet, let a horse or camel fall exhausted on the sand, and before many minutes elapse, dark distant specks are seen upon the sky, which soon prove to be vultures hastening on their broad wings to the prostrate and helpless prey, guided on a trackless path by an unerring gaze and the luring snuff of the death-tainted breeze;

the ravening monsters will not even wait for the sickening eyes to close before they scoop the jellies from their holes.

We see no other birds but the partridges of the desert, so called probably from their rising in coveys, as they are not much like their namesakes in other respects, falling off especially in culinary excellence—poor, tough, tasteless things, scarcely worth powder and shot. I occasionally wander so far after them, that the camels begin to sink in the horizon, and it requires steady steering on a straight line to rejoin the little cavalcade or caravan, who stop for nothing but rest, at intervals during day and night, soberly striding and swinging their way in Indian file, at about two and a half or three miles an hour. The being left alone, when for a few minutes I lose sight of them behind a rising ground, reminds one of the feeling of a solitary seaman in a boat upon the ocean; and without a pocket compass the predicament would be almost as perilous, for there are no land-marks, no sign-posts, no mile-stones, no guide but the occasional slight track of hoofs, easily obliterated, and perhaps crossing each other; and then the ghostly memorial of some

poor wayfarer, who has left his dry bones crying in the wilderness, "siste viator." "Son of man, can these bones live? and I answered, O Lord God thou knowest." The day will come when the desert like the sea must cast up her dead, as many, it may be, from her parched and dreary wastes as from the salt caverns of the ocean depth: "There were very many in the open valley, and lo, they were very dry." (Ezekiel.)

My dromedary carries me at a good swing trot, and we can make a large ring round the slow camels without much exertion. The motion, which at first is very rough and strange, soon becomes easy and familiar; one sits far back, with stirrup straps stretched out on a level with the hump and parallel with the ground, as the pace gives a much stronger horizontal impulse in the direction of progression than the trot of a horse. The beast is not at all difficult of management, though much given to growling, and has once or twice knelt down without the word of command. A young camel foal frisks along by our side, and the Arab boy has had one or two severe flings in the attempt to establish his seat upon the un-

broken filly. When we halt in the evening, we let the animals loose to take their chance for an hour or two, and off they wander, browsing upon the scanty twigs and shrubs they may find here and there, till brought back by the retriever lad, who drives them to our tent for a feed of barley, and we picket them for the night, which they pass in chewing the cud, deep grumbling with one another, probably at us, and an occasional attempt to roll over, with a most uncouth and unsuccessful flourish of legs. The silence of the desert is unbroken by any sound beyond our little encampment, and the deep vault of heaven glitters with myriads of brilliant "patines of bright gold" never seen in our northern latitudes; the pole star has sunk nearly 30° from its wonted height, and the new and glorious constellations of the south have risen, to declare in their turn the glory of God.

Very little experience soon teaches me that I can sleep better under the open vault of heaven, than within the canvass shelter of the tent. The air above and the sand below are both perfectly dry, pure, and wholesome—no deadly dews and damps to scare the traveller with the

dreaming fancy or the waking truth of racked bones and fevered blood; all the luxury of London could not spread, for these latitudes, anything better than a Persian carpet and cloak for a bed, sloped on a sand-heap for a pillow.

Lying thus *al fresco* on one's back in the solitary and silent desert, with the evening breeze blowing fresh and cool after the heat and toil of the day, it is easy to understand why the Arabians and Chaldeans, dwelling or wandering in vast plains, should have been always astronomers and astrologers,—the horizon around is perfect and unbroken, with an atmosphere so pure and clear, that human vision needs little help from instruments to read the power and wisdom of God written in the firmament. Thousands of stars, differing in glory, climb upward to the meridian, without a cloud to dim their splendour; and a sleepless eye may watch and follow them till they sink in the sandy ocean, from which they rise and culminate. The moon too is cut upon the dark sky sharp as steel and brighter than silver—her new, modest crescent no thicker than the edge of a sword, emerges from the blazing west to peep at the shadowy earth, before she follows

in the wake of the gorgeous sun, "the greater light that rules the day," from whom she, the lesser light, holds the viceroy radiance that rules the night. Horsemen are dispatched from Cairo to ride far into the wilderness for the first glimpse that marks the opening of the lunar month; and the thin bright crescent, half encircling her coppery, earth-illuminated globe, is discerned several degrees nearer to the sun than through a medium less clear than the air of the desert. The reflection of *earth-light* upon the new moon, which is often looked at with great interest even through an English atmosphere, here becomes striking and beautiful enough to arrest the attention of the dullest eye that ever gazed upward; and in this voiceless solitude, so bright, vast, and awful, the eye of man *must* look up with devotion and expansion of heart to Him "which alone spreadeth out the heavens; which maketh Arcturus, Orion, Pleiades, and the chambers of the south." The first feeling may be that of our own nothingness in the sphere of creation, and in presence of the Creator: "When I behold the moon and stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of

man that Thou visitest him?" But the revelation of His Word, and the revelation of His Works—the voice of Scripture and the voice of reason—soon reassure the desponding spirit. Reason tells us that *comparison* is earthly and finite, belonging not to the Heavenly and Infinite, before whom nothing is great, nothing little, nothing high, nothing low: the Gospel tells us that the same Almighty Power which created all things visible and invisible, still numbers and values the very hairs of our head —that the same Will, at whose fiat "the earth shall melt with fervent heat, and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll," is exerted and fulfilled when a half-farthing sparrow falls to the ground,—we, then, upon whom the image and likeness of our Creator is still stamped—now defaced and defiled, but hereafter to be coined anew—we need not fear to be forgotten —"we are of more value than many sparrows."

Half way between Cairo and Suez, is a single tree, whose branches flutter with votive tatters from many a Mooslim pilgrim, and near it we pitch our tent for a noon-day siesta, the heat and glare being too great to brave without better cause than we can show. I find the best

protection for the sight is a silk handkerchief thrown loosely over the *turboosh;* the green glasses or wire goggles inflame and irritate the eyes, and leave the skin exposed, which, after a few days baking, peels off very uncomfortably. The head should be well guarded with a thick covering,—nothing more effectual than a turban, with its many-folded shawl, and nothing much worse than a black or even a straw hat; the one absorbing and the other letting in the fierce beams of a brain-broiling sun. The luxury of a shaven head is now appreciated. No sooner in the shade than off go *turboosh* and *tackeejeh,* (the red cloth and white cotton caps,) for the dry pure air to bathe and freshen the heated temples, now denied a sousing plunge in cool water, for which we long like hunted deer.

The march of an army through these arid plains must be calamitous; water cannot be carried for all, and without water, man and horse must quickly perish. The dancing *mirage* of heated air lures the parched and panting wretch with the semblance of a broad and glittering lake, towards which he stumbles on, eager with hope, till he falls fainting and furi-

ous with despair. We are now traversing as it were but an arm of the desert, never fifty miles from Cairo on one side or Suez on the other; and yet there is sublimity and terror in the round ring of our sandy horizon, of which, march as we can and pitch where we will, our little solitary tent is still the moving centre. Southward and westward there is but the Nile's lonely stream between it and a thousand leagues of trackless and burning waste,—Africa behind us and Asia before us, and we resting in neither, but between both, in a land "where the wilderness hath shut us in"—the land of which Pharaoh said, "behold they are entangled" in it.

On the third morning of our journey, we rise at four o'clock, the stars shining brightly and the air breathing freshly, till weary of waiting for our noisy, dilatory train, with their grumbling and refractory camels, my companion and I ride on ahead, with our trotting dromedaries, whose one-sided, see-saw, swing-swang, becomes hourly less objectionable, and more under the control and guidance of the long bridle rope and hippopotamus thong, called *koorbag*, which makes a very formidable whip. The

poor things bend their horny callous knees and lay their chests to the ground, with all patience while we mount, and rise with a growl of resignation to perform a duty to which they alone are equal among all the beasts who acknowledge the dominion of man. After rolling and pitching for an hour, at the rate of six knots, we discover with the grey dawn that we have lost the track, and wander hither and thither in a vain search, till at last we spy our baggage train in bright relief against the golden east, some three miles distant, when we put on all steam to rejoin our slow coaches, with a modest sense of having made more haste and worse speed. There is in fact nothing to be gained by fussing and fretting with man or beast in these regions; they are both imperturbably tiresome, but still ultimately do their work, and perhaps succeed better by going their own way than attempting any other; so let a traveller, as he values his health, keep his temper, and bring down his railway standard of a mile a minute to the primitive and patriarchal progression, which is content to measure with solemn tread between the rising and setting sun a weary space, over which the thundering wheels

of the Great Western train would sweep in a short half hour, like the fiery blast of a tornado; and the day perhaps is not far distant when wooden sleepers and iron trams, rushing trains and screeching whistles, will banish for ever the poor, patient, providential ship of the desert, and then farewell to the free spirit and wild blood of Ishmael—the picturesque, the poetical, and the patriarchal; and all hail to the triumphant ascendant of the iron age, in its hard, stern, and stiff reality!—the purple glow of youth will have fled from the life of earth, the freshness of younger days will have faded, and the men and manners of east and west, north and south, will be cast in the same mould and smoothed to the same surface. *Fiat voluntas:* "He that is higher than the highest regardeth," and all the changes and chances of this life are silently and surely working out His will: we may be tending to one standard and one level in science, character, and language, that all the nations of the world may at last be united in "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all." Steam is surely a means for the accomplishment of the end, which is to be "one fold and one Shep-

herd;" but of time and season knoweth no man. Once sink artesian wells at intervals of fifty miles through the sands of Africa, and before many years a special train may rush across the roofs of Timbuctoo with the express mail from Gibraltar to Good Hope. Meanwhile we as yet acknowledge in the wilderness the empire of time and space, and after three days' march, over a track of somewhat less than a hundred miles, we arrive under the bold rugged range of *Atàka*—lofty lime-stone cliffs, unshadowed with a blade of verdure—and from a rising ground we see the large square fortress of *Adjerood*, built for the protection of Mecca pilgrims, in the vicinity of brackish unwholesome wells, where even a thirsty camel will hardly drink; but here for the first time we look down no longer on mirage lakes and mimic streams dancing in the sun, but a real broad gulf of the Eastern Ocean, the Gulf of Suez —the Sea, the Red Sea, the Sea of Edom!

One more weary trudge through three miles of soft sand, and we arrive at the gates of the town of Suez, seeing no green thing but the green flag of the Prophet, planted over the tomb of a Mooslim santon or saint, till we find

ourselves established at the house of an Arab, acting as French consul, when the first night's entertainment makes me very resolute that it shall be the last. Bitter was the regret, and affectionate the remembrance, of the pure fresh shelter of the desert tent, when driven out at midnight by the simultaneous attack of the fiercest army of bugs, fleas, musquitoes, *et hoc genus omne*, that I had ever yet encountered. After wandering, in no very good humour, through the establishment of the diplomatic dignitary, I at length, after various slight mishaps, find a way to the top of the house, where, dragging the leathern mattress, and banging it well over the flat-roofed parapet to dislodge any lurking abominable thing, I sleep soundly till sunrise, and then hurry off for a plunge into the salt, foaming, dancing, purifying waters of the Red Sea—albeit as deep a blue as ever azured the ocean. Some people say it is called red from the sandy hue of the neighbouring cliffs and mountains and deserts; but as Esau's name was Edom, and Edom means *red*, and Esau and his sons dwelt as dukes in the mountains of Seir—the *Djebel Seira* of modern Arabia—we need

not go further than the book of Genesis for our etymology. (Chap. xxxvi.)

The beach where I bathe is of fine polished pebbles, very pretty various-coloured shells, with a quantity of coral intermixed; the sand as the tide ebbs is smooth and hard; and upon these very sands it may be that the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground, with the waters a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left. Over these waves, and in presence of these desolate cliffs, did "Moses stretch forth his hand, and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night." Robinson, in his "Biblical Researches," is in favour of the supposition that the passage was effected over these shoals immediately south of Suez, and reasons out the *pros* and *cons* from the Exodus data, which, however, are too general to admit of any definite conclusion on either side; take which you will, much may as usual be said on both. But it matters little whether they passed five miles higher up or lower down; there can be no doubt that three thousand years ago the gulf extended further to the north

than it does now. I rode round it this afternoon, by the old castle of *Kolzum*, crossing the *Wady Hadgi*, or Pilgrim's Valley, and was satisfied that a rise of another foot or two above high-water mark, would carry the sea far inland into the isthmus, which is even now traversed by a chain of salt lakes and marshes which almost connect the Gulf of Suez with the Mediterranean, following the line of the ancient canal, traces of which are still very evident. The drifting sand of the wide desert blowing during so many ages across the shoals of the narrow arm or gulf, would amply and simply account for the apparent recession of the water, without supposing any change of level in the ocean itself.

Dr. Robinson thinks the strong "east wind" must have been a north-east, and that the ebbing tide blown far south, left the shoals or shallows dry, with deep water on either side, represented in the sacred narrative as a *wall* (chomah) to the right and the left. The Hebrew word *kadam*, rendered in our translation *east*, means, in its primary signification, *previous;* so the 21st verse might perhaps be rendered, "The Lord caused the sea to go (back) by a strong

previous wind all that night," which would remove the difficulty of supposing that the host of Israel marched across the sand in the teeth of a rushing column of wind strong enough to heap up the waters as a wall on each side of a dry path. These questions would perhaps be as well left alone; but as nothing in the present day escapes discussion, we may fairly endeavour to avoid unnecessary difficulties. That there was an immediate providential interference in favour of the fugitive multitude, is beyond all dispute among those who receive the Scriptures as oracles of God; but *means* were employed, and means of course wisely contrived for, and adapted to, the emergency. The agent or instrument is the wind, acting upon water, surely according to the usual laws of such action, though now suddenly and powerfully called into play for a given purpose; but the continued impulse of the wind, acting upon the waves with sufficient force to pile them up right and left of a dry road in the manner supposed, would render it impossible for man, woman, or child to stand against it, without utterly overthrowing or suspending all the laws of the Creator's physical government,—a dilemma which

no one would willingly accept, who has ever considered the admirable adaptation of cause and effect throughout the revealed works of the Deity. But such a dilemma appears quite of our own making or seeking, in this as in many other instances; let the *rooach kadim* be a *previous* wind, and suppose it the north or prevailing Etesian wind, suddenly and providentially sweeping the ebbing waters from the sandy shoals, which here stretch across the gulf, with a deep sea north and south (in those days deeper than now), and we have at once an intelligible narrative of the Divine interference. The tide recedes far southward under the influence of a hurricane—the stormy wind ceases at the word of Him who caused it to blow—the army of Israel passes over upon the dry sand, the waters to their right and the waters to their left, as a bulwark of protection on either flank; but the Egyptians are hard at hand; Pharaoh and his horses, his chariots, and his horsemen, are driving on with the fury of the avenger of blood; then it came to pass in the unrivalled sublimity of Scripture imagery, "that in the morning the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the

pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled their host." The roar of the returning waters is heard — the foam of the boiling billows is seen — the rising flow is stronger and swifter than the falling ebb — the waves, curling their monstrous heads, rush onward as a towering wall, to overthrow the host of Pharaoh, that had defied the God of Israel; but the Lord was their strength and their salvation, and through Him they triumphed gloriously—"by the blast of His nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap"—"Thou didst blow with thy wind, and the sea covered them."

The route of the children of Israel, from Goshen across the desert, cannot be certainly determined. Robinson is in favour of the march from the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, by the ancient canal, supposing Rameses to correspond with Heroopolis, unless it be taken as a general name for Goshen. This journey might have been accomplished in three days, even by such a host of men, women, children, and cattle; for water would be abundant, and the distance not more than thirty-five miles. Any other course would involve nearly triple the distance, and a

deadly drought for pursuing and pursued—the host of Pharaoh and the fugitive nation, which, if we rightly understand the "*shesh meoth elef*," as implying six hundred thousand able-bodied men, must have amounted in all to the enormous multitude of about three millions of human beings, "with flocks and herds, even very much cattle"—a crowd which could in no way be provided for under a natural or usual order of things. An alleged Arab tradition, the existence of which, however, Dr. Robinson calls in question, points out as the true *Wady el Tyh*, or Valley of the Wandering, the one which issues from the *Ghebel Atâka*, three leagues south of Suez, at the *Ras* or promontory jutting into the gulf, but still about ten miles from the opposite shore; a distance not to be traversed in one night by such a mixed mass of men, women, children, and cattle. It is quite clear that wherever Rameses might be, the march thence through this valley could never have been accomplished without a miraculous supply of water, which we cannot suppose to have been extended also to Pharaoh's army. The same objection may be alleged against every other proposed route, except that

which, taking Rameses for Heroopolis on the border of the land of Goshen, brings the Israelites along the line of the old canal to Baal-zephon or Suez, a distance easily to be achieved in three days, being scarcely more than thirty miles; leading them moreover to a part of the gulf which they could cross in the time allowed by Scripture, viz. one night. This, then, seems the most probable, if not the only possible assumption; so with this I felt content, and relying upon it, traced the vestiges of the ancient canal, Robinson's admirable map in hand, over sand-hillock wastes and salt-crusted swamps, giving myself up to the full conviction, that here it was "God led the people about through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea;" that here was flung the long shadow of the cloudy pillar by day, and the red gleam of the fiery column by night—the awful *Shechinah* of the Lord—the visible pledge and abiding token that "the angel of God went before the camp," the guide, the light, and glory of His people Israel.

During a long day's solitary meditating expedition, the horse's hoofs frequently slide upon a greasy surface of slime, or break through a brittle crust of salt. From any of the low

drifting hills, the prospect is one of wild, dreary, and solemn desolation, tremulously quivering in the fierce blaze of a sun, which glares in lifeless heart-sinking splendour upon a wide valley of Death, darkened with no shadow and marked with no track but my own—a faint track and a fleeting shadow upon a waste of sand—the emblem of human life to the heathen moralist: poet, philosopher, and man of pleasure though he was, he could sum himself up as nothing better than

"Pulvis et umbra,"

yet a few hours, the wind rises and the sun sets, and track and shadow are gone from the earth: so with man's dusty pilgrimage; "in the midst of life he is in death, he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay;" but the Christian journeys onward with hope and faith to a home beyond the wilderness—to his citizenship in heaven—though the wind may rise and the sun may set, he fears no evil through the stormy and shadowy valley—he knows that his Redeemer liveth, and that "whosoever liveth and believeth in Him shall never die."

The little town of Suez is not worth many

words—too bad to tolerate, but too paltry to quarrel with, containing perhaps twelve hundred inhabitants who drink salt water in the absence of fresh, and eat anything they can get from Cairo on one side or ship-board on the other. No fields, gardens, trees, shrubs, vegetables, or flowers of any sort,—a dry, dirty, dismal dearth of all things desirable. No one stays who can get away from a place cut off from the habitable world; but the transit of Indian passengers gives it importance for the time being, and it is moreover a rendezvous for the great Mecca pilgrimage. The desert comes up to the very gates, outside of which, and sometimes inside, prowl grinning hyenas and yelping jackals, who, in company with a pack of kindred dogs, revel and riot all night over the carrion and refuse of the town. Skeletons of camels, horses, and asses lie scattered about, admirably prepared, picked, and polished by successive comers—hyena, jackal, dog, and vulture, down to the blind droning beetle and red-lion ant. An Arab whips the skin off a dead donkey with extraordinary speed; and then comes the tug and tussle,

"κυνεσσιν, οιωνοισι τε πασι,"

for the remains of the poor ass, the ubiquitous, ill-requited, and much-maligned drudge of all races of the *genus homo*. Unaided, however, by the providential ravening of beast and bird, man, with all his dominion, would soon be poisoned out; so the foul feeders are not only tolerated, but sincerely respected. The open spaces of the town are crowded with crouching, munching, and growling camels, offensive to fastidious senses in more ways than one, but of priceless value to a community depending upon them alone for communication with the rest of the human race, as the gulf is too fickle to be always trusted.

Spend a day with Hebrew Bible, map, telescope, and compass on the summits of the lofty *Atâka* — barren, precipitous, and cavernous — about ten miles south of Suez, the retreat of beasts whose track Omar and I follow for an hour on the sea-shore. The view commands the Gulf running up a wide valley of naked dazzling cliffs, like a broad blue river: northward, the isthmus connecting Asia and Africa, a sandy waste seventy miles across; eastward, the wilderness of Arabia, backed in the distance by the dark range towards Sinai and Horeb. In

every other direction the eye travels over the one universal element of these regions — dry, hot, mirage-flickering plains; glaring, bright, and yellow, even through the half-closed lid and contracted pupil of the vexed and heated retina, weary of the self-same sandy picture. What a fearful life-long wandering in that terrible peninsula for the rebellious and stiff-necked people! How soon, and with what deep humiliation, did the triumphant hymn of their high-handed Exodus sink to the mournful wail and bitter reproach, "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger!" Across that salt gulf, now dancing joyously under the sun in purple, silvery-capped, murmuring swell, once rode on the wings of the wind the angel of the God of Israel, sweeping the channels and piling the billows at the blast of the breath of the Lord's displeasure! In the boundless plains beyond those blue waves now so placid, under the lofty cliffs hanging over them unchanged from the days of Pharaoh, did they wander for forty

years, erring in their hearts, and not knowing his ways; "Unto whom He sware in His wrath, that they should not enter into His rest."

Early in the morning of our last day at Suez, Omar appears with horses and provisions, for a ride round the gulf to *Ayoun Mûsa*, or the Wells of Moses, and we cross by the ford at low water, not far from where they say Napoleon and his staff were near meeting the fate of Pharaoh and his host. The First Consul was returning in the evening from a visit to these same fountains, and, though the tide was rising, wished to save the circuit round the head of the creek; in they dashed accordingly, "the horse and his rider," for the passage of the Red Sea, with a military laugh at Pharaoh's fate; but the laugh did not last long; the flood tide rushed up the gulf with a roaring rapidity for which they were not prepared, the night grew pitch dark, and Cæsar and his fortune were never in greater peril. They were extricated, however, by the self-possession of the French general, who, calling his scattered struggling aides-de-camp round him, sent them off in different directions, all radiating from himself as a motionless centre. Several horses were

soon swimming for life and their riders shouting for help; but one had gone steadily far ahead on firm ground in shallow water, and his clear call of encouragement pointed out the only line of safety and escape: all followed their leader, and all emerged from the bubbling whirling flood safe and sound at Kolzum Point. Buonaparte told this story at St. Helena, priding himself upon his presence of mind, and speculating upon the consequence to Europe, had his self-possession failed. He seemed specially amused at the idea of the text his overthrow in the Red Sea would have afforded to all the pulpits of Christendom; but the death of the lonely captive, on his Promethean rock in the wild Atlantic, afforded a more impressive and instructive lesson to worthless, high-vaulting ambition, than could have been given by running an imaginary parallel between men and times so far removed. One point alone was in common to the two—Pharaoh and Napoleon—both were proud and mighty, and both in due season, and for an appointed purpose, were "put down from their seats and scattered in the imagination of their hearts."

The seven sandy pits with their seven muddy,

brackish puddles, at which we arrived about noon, scarcely deserve the prosaic name of wells, much less the sparkling poetry of such a word as fountain, with the imagination of which, "splendidior vitro," I had been beguiling the six hours hoof-sinking march through the weary waste. However, there *is* water, and by comparison and courtesy fairly called *fresh*,—a life-restoring sound, which in the desert is worth more than all the ambrosial epithets that poets ever invented for the nectar of Olympus. No special mention is made of these springs in the Mosaic record, but there is little doubt that as they are now, so they were then; therefore in all probability the host of Israel made their first halt at *Ayoun Mûsa* in the wilderness of Shur, and then "went three days and found no water till they came to Marah," a station about thirty miles further south, still known for the bitterness of the spring which Moses sweetened with the branches of a tree, supposed by Burckhardt and others to have been the shrub *ghurchud*, which grows in abundance round brackish waters. The description of Elim in the Exodus itinerary, might apply almost as well to *Ayoun Mûsa*, though distant four or

five days' march—so many wells and so many palms—for it would be impossible to describe these places otherwise than by counting the holes scooped in the sand, into which dirty water oozes and deposits a salt, and then numbering the unhappy vegetable victims to simoom dry-rot, which seem as if they too would fain die if they could; still, while we lie under their tufted tops and look out upon the burning, blinding panorama, we are heartily grateful for any shade extending beyond our own shadows, which last-moving mockeries would never be missed here, however indispensable in European circles; and any little man in black should be welcome to roll them up and carry them off if he could, in exchange for a never-failing bucket of the Nile's sweet stream, the very name of which will bring a thirsty Arab on his knees, with his face to Mecca, imploring Allah through the Prophet that it may be granted him before he die to plunge once more into the broad cool flood of the *Bahr-el-helloo*.

Some memoir of Napoleon mentions, either for truth or flattery, that he alone was proof against the terrors of the desert, and that while even the officers of his staff tore off their epau-

lettes, and trampled their cockades under foot, the First Consul stood as cool and calm and pale as at a review before the Tuileries. Suetonius ascribes the same powers of endurance to Julius Cæsar; and they seem in some measure peculiar, if not essential, to the temperament of a great man — great, we may suppose, by the happy combination of physical and mental resources. The French soldiery, when maddened to mutiny by thirst and blindness, asked with a bitter sneer, whether their leader had brought them hither to take possession of their promised acres of landed property, of which six feet by two would content even the General Kleber: "And they murmured, saying, what shall we drink?" Near the Wells of Moses, our English consul of Suez has made a spirited but not very successful attempt to cultivate a few cabbages; most of which now lie dead and buried, victims to the last hot puff of Khamseen wind, which blows now and then from the south-west at this season, doubling up every green thing it breathes upon.

The only amusing sight at Suez is a sort of wizard dance, kept up by a party of negroes hopping to drum and pipe round a cauldron

of boiling pitch, which ever and anon they dab with many a genuflexion upon a ship's timbers, screaming with all their might, showing their white teeth, and kicking their long ugly shins, with a reeking breathless determination that must have a higher object than the mere fun of the thing—probably a hocus-pocus for the safety of the outward bound.

Conclude a bargain, signed and sealed, with the *reiss* of a tall latteen-rigged merchant craft, to run down the gulf and land me at Cosseir, leaving the cabin at my sole disposal for the voyage. Omar lays in a fortnight's stock of rice, flour, maccaroni, coffee, and rum; and the evening of the last day of March finds us careering down the Red Sea, before a merry breeze from the north, with a lively boat and active complement of five strong fellows, besides the fine old weather-beaten, large-turbaned, white-bearded skipper. As the sun goes down behind the Arabian cliffs, the *reiss* spreads his carpet, and, kneeling towards Mecca, bends his head low upon the deck, clasping his hands upon his knees, and murmuring with the intensely abstracted devotion of the Mooslim worshipper, the deep *Allâh hoo akbar*, the symbol

of Islàm. All the crew, even to the man at the helm, follow his example at short intervals, praying, with foreheads laid on the rude plank, for a prosperous voyage and happy return. Surely the same breeze that bears across the waves the simple fervent petition of the prostrate Mooslim, may mingle in unity of spirit the accents of east and west, as one accepted sacrifice to the Almighty Being, who declares His power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity; "all the nations of men are made by Him of one blood to dwell upon the face of the earth;" and the unknown God, whom now they ignorantly worship, may yet be declared unto them, here or hereafter, by the triumphant church of Him who died for the sins of the whole world, past, present, and to come. Even now it seems that any one of those poor simple seamen might be almost persuaded to be a Christian; they worship not, as the Athenian of old, a godhead like unto gold or silver, dwelling in temples made with hands, but adore the Lord of heaven and earth, in whom all creatures live and move and have their being. The religion of the Prophet of Mecca is, indeed, far removed from idolatry,

raised as much above the grovelling superstition it destroyed, as itself falls short of the pure Truth, from whose oracles it has largely borrowed, but basely corrupted, many a priceless treasure of knowledge, unknown to the philosophy of Greece or the wisdom of Egypt, neither of which ever rose to the height of the first and greatest statute, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." This, on the deck of our poor Arab craft, is the watch-word that passes in the dead of night from the helmsman to the look-out—no sound heard but the rushing of their little vessel through the sea, the moaning of the steerage, and the deep *Wachhed!* of the steersman, acknowledged in the same note by a solemn *Allah!* from before the mast—the stars shining brightly, the breeze blowing sweetly, and the dim cliffs of the African and Arabian coasts gliding steadily by, as we keep our mid-channel course down the gulf, about five miles from either shore—the north wind whispering through the shrouds with so cool and keen a breath, that, in spite of rats and cock-roaches, I prefer the cabin for the last hours of the morning watch. The sun shines brightly upon the white rocks of

the *Ghebel Atàka*, now three leagues to the north, when Omar appears with his well-bred *salàm*, a cup of hot Mokah coffee in hand, perfuming the breeze with its fragrance, and his own well-conditioned ebony skin glistening in fine contrast to the crimson-girdled snowy calico from which he has thrown his white-woollen hooded *burnoos*—a sort of blanket-cloak that serves well in either capacity, making him look, when he turns away his broad black face, like a monk of St. Bernard, a character to which he bears no resemblance in any other respect. In culinary talent, however, he proves on a level with the gifted Hassan of pyramid memory, preparing a smoking breakfast of hot unleavened cakes and curried fowl, the very sight and smell of which would make a sea-sick passenger hungry. Happily, none of us are in such dismal plight, but all as ravenous as good health, good spirits, and good cheer, with smooth water and a fine canvass-swelling breeze, can make us; so, inviting the old *sheyk* with a solemn and reverential *Bismillah*, to which he replies by a fine deep-toned *Inshallah*, bowing low and laying his right hand successively on his broad chest and ample forehead, we both

recline on our carpets and do great honour to the feast, without using or needing any other means or appliance than ten well-washed fingers and one wooden spoon. It is a great solecism, by the way, in oriental good manners, to dip the *left* hand into the dish; but, taking care to use the right, you pay a compliment to your guest by presenting him with any fragment that may attract your eye; and there is no lack of delicacy in the custom. Water and napkins are scrupulously used before and after eating. If in the desert, where water cannot be spared, the ablutions are performed with dry running sand, allowed by the Koran as a lawful substitute; in fact, bodily cleanliness with the Mooslim is not only next to holiness, but essentially part and parcel thereof, and sometimes we may fear the part most practised, if not most esteemed; still it is a great desideratum, though no great virtue, to cleanse the outside of the cup, and thus far they are at least on an equal footing with us of the West. Some of our polite usages would be abomination in the eyes of an Arab. It might, for instance, be a hard trial of his courteous endurance, to test him with our custom of rinsing

the mouth after dinner into a finger glass, not always opaque; and he would bear no very good will towards our pocket handkerchief system, not being equally given to rheum and catarrh in his dry and elastic atmosphere.

The narrow arm of the Red Sea, down which we are now running rapidly with a flowing sheet, bears a bad character with sailors: its greatest width is not more than twenty miles, and seldom much above ten; rocks, shoals, and coral reefs beset a ship's course on either tack; the tide runs rapidly, and the prevailing north wind renders the beating up both tedious and dangerous; even a steamer has often more than enough to contend with. These difficulties render it very probable that Cossier instead of Suez will soon be made the rendezvous of our Indian packets, in connection with the Oriental Company. The navigation would be greatly simplified by avoiding three hundred and fifty miles of narrow sea, and it would, they say, be no difficult matter to connect Cossier and the Nile by a railroad through the valley of the caravan route, which from Suez to Cairo is pronounced a precarious, if not hopeless, undertaking, the sand being of a very

loose nature, and no available water to be had unless brought from the Nile.

April 2nd. The western sun sheds golden light upon the range of *Djebel-et-Tür*—the frowning, thunder-splintered pinnacles of Horeb and of Sinai—where once, amid thick clouds of darkness, with unearthly thunderings, lightnings, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, were spoken the eternal words of the Moral Law, unchanging and unchangeable as the nature of Him who spake them, the Fountain of all goodness, the God "who alone is good." How grandly do yonder porphyry summits rend the purple sky with the sharp, zigzag, thunder-splintered pinnacles which once trembled to their base at the voice of the Lord, "dividing the flames and shaking the wilderness;" and how deep but hard to realize is the conviction that from those very granite peaks, now glowing in a flood of gorgeous light, came forth the voice that gave, with "His sabbaths for a sign," the statutes and the judgments, which, "if a man do, he shall even live in them!" Alas! what an *if* was there for frail and fallen man in the presence of his Maker, He who refuses to behold iniquity, denouncing

Death as the wages of sin! What hope of life from statutes and judgments in which no man of the earth earthy has ever lived, and by which therefore no son of earth can be ever justified! From the dark recesses of that mountain mass He spake and said, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me;" but the world has not heard or heeded the mandate of the Jealous God, before and since it has bowed down itself to worship other gods that are no gods, rather than the infinite Spirit of Justice, Mercy, and Truth. *Mammon*, in the likeness of heaven above, or earth beneath, or hell under the earth, has the world chosen for the god of its idolatry,

* * "Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry, and these wé adore."

Who that lives, or ever has lived, "naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam," dare repeat the law, whose proclaiming thunder once rolled on the echoes of this craggy shore, without raising his hands and humbling his heart with Israel's King in a prayer for mercy and not for judgment! The law of Sinai came by Moses, and whoso rests his hope upon that law stands debtor to it all. He who hath said, thou shalt not steal, hath said thou shalt not covet;

and what man among us, before Him from whom no secrets are hid, dare lay his finger upon one of the Ten Commandments and challenge conviction to the sin by the Christian test that guards the issues of life and death? But, thanks be to God, we have other means and other hope than that which flashed in terror from the shattered top of Horeb; not "the law which came by Moses," but the "grace and truth which came by Jesus Christ"—the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS—through whom and by whom all are accepted who strive with sincerity and singleness of heart, though imperfectly and unprofitably, to do His will with the sufficiency given, keeping the "Faith which *worketh* by Charity." Yet there is but one other gem "in earth's dark circlet" from which beam to the imagination brighter rays of living light, than those which to the eye of faith still crown with sacred glory those soaring tops of Horeb and of Sinai; and on first jumping ashore by the coral rocks of the little port of *Tûr*, the awed spirit seems to whisper "put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." This feeling is not peculiar to the Christian, but in common with

the Jewish and Mooslim pilgrim—all alike, whether disciples of the Law which heralded, the Gospel which revealed, or the Koran which corrupted the one same Truth—all look with kindred reverence towards the holy hill whence the will and way of Jehovah Elohim was proclaimed in might and majesty to His people Israel. Even the rude crew of our little half-decked vessel, that has been dancing all day upon the waves in sight of the huge mountain mass that towers near nine thousand feet above the sea—even they have paid obeisance to the halo thrown around its summit by the inspired record, seen though it be to them as through a glass darkly by the dim light of popular but unbroken tradition. The howling song is hushed, and the joyous jest cut short, when I point with a question to the *Djebel Tûr*, and the solemn murmur, *Allah Khereem*, or "God be merciful," escapes in low impressive tone from the bearded lips that offer propitiating homage to the spirit of the storm, which still they say lingers in the hidden depths of that rock-piled adamantine mountain of the presence of the Lord.

The little town of *Tûr*, with its harbour of

refuge for a few latteen-rigged boats, does not detain me long; the tall slanting yards point upward like my own thoughts to the high and holy hills beyond, and Omar and I are soon outside the walls, with a Bedawee guide and light dromedary, for a night in the wilderness of Cades, leaving our Arabs to purchase a couple of sheep and lay in a stock of water, charcoal, and mashed dates for the voyage to Cossier. We soon leave the roofs of *Tür* behind and below us, mounting with every step and looking down upon the broad gulf, now sobering to silver-grey in the shade of the lofty coast of Africa; thick plantations of palm trees soften the stern and rugged landscape, which rises before us, range upon range, of Alpine walls, glowing dusky red in the upward streaming rays of the sinking sun, pouring upon the wild rocks a flood of purple light, like the flame of that unconsuming fire that once, when the world was young, revealed in this wilderness to the prophet of old the presence of the angel of the Lord—the messenger of the covenant—the Shechinah of Jehovah, whose name was here revealed as the *Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh*, the I AM THAT I AM—the One Being,

who alone "is and was and is to be"—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"—the Triune God—the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; yet not three gods but one God, and not of the dead but of the living—the Lord and Giver of life, by whose quickening Spirit all powers, dominions, and principalities, that rule in heaven above or earth beneath, live and move and have their being. These, and such as these, are the high and overpowering thoughts that throng upon the lowly pilgrim as he communes with his own heart in the still and awful gloom of the *Wady Hebràn.* This is the valley through whose grey glens of granite the voice of the trumpet once sounded, as it will only sound once more throughout the earth, when blown by the blast of the archangel's breath: here it was that the brazen startling notes of that wild warning peal rung to a thousand echoes by sea and land, "Hosanna in the Highest," sounding long and waxing louder and louder as the Lord descended in fire upon Sinai, "the smoke whereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the mountain quaked greatly."

Kindle a good fire under a rock, and pre-

pare a smoking mess of well-peppered rice, with unleavened bread, and a skin of water from the wells of *Tûr*, for water is as scarce now as when the people were ready to stone Moses for bringing them up out of Egypt to kill them and their children and their cattle with thirst at Meribah. Two or three springs are found in the immediate neighbourhood of the convent, but are looked upon as miraculous; an impression strengthened by their existence at so great an elevation. Having had our coffee, each in due order out of the same tin mug, Omar and the Bedawee smoke and talk themselves to sleep, with their feet to the hot embers of the smouldering fire. The air is very keen and the sky cloudless, so wrapping myself up in a rough hooded *greco*, I think of Horeb and of Sinai, the tables of stone, the law and the commandments, till waking thoughts glide into a sleeping vision—a dream of the children of Israel singing and dancing round the golden calf, which Aaron cast at the cry of "Up, make us gods, for as for this Moses we wot not what is become of him." The calf, or more properly and probably the three-year-old ox *(yegel)*, whose image they set up, was

no doubt that of Apis and Osiris to which they had been accustomed in Egypt; and the scene perhaps occurred to a fanciful slumberer, from its having always appeared such a surpassing sample of human wrong-headedness, as thenceforth to render any surprise at mortal folly, whether ancient or modern, public or private, my own or my neighbour's, utterly superfluous. The Arabs still believe that the tables broken by Moses in his anger, will one day be found; and many a digging and clearing has been carried on beneath a mountain precipice, in the pious hope that "the tables which were the work of God, and the writing which was the writing of God," might again be restored to a gold-worshipping world, to incline our hearts to keep a law flashing visibly in letters of living and eternal fire, inscribed on stone by the finger of Jehovah.

A day passed in the wilderness, with eye-rivetting, soul-expanding views of the *Djebel Mûsa,* but without opportunity or means of examining or listening to the monks' local traditions. However, it matters little: I came for the *impression,* and the impression I shall carry away. To speculate and dispute, would be to

hesitate and doubt; and doubt would change if not dispel the spirit that invests the scene with its hallowed charm. The stories and legends are often trifling and always without authority. There is but one guide to be consulted and relied on, for time, place, and circumstance, as connected with the Exodus of Israel and the thunder of the Decalogue—that guide is open to us all, and I have read, turned, thumbed, and dogs-eared its honoured pages, worn and torn from exposure to wind and weather, sea and land, night and day, sand and saddle, till its loosened leaves of wisdom would be scattered like the sibyl's by the breath of heaven, were they not carefully though clumsily cobbled by an unpractised needle.

The engagement with the *reiss* and his crew brings me back to *Tûr* at sunset, without entering the Greek monastery of St. Catharine, built they say by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century, of hewn stone, on the spot where tradition asserts that Moses beheld the burning bush, and smote the rock with his rod that the people might drink. The monks always receive English travellers with hospitality and courtesy, but they have been so frequently harassed and

harried by the wild tribes of the peninsula, that jealous forms of admission are still insisted on, and the visitor, after inspection and a satisfactory account demanded and given, is hauled up by ropes in a basket to a door nearly thirty feet from the ground, the only means of ingress to the convent. Under the protection of the Basha, they are at present safe enough; but such security is precarious, and recollections of fire and sword are still too vivid to be soon forgotten. I was slightly acquainted with a lay brother of the establishment at Cairo, who told me that more than half the pilgrims to Sinai are English, and the rest principally Russians of their own church; but the whole number annually is seldom more than twenty or thirty, while in former mediæval centuries the books bear record to more than as many hundreds from all nations of Christendom. The discipline of the order is very austere—no meat and no wine permitted, living altogether upon bread and vegetables, and constantly engaged in religious exercise. The revenues arise principally from palm groves and olive grounds; corn and the few necessaries of life they require are obtained from Egypt by way of *Tûr*,

and they distribute large quantities of bread to the ragged, half-starved, wandering Bedouin of the neighbourhood, giving them also the privilege of exclusive guides; these therefore now look upon the fathers in the light of friends and protectors, and are in their turn ready to render service when required—a subject of constant jealousy and feud with the scattered tribes not similarly connected with the convent. According to Burckhardt, there are three or four thousand of these wanderers in the desert, bounded by the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah, dependant upon their few flocks and camels for existence, living in great hardihood and privation, perfectly ignorant and careless of all civilized resources; nominally professing the faith of Mohammad, but in reality neither fearing God nor honouring man, beyond the patriarchal authority and brotherly bond of their own horde, bearing out the proverb touching honour among thieves; though perhaps it is hardly fair to call them so, as they do but exercise lordship over the wild patrimony of their ancestors—true sons of the outcast Ishmael, who grew and dwelt like themselves in the wilderness, the son of the bondwoman, whose seed according to

the promise has been made a nation, dwelling in the presence of their brethren—girt by no walls but those of their black tent—bound by no laws but those of honour to each other, and hospitality to the defenceless and confiding stranger—never settled, never purchased, never conquered—their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them.

The little port of *Tür* is in great measure dependant upon the convent community, to whom belong the date groves and gardens that cheer the heart and eye in the midst of the desolate grandeur that reigns around. Those of the inhabitants who profess Christianity are of the Greek church, considering themselves parishioners of the monks, to whom they resort on high days and holidays for the celebration of mass, to which the laity are admitted in both kinds. The Greek church, as most people know, does not recognize the Pope's supremacy, but looks up to its own patriarchs, denounced as schismatic by the anathema of Rome since the middle of the ninth century. They believe in consubstantiation, but deny the procession of the Spirit from the Son—baptize children by trine immersion, who are immedi-

ately admitted to communion—never elevate or carry about the host, and abhor images which cast a shadow. The secular clergy are generally married men, and very ignorant.

Go on board in the dark, well fagged with twenty-four hours' march, and sleep soundly through all the hubbub of unmooring and setting sail with a crew of six Arabs, who contrive on all occasions to make as much noise as would do for sixty Englishmen. Wake up and find the sun high in the south-east; our sails but half filled with a fickle zephyr; the sea smooth and bright; and the mountains of *Mûsa* or Moses rising grander than ever as we draw a few miles off shore. The highest summits cannot be less than twenty miles, as the crow flies, from the harbour of *Tûr*; and the altitude, by trigonometrical measurement, about eight thousand three hundred feet, of barren, rugged, red and grey granite, shattered into masses and splintered into pinnacles that might overawe the imagination of an Alpine hunter,—what then must have been the terror of the bewildered host of Israel, the broken-spirited bondsmen of Egypt, when they suddenly changed the level plains, fertile fields, and bounteous

river of the land of Goshen, for the parching drought, tremendous crags, and cloud-piercing peaks of this sublime volcanic chaos, blazing with the unearthly light or wrapped in the darkness palpable that disclosed or concealed the brightness of the presence of the Lord their God! And when the people saw, "they removed and stood afar off, and they said unto Moses, speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

The afternoon of the fourth day from leaving *Tûr*, finds us at anchor in the roads of Cossier, with no incident of voyage beyond the variety of a hot Khamseen puff from the south-west, blowing us in spite of ourselves into the Gulf of Akabah, and glad enough too to weather the ugly rocks of the Ras Mohammad. The short tumbling sea drenches and pitches us about in helpless plight, our one-masted rig not being adapted for beating up against a head wind; however, it is an ill wind that blows no good, and the eastern view of the Djebel Mûsa, grander and wilder than the west, was an equivalent for being driven out of our course some twenty or thirty miles, with a vivid perception of being possibly swamped. The men managed

very well, keeping the boat's head to the sea with a close-hauled sheet, till she received a perilous thump that we all took as a friendly hint to down with the helm, slacken off, and run the way we were told; discretion being, with the wise men of the east as well as the west, the better part of valour.

On issuing from the western branch or arm of Suez, the Red Sea of Scripture, never more than twelve or fifteen miles across, we suddenly emerge into the broad expanse of the Arabian Gulf—a real sea, looking as rough and stern as the wide Atlantic, with no shore in sight round half the range of the compass. At the top of the Gulf of Akabah, into which we look for an hour or two, were the neighbouring ports of Elath and Ezion-geber, whence the ships of Solomon, or of his friend king Hiram of Tyre, used to sail to Ophir and Tarshish for "gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks"—"Hiram sent ships and servants that had knowledge of the sea to Elath, at the sea side in the land of Edom." Which way or how did king Hiram send them? Surely by water; so either they must have crossed from the Nile to Suez by a navigable canal, or have

sailed round the continent of Africa by the Pillars of Hercules and the great Southern Cape. This latter supposition would probably startle even the most determined "laudator temporis acti;" and perhaps the canal route will be adopted as the true version, rather in deference to *Hobson's* argument than any other. Where was Ophir?—nobody knows. Where was Tarshish?—nobody knows. Possibly the same place under different names; perhaps Madagascar, or Borneo, or Ceylon. Of two facts only are we distinctly informed with respect to Tarshish: first, that the precious metals were there in great abundance, and, secondly, that it was a great way off. "Silver was not anything accounted of in the days of Solomon" —"he made it to be esteemed in Jerusalem as stones." "All the vessels in the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold." And the ships which brought these treasures came to Eloth "once every three years" (2 Chron. viii. ix.), which would allow them good fifteen months for the outward, and as many for the homeward voyage, with three months in harbour at either destination; so that ample time is allowed for the slowest logs that ever moved

under canvass to go whither any theory may please to send them. No doubt, then, king Hiram's South-sea fleet in the days of Solomon cruised as regularly and successfully for their golden cargo as the Spanish galleons of Acapulco in later times; and Eloth, at the top of this gulf, would be the best rendezvous for the servants and camels of the great king, to conduct priceless treasures across the desert to the capital of the monarch, "whose presence all the kings of the earth sought," to see the wealth and hear the wisdom that it had pleased God to gift him withal.

It must have been an extraordinary and perilous navigation for these "men who had knowledge of the sea," to be always creeping along the coasts of the Indian Ocean; and yet, without the mariner's compass, they could never venture upon a broad and trackless course; even we of the present day, with all our marvellous resources, should know nothing of half the globe, had not somebody luckily found out that a poised needle rubbed with a magnet points towards the pole; and so it is that "great events from little causes spring"—events at least which we think great, compared with

causes we think little, though doubtless, to clearer vision, each to other duly dove-tailed and adapted.

Cossier, or Kossier, is the only port worthy of the name on the western shore of the Red Sea from Suez to Babel-mandel, the famous Berenice, artificially formed by the Ptolemies more than two hundred miles to the south, being now neglected and ruined. Nothing can exceed the barren, rugged desolation of the coast we have been sailing along,—sharp, steep rocks line and guard the iron-bound frontier as far as we can sweep with a glass. The eye, dazzled by the glaring sand, and innumerable reefs of rich red and white coral, looks in vain for repose. Why the sea should have been called *Yam Sùf*, or Sea of Weeds, is a mystery; for no weeds of any sort are visible either above or below—nothing like vegetation, unless the ramification of coral branches, which we often see at a great depth through the transparent water. The opposite shores of Asia, a hundred miles distant, are of course invisible. The roadstead, protected by sheltering rocks against the more prevalent northerly winds, is quite open to the south and south-east. It does

not appear that a vessel of a frigate's draught could find much safety in stress of weather, as the water deepens so gradually that boats are employed to carry the cargoes of corn to vessels in the offing. The only considerable commerce now carried on is in the export of corn to Mecca, and the import of coffee from Mokah. The traffic of the place receives an impulse, at certain seasons, from the resort of a multitude of pilgrims to the Prophet's tomb; but it might, under an active and enlightened government, become, by its position as a link between Africa and Asia, a mart of great importance. It is generally expected that our communication with India will soon be carried on by the route of Cossier, rather than Suez, avoiding the dangerous navigation of the narrow gulf. The present town, judging by the European standard, is a paltry place, a confused jumble of flat-roofed houses, overtopped by an old light-house tower, and the dome of a mosque; all surrounded with an embattled wall, outside of which, at some distance, stands a square stone fortress flanked by four round towers, built by the Caliphs. As at Suez, not a blade of anything green to refresh the blink-

ing beholder; the dry wilderness in all its unmitigated blazing desolation reigns supreme to the very walls of the Arab castle, which looks as if it would soon take fire and burn like a limekiln. The drinkable water is brackish and scarce. The only boon that nature grants to this dreary region, is a supply of fish, probably inexhaustible, though now but little in demand. The shells on the shore are so various and beautiful, that I filled a bag half a dozen times, only to empty it as often in favour of more brilliant candidates for the honour of a visit to England; but the collection cost me dear in blistered and wounded feet.

Give a grand parting feast to the *reiss* and his crew, in the court of a tumble-down old place belonging to a friend of his; the entertainment principally consisting of savoury venison from the desert, broiled in steaks upon a camel-dung fire, and cut from the haunches of a poor antelope or gazelle, brought in and offered for sale by a swarthy, yellow-tattered, eagle-eyed son of Esau, armed with a truculent, ricketty, long-barrelled musket, looking as if it would soon fly in the face of its master, who however stalked off well content with him-

self, his weapon, and a few piastres, with a *baksheesh* of powder and ball. A payment of seven hundred piastres, about seven pounds sterling, clears all scores for the voyage from Suez to Cossier, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles, occupying, inclusive of our stay at the village of *Tûr*, just one week. Coffee and pipes conclude the regale, and, exchanging presents of a black Nubian club and a best Brummagem knife, the *reiss* and I part with mutual demonstrations of regard, *salâming* one another with a "peace be unto thee," each with an oriental flourish of the right hand, touching successively his breast, lips, and forehead. No men could have behaved better, or been more true to their trust, than the fine fellows of his crew, who worked their little craft like a gentleman's yacht, in the Red-sea gale off Ras Mohammad.

The sun rises and sets with such an utter absence of all the accustomed distinctions of time and seasons, that without a Mordan pencil-case I should be reduced to Robinson Crusoe's notched stick to know the recurrence of the seventh day, as marked for a welcome interval of rest and reflection.

DESERT ROUTE.

THE dawn of *Monday, April 11th,* finds us once more camel-mounted—Omar, myself, and three Arabs,—swinging our way as before through the dry and dreary desert, steering due west for the waters of the Nile, into which we rush and revel by anticipation, though a hundred miles of arid wilderness yet lie between us and the cool plunge for which we pant. Two hours' march, or about two leagues' journey, bring us through wild gloomy valleys to the springs of *Ambagi,* alas! as salt and bitter as those of Marah; and we have no resource but the tepid brackish supply of our dripping goat-skin. Still we are indebted to the wells for the only sight of verdure since our departure from the port of *Tür;* about half a dozen palms form a little oasis of life and shade, which cheers the eye in the wide waste of desolation, "like a good deed in a naughty world," and we halt for a delicious hour in the shadow of their tufted umbrella tops, before we pursue our ascending route

through the perpendicular calcareous rocks, that gradually rise higher and approach nearer as we march on towards *Beer Beder*, distant another hour, where the water is drinkable. The road, i. e. the broad level of sandy surface, winding its way between lofty rocks and hills, is good enough for wheeled carriages, and forms the grand caravan route from Ghenneh to Mecca. We never halt after leaving Beder for eight hours, keeping the invariable camel-pace of two and a half miles per hour, winding through scattered masses of magnificent rock of all colours—white, red, and green—quartz, porphyry, and a kind of marble looking very like *verd antique*. One cannot help thinking that these prodigious stores of beautiful stone, close upon a broad smooth way leading to the Nile, may have supplied imperial Rome with the material for its gorgeous temples, the fragments of which still supply shafts and capitals and cornices to the Basilicæ of the Papal city.

Pass the ruins of an old Saracenic fort, and encamp under a huge rock for the night at *El-Adoute*, after a day's march of more than thirty miles, which would have been less fatiguing had we journeyed after sunset; but I was unwilling

to give up the view of this extraordinary desert defile, through which, perhaps, before many years elapse, English travellers may be whirled at railroad speed on their way to India. All beyond the little bivouac dark and silent; but our fire crackles and blazes merrily, till subsiding into a red glow, we cook our rice and gazelle steaks to admiration, with cayenne and lemon-juice, the evening air delightfully cool and fresh—the stars bright and numberless—the sand dry, pure, and flinty—and the freedom of the primæval desert expanding and exhilirating the soul of a town-cooped son of civilization,—little accustomed to any solitude but the loneliness of a unit in the million, or any wilderness but the boundless Babel of brick and mortar.

Omar rouses me from deep sleep with a whispered notice of hyenas near the tent, allured no doubt from the mountain by the savoury smell of our broiled venison. The hope of bagging one or two of these grinning brutes spoils our night's rest, as we lie in watchful silence for a shot, with as keen a sensation of sport as ever gratified a Highland deer-stalker; we gain, however, nothing else for our pains;

both fire at once at something real or supposed in the dark—the flash lights up the rocks in Salvator Rosa style—the balls whizzing through the air plunge into the sand—the echoes roll and rattle through cliff and crag, startling the night owl with mimic thunder; but no growl from the prostrate monster to reward our listening ears, though next morning we find by the track ample proof of more than one having prowled about us; and they no doubt frequent this caravan route on the look-out for carrion, as we have already passed two or three fresh well-picked skeletons of fallen camels.

The second day's journey continues in unbroken monotony, over a surface generally smooth and broad enough for the march of an army, through valleys of lofty rock, with here and there a ruined tower, and no vegetation but a few scattered shrubs, which serve as fodder for the camels, who seem made for the wilderness and the wilderness made for them. Nowhere else can they walk with such ease and safety as on the sand. The terrors of heat, hunger, and thirst are no terrors to them; their thick scaly hide protects them against the scorching sun—their fleshy hump is supposed to be a stock of

nourishing food that exempts them from hunger till, after many day's privation, it dwindles away, again to grow when provender is plentiful — and the well-known reservoir of fresh water in a second stomach secures them for an equal time from the more fearful agony of burning thirst. Occasionally traversing a patch of rough hilly ground, they lose their steady continuous pace, and stumble about like over-driven oxen upon town pavement. We meet during the day more than one string steering their single-file course with a cargo of wheat for the Red Sea, and our halting places have been lately occupied with parties of jaded, ragged pilgrims, on their return from the tomb of Mecca,—a pilgrimage in which many hundreds, and sometimes thousands, annually leave their bones by the way-side; but to be a *hadgg*, is a pious ambition that the prospect of suffering cannot quell,—sacred water and holy dust from the shrine of Mohammad are highly esteemed memorials of the honoured achievement, and the toil-worn, sun-scorched votary of the Prophet is everywhere received with congratulation and respect.

The third day is one of parched and panting

misery: the *Khamseen* blows furiously from the south-west, sweeping the red sand in lurid clouds that deface and darken the sky, to the likeness of a vast canopy of hot copper. Eyes, mouth, ears, and nostrils are stuffed almost to blindness and suffocation by the tornado of fiery sand; even the camels seem inclined to lie down in despair, and we halt continually in sheer exhaustion of body and mind, to seek shelter under the lee of the poor beasts, who stretch their long necks on the ground and growl in dismal discouragement. The day before, we had achieved thirty-five miles, in good condition and high spirits, from *El-Adoute* to *El-Laghoot;* but now, twelve hours' incessant struggle scarcely suffice to bring us to the wells of *El-Ghieta,* hardly five leagues from our previous bivouac; where we do, however, at length arrive, in thankfulness of heart, though with parched throats, cracked skins, and blood-shot eyes. The thermometer, under the shadow of the camel, stood in the afternoon at 110° Fahrenheit. The bodily suffering and mental disquietude produced by this horrid hurricane, can scarcely be exaggerated. The unquenched craving for water amounts almost to delirium;

and it seemed that further exposure for an hour or two would have left us all dead and buried for ever in the desert, under a column of whirling, withering, and blasting sand.

Pass a sweltering night under the walls of an old white-domed caravansera and mosque, built for pilgrim devotion. But we pitch no tent and kindle no fire; all our earthly wants are reduced to the two elements of air and water; for the first we gape and gasp like fish cast high and dry; but no stranded fish, restored by a kind hand to its native stream, ever revelled in the enjoyment of water more gratefully than our poor sand-saturated, skin-cracked company, in the three springs of the thrice-blessed *Ghieta*. We could not absolutely get into the wells, but we spared them in no other way. A tippler never found so many reasons for drinking wine as we had for drinking water —thirst in all the tenses, past, present, and future. And when men and camels could drink no longer, Omar made me his friend for ever, by pouring a goat-skin full over my head, which I wrap with soaked towels to keep up constant evaporation, though at the price of having one's wet skin as rough and gritty as scouring-paper,

under successive layers of close-sticking sand, driven in red clouds fast and furious before the wind, which blows itself out after a twenty-four hours' puff, leaving us in possession of little better than half our senses.

The next day's march reaches *Beer-el-Bar*, a distance of about twenty miles, gradually descending through a more open valley, and emerging from the wild, rocky scenery lately traversed. We observe a number of locusts during this journey, but not in the destructive sun-obscuring clouds which render them the fearful scourge so often alluded to in the Old Testament. They appear to be natives of the desert, and are only brought into Egypt by an east wind, where they sometimes destroy, in a few days, every green blade in the track they traverse, skimming along the surface of the ground from perch to perch, and devouring indiscriminately every herb they light upon. The odious thing resembles a large, spotted, red-and-black, double-winged grasshopper, about three inches or less in length, with the two hind legs working like hinged springs of immense strength and elasticity. As the east wind brings them, so the west wind carries them away, and man

with all his contrivance can do nothing to defend himself against the overwhelming invasion; for if every inhabitant were to destroy a bushel, the diminution would never be felt or noticed.

It seems singular that these horrible *grylli* should be born and bred in the barren wastes of Africa and Arabia, where they find so little of the green food for which they show such a ravenous craving in richer regions. But both cold and damp appear equally unfavourable to their propagation,—one fact among many which may reconcile us to our own climate, as one week's portentous visit might destroy the harvest of a year. And they are even more fatal to man in death than life, from the poisonous stench of their corrupting myriads. The most fearful record of locust ravage occurs in the Bible (Exodus x.) where they are brought by an east wind for a special providential judgment, and carried back by a "mighty strong west wind which cast them into the Red Sea:" —"They went up over all the land of Egypt; very grievous were they; before them there were no such locusts, neither after them shall be such." But even in modern times, and in

European countries, whole regions have been made desolate by their destroying flight. They are still eaten by the Arabs, who fry them in olive oil; and they were lawful food, we know, in the Levitical code, as instanced in the case of John the Baptist in the wilderness—"Ye may eat of every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet to leap withal upon the earth." (Lev. xi. 21.) Nothing short of a scientific description could convey more accurately the nature of "the locust after his kind." Our version renders *arbeh*, "locust," and *solyam*, "bald locust;" but the distinction is probably not understood: those I saw had dark brown heads, the size of small peas, with bright black projecting eyes, a pair of fine horns or feelers, and an upper and under pair of wings, dark brown and light transparent green respectively.

Beetles are also very common in the desert, droning in one's ears on their blind flight, and often blundering against one's face as the sun goes down—the famous *scarabæi* of Egypt, immortalized in sacred semblance of all sizes on the everlasting granite of Syene. The beetle is associated with the locust in the Mosaic law

as legitimate eating, though sufficiently repulsive to our notions of *taste*, the standard of which is, however, even to a proverb, an impalpable offspring of fancy, eluding legislation as it defies dispute.

The only birds we have seen or heard, are vultures, owls, and the desert partridge, rising in coveys across our path close to the camels' feet, and, like all other living things in this region, frequenting the neighbourhood of the wells where we halt.

The traveller from Cossier to the Nile is now considered tolerably secure from molestation on the part of the wandering lords of the wilderness, as they both fear and respect the Basha, with whom the safety of the European in his dominions is a subject of just pride. Many of the Bedouin *sheyks* are occasionally in his pay for military service,—they and their men well mounted, armed with spear, sabre, and gun, sitting in deep saddles, with feet tucked up and supported on enormous square iron shovels for stirrups, the sharp corners of which act as very effective spurs. They never lose their seat, and can pick up a dropped spear at full gallop. The bit is extremely severe,

enabling them, at a moment's warning, to pull a horse on his haunches when at the top of his speed; but for this very reason the horse gallops with more reserve than our own, keeping his legs under him in the expectation of a sudden and peremptory check. They seldom trot, knowing but little medium between full speed and a lounging walk. The wild shout of the rider, as he darts by with lance in rest, is sometimes startling; they scamper up and down rocky ground with perfect confidence, and take pride in astonishing a Frank by suddenly pulling up within spear's length, firing a salute in his face, and petitioning for a *baksheesh* of powder. Their half-naked body and limbs are blackened by constant exposure, but the head is usually well covered with a close-fitting cap, frequently twisted round with a coil of rope—a subject of sarcasm to those who think their *necks* more worthy of the halter; the yellow cloth wrapper and hooded *burnoos* of white wool are thrown on in a negligent picturesque way, and their aspect altogether is that of fierce and fearless freebooters; elastic, sinewy, and fleshless as their fellow-denizens of the desert, whom they resemble in more ways than one,—

the formidable, long-legged, outlawed locust, αυτοχθων, of their dry and dreary but free and boundless heritage.

At the little village of *Bir-el-Bar* we issue from the lonely valley of the wilderness, which expands into an open and level country inundated in autumn by the Nile's broad waters, upon whose fresh stream, flowing between groves and fields and human habitations, we now look with renewed life and eager anticipation. Five hours' march from the night's bivouac brings us to the town of *Ghenneh* on the afternoon of our fifth day from the Red Sea, having averaged something more than twenty miles per diem. Turning neither to the right nor the left, pausing neither for question nor answer, we keep straight onward under the strong impulse of one absorbing, concentrated, longing desire for the cool flood, into which we all rush pell-mell, floundering in an uncontrolled ecstacy of delight, only to be felt or understood after three weeks' constant exposure to the broiling sun, blazing sand, and reflecting rocks of the Red Sea desert, with a limited supply of bitter or brackish water, finishing off with a twenty-four hours' shrivelling under the breath of the Khamseen,

blowing like the blast of a fiery furnace seven times heated.

Ghenneh, or *Khenneh*, the ancient Coptos, is a place that might have appeared paltry enough under other circumstances, but, contrasted with the silent solitude to which we have been accustomed, it seems teeming with life and humming with the mingled sounds of a busy multitude. The houses are as usual built of little better than mud walls with flat roofs; the streets, mere narrow lanes, encumbered with camels and merchandize trading between Egypt and Arabia. The pottery of Ghenneh is far famed, formed of a porous clay peculiar to the neighbourhood, which, by allowing the water constantly to evaporate on a dewy surface, maintains a deliciously cool temperature, further promoted by placing the bottles in a current of air. The water of the Nile thus freshened, is probably the sweetest and softest in the world, with just a sufficient dash of iron to give a tonic property, under favour of which one may drink *ad libitum* without risk or inconvenience.

SAIL UP THE NILE.

THE Red Sea navigation has enabled us to avoid the repetition of four hundred miles of river track, which we shall now pursue for the first time on our return to Lower Egypt; but at present our course lies southward to Syene, on board a very handsome boat or *kanjeh*, for which I pay fifteen hundred piastres (£15) to take us to the first cataract and back to Cairo, waiting wherever we please at the rate of ten piastres per diem. The crew of nine men besides the *reiss* are chiefly Nubians, black as ebony and beautifully formed both in limb and feature, working their passage homeward from the metropolis. The craft is sixty feet long; two deck cabins aft, two masts, and prodigiously tall latteen sails: she belonged to a Bey of distinction at Cairo, and is quite a yacht, after a fashion, though not altogether free from rats, cockroaches, and other vermin, to eject which we sink her for twelve hours, while we spend a day across the river, a mile or two higher up, at the temples of Dendera or Tentyra, the most perfect

because least ancient of these marvellous and mysterious works of Egyptian wisdom, about which I have little to say, as a tolerable engraving, and plenty may be had, gives a better idea of them than any number of written pages. The date of the temple of Dendera is not known better than that of the rest, but is presumed to be later than the invasion of Cambyses, B. C. 500, from its having escaped the Persian's destroying hand, as well as from its being of a lighter and more elegant order than those of Thebes. It was dedicated to Isis, the Egyptian Juno, and the walls are covered with a profusion of sculptured hieroglyphics of all sizes—Isis, Apis, Horus, Osiris, the hawk-headed personage, the scarabæus beetle rolling his ball, the winged serpent and globe, and so on and so forth, to an extent of multiplication and complication that utterly baffles the eye and defies the discrimination of an ordinary observer. As to what these things meant, one has only a remote notion, and life is too short to make it worth while to pursue an inquiry where the data are so vague, and the conclusion so doubtful. There is a certain undefined impression of awe and wonder at these myste-

rious, gigantic, and most ancient monuments of human handiwork. One admires the bold lines and noble proportions of the mass, as well as the minute intricacy and accuracy of the figures and characters, which no doubt once told their own tale to those initiated in their language of conventional forms; but having thus far mused and marvelled, all is done and said and felt that can be done or said or felt, unless we are able and willing to pursue the recondite study under the auspices of a Young, a Champollion, or a Wilkinson.

> "Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang!
> Und kurz ist unser Leben.
> Und eh'man nur den halben Weg erreicht
> Muss wohl ein armer Teufel sterben."

There is no connecting electric chain upon which the imagination of a modern Englishman may traverse in a moment the interval between his own time and the epoch of Isis and Osiris; no history, no association, no interest; and it avails little to profess what one does not feel. The grey ivy-mantled ruins of an old abbey in England, with the wind sighing or the moon gleaming through the broken tracery of a pointed arch, impress the mind with a deep

feeling of religion, poetry, and beauty, as the thoughts wander back to byegone times and scenes that our fathers have declared to us — times and scenes of good and evil, light and shade, wisdom and warning—here we are at home, and may find and read if we will "sermons in stones." But not so in the ruins of Egypt; all is grim, harsh, and silent, unsoftened, unhallowed, and unhonoured. Time and violence have done their ruthless work, without remorse and without regret, upon the monstrous monuments of impure idolatry, corrupting priestcraft, and grovelling superstition —no green mantle of modest ivy to veil the nakedness of desolation—no sweet wild flowers waving in fragrant beauty to the breeze—nothing to meet the eye but hard, stern, glaring, and gigantic memorials of man's power wasted and abused in wickedness and folly, now deservedly defiled and disgraced by dust and stench and rubbish, the refuse of the squalid Arab, the unclean jackal, and the odious bat, a filthy *cloaque* of abomination within and without. "And he said, go in and behold the wicked abominations that they do here. So I went in and saw; and beheld every form of

creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of *Egypt*, pourtrayed upon the walls round about." (Ezek. viii. 9, xx. 7.)

Some say that the temples of Dendera are of the Greek period or dynasty of the Ptolemies, mere imitations of the true Pharaoh order. Certain it is that Greek inscriptions are clearly discerned on the attic of the great portico; but this proves no more than the frequent discovery of Roman coins of the empire; nothing in either case beyond the fact of Greek and Roman having been both in their turn lords of the soil: whether there be really intrinsic marks of decadence and servile copy, "this deponent sayeth not."

The grand porch of the great temple consists of twenty-four lofty columns in rows of six, four deep, three on each side the doorway; the shafts covered with hieroglyphics, and the capitals sculptured on the four sides into heads of the goddess, topped with extraordinary square blocks representing various scenes of Osiris and Isis nursing Horus, and so forth; the entablature very rich in winged serpents and globes, hawk-headed figures and vultures, *cum multis*

aliis. The height of each column from the plinth to the abacus is about fifty-five feet, the entablature nearly twenty more, and the breadth of the whole *προναον* nearly one hundred and sixty. The roof is covered with the mud-baked ruins of an Arab deserted village, which neither is nor ever was a sweet or lovely Auburn; the whole place choked with sand, rubbish, and fusty dust—a curious contrast of magnificence and wretchedness—an imposing and mysterious mass of mighty architecture, closely covered with elaborate, grotesque, unintelligible, and not always decent hieroglyphics, mythological, astronomical, emblematical, and fanciful —men's bodies with birds' heads and beasts' heads, and heads that seem to belong to neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—snakes with legs, beetles with hands, and an infinite variety of sphinxes, bulls, dogs, geese, ducks, and rabbits, that are very fine on the principle of *ignotum pro magnifico.* They say when the Sepoys were brought from India to Egypt to oppose the French in the late war, that they recognized their own gods in these multifarious emblems and figures, and worshipped in this temple according to the faith of their fathers. Strabo and Pliny

tell us the inhabitants of Tentyra were famed for their hatred and contempt of the crocodiles, which all the other Egyptians worshipped, and that they raised temples to Venus, Isis, and Typhon. (Strabo, xvii. 44; Pliny, viii. 25.) The famous planisphere, zodiac, or whatever it really was, that the French discovered, they took away with them to Paris. A few graceful palms still cast their shadows on the extreme verge of the inundated land, reminding us of the noble Juvenal in his exile, and his

"umbrosæ Tentyra palmæ,"

see Juvenal xv.; as also for his particular account of the famous and terrible feud between the people of Coptos or Ghenneh and the Tentyrians touching the above-mentioned crocodiles,

"Inter finitimos vetus atque antiqua simultas,
Immortale odium et numquam sanabile vulnus
Ardet adhuc Coptos et Tentyra."

Once more upon the broad waters of the Nile, with a strong breeze from the north blowing fresh health and life into our heated lungs and languid blood; the gallant boat heeling gunwale under as she rushes snoring through the ripple, with a press of snowy canvass that soon leaves her competitors far astern; the sheet

of the huge mainsail entrusted to a gigantic all-but-naked Nubian, more than six feet high and nearly two across the shoulders, black, smooth, and polished as ebony, with his muscles and sinews in action like the lunging gladiator, as he stretches himself to windward hauling upon the rope, his feet planted on the lee bulwark, through which the bubbling foaming water rushes and dances gaily to the eye and sweetly to the ear. One condition in the contract signed and sealed with the *reiss*, is to the effect that the sheet shall never be belayed by day or night, as the navigation is often endangered by sudden puffs and squalls, capsizing the boat at a moment's warning.

My first impression upon seeing the Nile, after crossing the desert of the Red Sea, was surprise at finding it so wide and brimming, five hundred miles from the Delta, apparently a larger and fuller river than at Cairo. But a moment's consideration is enough to discover why the Egyptian flood is an exception to the river rule, "vires acquirit eundo,"—*it has no tributaries*, but rolls its solitary course for fifteen hundred miles, from Sennaar to the sea, indebted for its deep-flowing grandeur to no

sources but its own—the fountains of Ethiopia, or the clouds of heaven. As then it gains nothing from tributary streams in its downward channel, so it of course loses much by evaporation and irrigation, which unusual and unexpected result must have added a new zest of mystery to the famous problem, "caput Nili quærere;" the solution of which interested all the statesmen, sages, and warriors of antiquity, from Sesostris downwards. A mighty and lonely river, gaining breadth and depth as they ascended its stream, and subject to annual inundations far and wide, regulated to a day by some invisible and unintelligible influence, might well arrest the attention and rouse the curiosity of an Alexander or a Cæsar, neither of them likely to be content with the poetic veto on popular inquiry,

"Nec licuit populis parvum te Nile videre."

The beginning of the yearly inundation upon which the prosperity and very existence of Egypt depends, is marked by a phenomenon that seems at first to threaten a fatal and universal calamity; no less than the poisoning or corrupting of the very river itself, which suddenly turns red, yellow, and green, with a

stinking putridity that renders it altogether undrinkable. This fearful state of things, however, lasts but a few days; the floating abominations pass on, and the river, though swollen and turbid, resumes its character and aspect of beneficence. The extraordinary and sudden change is attributed to the cleansing of vast stagnant lakes and pools in Abyssinia, which during the dry season evaporate to the consistency of vegetating mud, at length to be swept away by descending torrents of tropical rain, which rush from a hundred hills till they concentrate their force in the one deep channel of the rising river, about to pour down waters of life and abundance to expecting millions on its flooded banks. A little almond paste is said to be a common and effectual means of purifying a bottle of the corrupted water; but as the season and duration of the defilement are well known, the inhabitants of course provide a previous supply of the *Bahr-el-helloo*, or the *Sweet* River, as they emphatically and fondly call it.

The first day's sail affords a fine view of a group of anxiously-expected crocodiles, three of them basking on a sand-bank about noon in the full blaze of the sun, looking at a distance

like scattered trunks of palm trees, but through Dollond's glass appearing what they really are—huge, formidable, lizard-like monsters, cased in cap-à-pie green armour, furnished with tremendous rows of teeth, and the largest apparently measuring from tip to tip between twenty and thirty feet, snoosing luxuriously with curled tails on the edge of the water, ready at a moment's notice to wallop into the deep stream, which they accordingly do, to my great disappointment, before I can have the pleasure of rattling a bullet against their scaly carcass. However, the crew tell me we shall have many a good chance when returning against the wind, with furled sails and lowered masts, the sight of which alarms the mighty and magnificent reptile, conscious that the approach of man bodes him no good, if caught napping on terra firma. That they really are when in the water both fierce and dangerous to man and beast is fully believed, if not clearly ascertained; active they certainly are, rushing and diving with a sweep of their terrible tails at a flashing speed, contrasting strongly with their slow and clumsy crawl upon the sand. One assuredly would not like to meet such a brute in his own element,

and our crew, who are altogether of an amphibious nature, never go into the deep pools where they believe them to be lurking. We see several more on our way to Thebes, but none so grand as the first group, the longest of which must have been at least twenty-five feet. Fire several shots, some of them successful as to the mark, but utterly thrown away if meant for anything but a salute, a leaden bullet being no better than a pellet of bread against their knightly panoply, either flattening or glancing with perfect innocence on the impenetrable and jointless mail of the great leviathan, "whose scales are his pride; shut up together as with a close seal, they are joined one to another; they stick together, that they cannot be sundered." The patriarch may have had the crocodile of Egypt in view when he thus speaks of the scales and the "teeth terrible round about." The leviathan of Scripture appears to be any great monster *joined* together, as the root of the word signifies. The Psalmist could scarcely mean a *whale*, as the oily monarch is unknown in the Mediterranean: "There go the *ship-fish*, and there is that leviathan whom Thou hast made." The

antithesis of the mighty lonely leviathan, the prowling lion of the deep, seeking whom he may devour, and the graceful sportive *nautili*, spreading their fairy sails in regatta squadron to the breeze, is unluckily lost in our version by the substitution of *ships* for *ship-fish*, though the context sufficiently proves that the royal bard of Israel is singing of the *animate* creation of God's will, to whom "He gives their meat in due season." (Psalm civ.)

The prophet Ezekiel represents the dynasty of the Pharaohs under the image of "the great dragon, that lies in the midst of his rivers," which hath said, "my river is mine own;" and no one can look upon these magnificent monsters, basking upon their sandy islands "in the midst of the river," without accepting them as an aptly striking illustration of Egypt's kingly pride. It is by no means true that they cannot easily turn round; for when alarmed or excited, they twist and lash about nimbly enough to convince any neighbouring naturalist that their vertebræ are thoroughly articulated, even to the tip of the tail,—they appear indeed from choice to lie in a curve rather than a straight line. I was once for several minutes within less than

twenty yards of two very noble individuals of the genus, stretched slumbering and baking in the sun, on a shoal of gravel in the middle of the Nile; one of them at least three times the length of a man, horribly scaled, clawed, and fanged in the grim reality of the close view, which the tall black had volunteered to procure by dint of cautious manœuvring—wading through shallows, skulking under sand-banks, and keeping carefully to leeward till we reached our hiding place, half a mile distant from the boat. In such a position, the thought naturally occurred that we should make but a sorry figure and show but a poor fight, if these lizards of Brobdignag happened to take it into their long flat heads to make a dash at us both, as we lay crouched on a level with their open jaws, carrying us off tucked under their short human-handed arms, or clenched and crunched between the hooked and jagged fangs, distinctly to be seen and numbered, as well as the square overlapping scales of compact, defensive, and impenetrable mail.

Nothing tries nerve so much as inaction in presence of danger, real or supposed; at least so jealous Pride would fain apologize for a

certain creeping of the skin that vain Philosophy either subdues or condemns, though her own serene vision in this instance quailed for a time under the sinister glance of the pig-eyed crocodile, whose little, swivel-mounted optic-balls luckily did not roll our way. I could not help looking at my giant friend *Yaakoob*, to see whether the skin of his sable highness showed any blanching evidence of the feeling that was sending my own blood to its source with fast-accelerating velocity; but the ebony Hercules remained true and steady to his device, *mat hhafsh*, "never fear," looking as he lay sprawling in full length and breadth, half in, half out of the water, as if with a hook once put in the jaws of leviathan, it might have been a fair match, "pull man, pull beast," as in the magic-lantern of boyish days. At any rate I was ashamed to show the white feather in presence of such a black Colossus for a tower of strength, so forthwith, in obedience to his signal, banged a rifle bullet against the plate-armour of the nearest dragon, with no other effect than that of rousing both monsters from their placid repose to a state of violent commotion, sweeping round and scuttling off in a

terrible flurry, ploughing deep channels through the flying sand in their rush to the near water, whose furrowed surface flashed foaming behind the boiling path, no sooner opened than closed in homage to their ponderous, lashing, and quivering bulk. If the shot had taken effect, as intended, upon the yellow-skinned belly of the brute, instead of glancing off from the proof armour of impenetrable scale, we might have had an exploit to boast, instead of feeling and confessing that we had impertinently and unprofitably disturbed the siesta of the majestic reptiles by a puny, contemptible onslaught, ending in the tribute of sympathetic, involuntary, and guttural notes of admiration, *Allah! Allah! tybe ketir!* However, crocodiles have had their day,—now fallen from the estate of gods to the condition of game, soon, like the

"——— saturam serpentibus Ibin,"

to escape the fantastic tricks of man by the extinction of their ancient once-honoured race from the river, of which they fondly said "it is our own."

THEBES.

FORTY miles below Dendera, about 25° 30′ north latitude, stand, divided by the Nile, the mysteriously stupendous ruins of "immortal Thebes," of whose history the world knows considerably less than might be expressed in an octavo page, half of which might again be fairly put down as poetry. Homer, nine hundred years B.C., sings of the hundred-gated Thebes. The prophets of Scripture, three hundred years later, denounce vengeance on the multitude of populous *No*, to be "rent asunder" according to the word of the God of Israel; and fifty years had scarcely elapsed before the coming wrath denounced by Ezekiel was poured on the devoted city by the ruthless Persian, not found slack in the fulfilment of his unconscious commission to "execute judgments upon No." Cambyses thunders at the hundred gates of Thebes—

"Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis."

We find it, as the frantic son of Cyrus left it, distressed, overthrown, desolate, and "rent

asunder." "Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite; yet went she into captivity, and her children were dashed in pieces at the top of her streets." The same inspired voice that tells the fate of No-Amon warns the proudest capital upon earth with the words, "art thou better than she?"

"Mutato nomine de Te fabula narratur."

As the prophet Nahum is supposed to have written nearly two centuries before Cambyses, we must conclude that the ill-starred city had more than one visitation to bemoan. "The sea" (*yam*) that he speaks of as her rampart is of course the Nile, and "the rivers" (*màyim saviv làh*) the irrigating canals round about. (Nahum iii. 8.)

Five days spent among the gigantic architectural masses and columned scenery of Karnak, Luxor, Medinet Aboo, and the Memnonium, leave but a vague, dreamy, melancholy impression of grandeur without meaning, antiquity without history, ruin without record — bald, dreary, shattered fragments of an age whose lineaments are lost in the dim distance of three thousand years—whose achievements are unsaid, unsung, unknown—and whose unmantled relics,

hallowed by no regret, and honoured by no renown, are unsoftened by

"Decay's effacing fingers
That sweep the lines where beauty lingers."

There is indeed no *beauty* in the monuments of Egypt, if we except the obelisks, "pointing with upward finger to the sky." Grand, impressive, and sublime the others may be, and are; but assuredly with no element of loveliness that might not as well be claimed by the scattered bones of a nameless giant blanching in the lonely desert. Huge columns, colossal statues, crouching sphynxes, and soaring obelisks, with all the inextricable array of hieroglyphic signs and symbols, are familiar enough to the eyes and imagination of those who care to con travels or turn prints; and this reflection saves me the trouble of attempting architectural description, at all times difficult to write and generally impossible to read.

On the eastern side of the river, which is here about three quarters of a mile broad, stand, from north to south, *Kurnòu*, the tombs of the Kings, the *Memnonium*, and the temple of *Medinet Aboo*; westward, the Luxor with the stupendous piles of Karnak, all of which are

elaborately described and learnedly developed in the work of Sir G. Wilkinson. The principal characteristic of the Egyptian order is its ponderous massive strength, — horizontal blocks upon upright pillars, so thick and close that they look like a wall with lucid intervals: no pointed arches springing upward in the pride of strength and grace and beauty, the triumph of the *Christian*, misnamed the Gothic style, erected in the spirit and genius of Gospel devotion, where the time-defying arch, resting on strength, soaring in grace, and meeting in unity, abides from age to age as an emblem of the enduring Truth whose foundation is Faith, whose spring is Hope, and whose consummation is Charity. The perfection of which the nature of Egyptian architecture is susceptible, is seen in its full development in the Greek orders to which it gave birth. We find in the Athenian temples the same distribution and division, the same lines horizontal and vertical, but lightened, proportioned, and embellished to the exquisite acme of beauty, achieved in the shaft, the capital, and the entablature of the Parthenon or Erectheium; presenting moreover, the latent principle of the arch in the pointed angle

of the pediment. We must, however, assign the palm of beauty, not only to the obelisks but also to the Egyptian doorways, which even the genius of Athens could scarcely improve, and indeed never attempted to alter, save in the ornamental decoration. In the Theban temples they are usually of polished Syene granite, adorned with deep sculptured hieroglyphics, generally surmounted by winged globes and outspread birds of immortality. The temper of the tools which cut adamantine stone as sharply and closely as an ordinary scoop cuts an ordinary cheese, is still a matter of masonic mystery.

The *προπυλαια*, or huge, square-shaped, flat-surfaced masses on either side the grand approach, appear to have been designed as vast open pages on which to inscribe historic deeds; they seem essential to an Egyptian temple, and are conspicuous far and wide, in narrow profile or broad plane, attracting and baffling the eye on a nearer approach by the extraordinary complication and confusion of chariots, horses, horsemen, conquerors and conquered, gods and goddesses, priests, processions, executioners and victims. The arrangement is that of bas-relief

in horizontal series, the figures evidently conventional, but marvellously spirited, considering the rude rough design where a circle is never round and a line never true. The usual scene depicted is that of a gigantic conqueror—Sesostris or somebody else—standing in a car careering at full speed, and shooting his arrows without mercy through the bodies of a crowd of flying liliputians, mingled in a general *sauve qui peut* with horses, cows, dogs, and swine at full gallop, reminding one strongly of the famous race where the devil takes the hindmost.

There is one sculptured scene in the great temple of Karnak which excites a stronger and more defined interest, from the supposition that it represents the defeat of Rehoboam by Shishak, B.C. 970: "And it came to pass in the fifth year of king Rehoboam, that Shishak king of Egypt came up against Jerusalem; and he took away the treasures of the house of the Lord, and of the king's house," &c. He came with twelve hundred chariots, and three score thousand horsemen, and people without number came with him out of Egypt," &c., and Shishak "carried away the shields of gold which Solomon had made." (1 Kings xiv.; 2 Chron. 12.)

The king Shishak is delineated as a gigantic figure, holding in his hand a bunch of several strings, by which he leads as many rows of captives to the throne of a seated god, who extends in his left hand the mystical looped cross, of such frequent recurrence in Egyptian hieroglyphics. The features of the prisoners are thought to be Jewish, and the interpreters are satisfied that they read *Melek Youda,* or "King of Judah," in the *cartouche* of the principal captive, personifying the conquered nation, many of whom were probably brought to grace the triumph of the returning conqueror: "They shall be his servants, that they may know My service and the service of the kingdoms of the countries." (2 Chron. xii.) The figure of the hero, with his bow and arrow, is quite in the Homeric spirit, with the vulture soaring over his head snuffing the carnage of victorious war. If this sculpture be cotemporaneous with the event it commemorates, it must be about two thousand seven hundred years old, and is of peculiar interest, as being the only example of a parallel passage in hieroglyphic and Sacred Scripture.

The general characteristic of all these historical bas-reliefs is unmitigated ferocity. In the

temple of Medinet Aboo, we see the conqueror seated in his chariot, looking complacently at an immense heap of human hands piled before him; the executioner, with a chopper under his arm, is just adding two more to the number, and several captives stand in the back-ground ready to be operated upon, while a scribe in full-bottomed wig is dotting down the sum total of mutilated members in a very methodical business-like way. In another place, we find a priest at the head of a procession, just about to cut the throat of a poor boy on the altar of the gigantic idol, and an attendant is at the same moment letting loose a bird, the emblem of the departing spirit; reminding one of the Emperor Adrian's address to his soul when about to wing its trembling way to the world beyond the grave:—

"Animula! vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?" &c.

Another expressive emblem of the same mournful nature, is the breaking of the stalk of a lotus-flower by an accompanying priest. Ill-fated youth!—All flesh is grass!—"He hath but a short time to live: he cometh up and is

cut down like a flower." The youngest and fairest captives of the bow and spear are supposed to have been thus immolated before the shrine of the bloody Moloch—a horribly distorted glimpse of the world-pervading, inscrutable doctrine, that "without shedding of blood is no remission of sins!" The sacrifice upon another altar seems to be a libation of wine poured over the limbs of slaughtered beasts, intermingled with the sacred lotus. The bull, *Apis*, makes a great figure, borne aloft upon men's shoulders, the original, no doubt, of the golden calf in Horeb.

In the midst of so many signs and symbols of violent ambition and bloody superstition, it is but justice to the memory of these far-distant men of old, to bear witness that their walls are free from the abominable pollutions that have stamped the classic names of Pompeii and Herculaneum with indelible infamy. Whatever may have been the esoteric rites of Apis and Osiris, there is no outward evidence of such a bathos of beastliness as that in which Greek and Roman plunged headlong without even seeking the veil of congenial darkness. The Egyptian scrolls, bas-reliefs, and historical drawings show

much that is spirited and noble, both in design and execution: a great deal utterly unintelligible, from our ignorance of their conventional language—much that is ferocious, barbarous, and bloody—but nothing licentious or infamous; the Phallic insignia not being liable to such reproach in a primitive age.

The paintings in the *tombs of the kings* are exquisitely coloured and as fresh as if of yesterday. One wanders through these marvellous subterranean vaulted galleries, scooped in the solid rock, with a feeling approaching to incredulity; it is so hard to believe that these brilliant tints and finished designs upon smooth stucco, should be as old as the time of Moses or thereabouts—sofas, ottomans, arm chairs, camp-stools, drawers, wash-hand-stands, and baskets of all shapes, attract and perplex the eye with their variety and elegance of form and contrivance, many of which seem to have come down to us through the medium of the classic style—the harp and guitar, with several modifications, appear to have been favourite instruments—a man ploughing with a yoke of oxen, a sower walking behind with a basket and jerking handsful of the seed over his

head—urns of all shapes and sizes, admirably formed and adorned with foliage of the lotus —shirts of mail, swords, shields, spears, bows, quivers, and so on and so forth, to an immense extent and of inexhaustible interest.

The approach to the royal tombs through the pass of the *Beban el Melook*, on the western shore of the Nile, is through a valley which might well represent that of the shadow of death—frightful, silent, scorching sterility. The entrance is by a square porch cut in the perpendicular face of the rock, and surmounted by kneeling figures on either side a *cartouche* encircling the hawk-headed deity and *scarabæus*—emblem of fortitude and wisdom; and here, we believe, were deposited in granite sarcophagi the embalmed remains of the Pharaohs of Egypt—not in damp, dark, and mouldering vaults, but in regal halls and gorgeous galleries, destined apparently to be lighted up in all their painted pomp with the blaze of a thousand perfumed torches, shedding a flood of festive radiance upon long lines of historic deeds, warlike trophies, and joyous scenes, pourtrayed in all the warmth of life and light and revelry upon the walls round about, gleaming in the

golden glow of kingly pageantry. Here might the ruling monarch of Egypt hold solemn court with his princes and peers, round the bones of the last Pharaoh gathered to his fathers; and in the mid career of perilous power and pride and pleasure, might, perchance, listen to a truer and sterner voice than a courtier's whispering DISCE MORI.

It is scarcely possible to believe, and by no means necessary to suppose, that these elaborately adorned halls and galleries were intended for darkness and solitude. Why should such countless hieroglyphics have been so studiously inscribed, and such multitudinous figures so artistically pourtrayed, had they been destined for no eye but that of the glaring owl and blinking bat? We may safely conclude, that the pictured records of the life, death, and judgment of an Egyptian monarch were not designed for the dead, but the living; for the ancient artists doubtless knew, as well as other wise men, that "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

The tombs or galleries descend, somewhat rapidly by steps into the heart of the rock, to the distance of three or four hundred feet, the

sarcophagus chamber and adjoining sanctuary being at the further extremity of the straight shaft, which is usually single, though in one example returning by a parallel and corresponding corridor, peculiarly rich in small side recesses, elaborately painted with specimens of armour, furniture, instruments, &c. The royal tomb, distinguished as Belzoni's, is supposed to have been the sepulchre of the predecessor of Sesostris, about 1350 years before Christ; another, named in honor of the chivalrous Bruce of Abyssinian memory, is assigned to Rameses first or second. But besides these regal and lonely cemeteries, one has to grope one's way through a necropolis of vulgar Theban dead, interred some three thousand years ago, in numberless excavations perhaps originally quarries, opening into the rocky hill from three sides of a square. These tombs are now occupied during the hot season by the families and flocks of the neighbouring Arabs, over a large party of whom we suddenly stumble in the dark, snoosing in luxurious siesta in a temperature 30° lower than outside. The paintings and devices in these catacombs are descriptive of private life—common-place incidents of common-place people—

but not less interesting to ordinary mortals than the record of the mightier deeds of mightier men. The transient joys and more abiding sorrows of our chequered life are to be found at home in domestic memoirs, not abroad in historic records.

> "Of all the ills that human hearts endure,
> How few that kings or laws can cause or cure!"

It is then in the sympathy of communion with our fellows that we trace the pictured career of these "men of old," when Time was young—that we find them playing, from the cradle to the grave, from their entrance to their exit, the selfsame parts that we ourselves are supporting, "the acts being seven ages." Upon these fresh tinted walls we have them depicted all and sundry — men, women, and children — births, deaths, and marriages—law, physic, and divinity, and the great, solemn, and crowning truth, known, confessed, and proclaimed, *Mors janua Vitæ*,—after death the Judgment,—aye, even of the meditations of the heart, and the words of the mouth, and the good deeds of man weighed by his Judge in balance with a *feather!*

But enough of dusky death. Let us emerge

from these dingy caverns of mouldering mortality, these painted sepulchres full of rottenness and dead men's bones, these subterranean acres of fusty cellarage, and return once more to the beaming light of Egypt's sun, blazing upon the grim and naked lime-stone cliffs, honeycombed with a myriad of yawning issues of dismal omen; and let us praise the Lord and Giver of life that *we* are not yet gone down to "the pit of corruption," where none can give Him thanks. —that with us it is yet called to-day while we may work! "Let the dead bury their dead," and "the living, the living"—rejoice in the strain of Hezekiah redivivus, living to learn and learning to live—

> "Learning to live, that we may dread
> The grave as little as our bed;
> Learning to die, that so we may
> Rise glorious at the Judgment-day."

During several hours' suffocating Khamseen wind, we receive shelter under the roof of an Arab official, where we lie *perdus* half the day, soaked in wet towels, gasping for breath; but the suffering is more than compensated by the pleasure and advantage of making acquaintance with a French traveller, a gentleman and

scholar, with whom the casual meeting leads to a friendly intimacy which lasts till we part at Cairo, to pursue different routes; in the mean time I rejoice in the interchange of European intercourse of the right stamp, having in some measure exhausted the topics or wearied the patience of my man *Friday*, honest black Omar, cicerone, chef de cuisine, valet-de-chambre, and factotum; but not altogether qualified to supply the place of a *Conversazione Lexicon.*

Up an hour before the rising sun, to see his level beams fall upon the statue of the vocal Memnon, greeting the advent of Apollo with the mystic melody of the marble lute:

"Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ."

This poetic fable seems to have had a peculiar charm for the classic genius of Greece and Rome: the sober Strabo, the prosy Pausanias, and even the stern and philosophic Tacitus, all delight in Memnon's vocal strain; the historian thinks it worth while to tell us that his favourite hero, Germanicus, bent his mind to the study of the problem "aliis quoque miraculis intendit animum, quorum præcipua fuere Memnonis Saxea effigies, ubi radiis solis icta est, vocalem sonum reddens," &c. (*Annals*, xi. 61.)

So much for the proud sceptical acumen of the sage who would have branded Christianity as "exitiabilis superstitio:" it is some satisfaction to us to know what these wise men *did* believe, to find the incredulous historian of the Empire devoting a pompous period to a nursery tale, that might perhaps pass muster as rhyme, but makes a poor show as reason. Strabo tells us he heard something, but does not know what, "περι 'ωραν πρωτην ηκουσα του ψοψου ειτε - - - ειτε - - - ειτε — ουκ εχω διισχυρισασθαι." (xvii. 46.) Whether it came from the statue or from the base, or from a stander by, he does not venture to decide; but there he was with his friend Ælius Gallus and a multitude of soldiers, listening and looking with all their might, like long-eared philosophers as they were. For ladies' fancy and poets' phrenzy, *à la bonne heure,* one loves to hear in harmonious verse of "Memnon's magic harp" quivering to Titan's ray; and better still, to think of Rome's fair Empress leaning upon her imperial lord, watching with lustrous eyes and awe-struck heart the mighty majestic Monolith, gazing on high from his dewy throne upon the glowing East, to hail the holy Light with marble melody; but for haughty

annalists and grave geographers to chronicle the poet's phrenzy and the lady's fancy is not written in their bond. The Arabs call these gigantic statues by the familiar names of *Shamy* and *Damy*, or *sunny* and *shady*; they are placed upon a raised platform of rock, and sit on their chairs facing the east, towering up to a height of about sixty feet. The northern Colossus is the famous vocalist, and sadly shattered: hundreds of Greek inscriptions, from his knees downward, attest the zeal of his ancient votaries—the Emperor Hadrian and his wife Sabina among the number—but it is no easy matter to climb the giant's lap to decipher the time-worn names. One is well known:

"C. ÆMILIUS HORA PRIMA SEMIS AUDIVI VOCEM MEMNONIS."

These magnificent monstrosities are supposed to have formed the termination of a vast avenue of similar warders leading to the temple of Memnon, though there is a doubt as to the correctness of the name; the *Memnonium* itself stands westward, near the end of the cultivated plain, before it rises to the rocky perforated hill which contains the city of the ancient dead. The principal marvel here, is the overthrown

statue of the so-called younger Memnon, the head of which may be any day seen in Bloomsbury. Cambyses is supposed to have toppled this huge Dagon from his throne 500 B.C.,—an Iconoclastic feat, which gives him precedence for ever in the ranks of the image-breakers. The fragments of another similar monster of granite lie prostrate on the earth, of beautiful execution and brilliant polish; his measure across the shoulders is something more than seven yards, and the nail of his great toe more than a foot in length.

We were amused, in the midst of these solemn scenes of desolate ruin, with the gay festivity of an Arab wedding—piping, drumming, and dancing with all their heart in the long evening shadows of the broad Propylon and broken columns of the temple and sanctuary of Sesostris. Knowing nothing and caring nothing for aught but the present tenure of this world's good, they eat, they drink, they dance, they sing, they marry and are given in marriage. As the Arabs always give a Frank credit for being more knave than fool, they suppose that we grub among the ruins for what we can find, and that each European traveller is an

emissary from his king, commissioned to conjure gold out of its secret hiding-place, by a hocus-pocus beyond their reach; for though they themselves occasionally dig and hammer away most mercilessly and mischievously, they never light upon the treasure they look for.

On the eastern side of the Nile we spend a long day at Luxor and Karnak. The French have carried away one of the two beautiful obelisks that stood guardians in front of the Propyla of Luxor, to place it in the centre of their Place de la Concorde, and in so doing have robbed the ruin of that which less enriches them than it makes poor the widowed partner of its ancient glory. An obelisk at Paris is but a sorry lion for the gaping *badauds* of the Palais-Royal; every man who knows or cares aught about it, would rather it were in its own place, shadowed by its own *genius loci*, or lightened up by the resplendent beams of its own native sun: the deep hieroglyphics of Egyptian sculpture require the strong illumination of an Egyptian sky. In ancient Rome these monuments had a meaning, connected as they were with the triumphs of the Empire; but the Luxor needle in Paris, and the Elgin marbles

in London, can only be excused on the plea of preservation; and the defence is not valid in the former, whatever it may have been in the latter case.

But after all *Karnak* is the crowning marvel of temples raised with hands. It seems scarcely credible that such piles and masses should have been reared by beings six feet high. Think of a hall supported by one hundred and thirty columns, seventy feet high and thirty-six in girth—imagine a marble mountain quarried into a temple by a band of Titans—a rocky wilderness of walls, columns, porticos, and obelisks, upright, leaning, fallen, broken, shattered, and "rent asunder;" never did the wreck of human handiwork present such a scene of sublime and wild desolation, and the detail as rich and complex as the conception simple and overwhelming—every round pillar, every square obelisk, and every plane surface a sculptured record of mystic religion, natural knowledge, or historic triumph. See that vast battle piece spread upon the broad and towering wing of the grand Propylon—the warrior, the chariot, the pursuing, the pursued, the dying, and the dead! Look at the bold, sweeping, careless lines that seem

dashed off by the untaught hand of the god of war; and if key or comment be needed to illustrate genius, turn to the Book of Job, for his "horse clothed with thunder, the quiver rattling against him, the glittering spear and the shield!"—aye "the battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and the shout of a King is among them!" But the sceptre of Karnak's kings is broken for ever,—"the golden city has ceased"—"Babylon is fallen, is fallen"—her graven images are broken,—"judgments are executed in No"—"her multitude cut off," and her fences "rent asunder." Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, "behold I will punish *No-Amon* and Pharaoh and Egypt, with their gods and their kings, and they shall be there a base kingdom, and there shall be no more a prince of the land of Egypt."

> "Et nunc Reges intelligite
> Erudimini qui judicatis terram.

The temperature during our week's sojourn at Thebes has been hot, but, with the exception of a Khamseen gale, not so oppressive as the range of mercury might have led us to expect. Fahrenheit's thermometer in the shade has once reached 105° two hours after noon; but the

average temperature for the twenty-four hours is about 80°, and the minimum before dawn 66°, when the sensation is that of positive chill. The air of Upper Egypt is so dry and pure, that the plague can never establish itself, even when imported; the people seem, in fact, exempt from all malady but that of opthalmia; colds and coughs are apparently unknown. This would surely be a climate of refuge from the ravage of our national scourge. Six months' boating and camping in the valley of the Nile would seem to unite all that could be wished for baffling the insidious approach of lurking consumption—exercise without fatigue, excitement without temptation, novelty without danger, healthy occupation for mind and body, good air, good food, good water, with just enough of "roughing it" to ensure good appetite and good humour—your boat your home on the water, and your tent your lodge upon the land. Resources in abundance; the cabin stored with books, maps, double barrels, and fishing rods, with *carte blanche* to sport over a manor of a thousand miles, stocked with fish, flesh, and fowl of all sorts, from crocodiles and ostriches downwards. Whoever travels with Goldsmith's

flute has another string to his bow, and as the soft notes float on the broad waters of the Nile, he may gather to the unknown melody as strange an audience as ever honoured Orpheus. If all these appliances, with the society of a friend, will not minister fresh life to the current of the blood, it must be tainted beyond human help.

The only serious annoyance in Egypt is from the insects, and they certainly are enough, at first, to drive a nervous man frantic; but, partly from use and partly from the precautions of experience, one soon ceases to fret; a musquito curtain and fly whisk are indispensable and effectual auxiliaries. The terror of snakes, &c., is little more than a bug-bear, about on a par with hydrophobia in England. Perhaps throughout the whole of Egypt, not a dozen deaths are caused by serpents in a year; but plenty of them are to be seen, with the ugly crab-shaped scorpions and portentous-looking spiders, all adding the interest of novelty after their kind. The only particular alarm I have been in since we came to Thebes, was from a scorpion tumbling from the rafters of a house on the little tray at which we were dining, putting us to the

rout for the nonce, the intruder shuffling off for his life as fast and frightened as any of us; they are apt to lurk under stones, basking in a reflected heat which would bake very good pie-crust. We find serpents of every kind and no kind making a great figure among the ancient paintings, many of them *winged*, but whether in an emblematic or actual character does not appear. Isaiah speaks of the "fiery flying serpent" of Egypt; but the same doubt may attach to the meaning of the expression. It is quite certain that no *winged* snakes now exist, though from their power of springing they might be poetically called so, precisely as they are termed *fiery* from their colour or temper, by the figure known as metonymy. (Numbers xxi. 6.)

The army of Cambyses suffered from the same plague in the wilderness of Ammon, where fifty thousand men perished, whom he had detatched from Thebes to destroy the temple of Jupiter. This reminds me that a French officer, high in the service of the Basha, employed to search for coal, assured us that, in ancient times, what we call artesian wells were very common in the desert, and that the

Persian army was destroyed by the stopping up of these wells by the wandering tribes, who spiked them scientifically with wedges of rock, which Monsieur le Bey professed to have occasionally discovered in his geological researches; be this as it may, history declares that not one of the fifty thousand soldiers of Cambyses either reached the Oracle of Ammon or returned to Thebes.

A pleasant sail, with a fine north breeze, brings us to *Essouan*, or *Syene*, on the fourth day from leaving Thebes, from which it may be distant about one hundred miles. We merely pause for a glimpse at the ancient temples of *Esneh* and *Edfou*, known to the Greeks as *Latopolis* and *Apollinopolis Magna*, and take a pic-nic luncheon in the vast quarries of *Silsili* on the eastern bank of the river, here suddenly contracted to about five hundred yards in width, between yellow cliffs, where immense masses of stone, partly severed from the parent rock, are chisel-chipped by men who left their work one fine day about two thousand years ago, and never returned to it again—perhaps they struck for wages, or perhaps they were surprised by a party of the Persian's advanced guard; at

any rate they never came back. The tombs are curious. The ruins of *Ombos*, two hours' sail below Silsili, might occupy an artist for a month, but we are bound for Ethiopia and have seen Karnak! The scenery of the Upper Nile is very monotonous, and not at all beautiful, according to our European standard. An immense whity-brown river, rendered intricate and dangerous by islands and shoals, rolling its sluggish course through a dusty palm-scattered plain or valley, bounded on either side by lime or sand-stone mountains, is the one unvarying scene that presents itself for eight hundred miles; the cliffs sometimes approach a little nearer, and sometimes rise a little higher, but always shut one in with the same barren rampart blazing in the same cloudless sun-shine. It was in the perpendicular face of these desolate rocks that the Christian anchorites of the Thebaid scooped their cells, hundreds of which look out upon the flood from their airy height. The climate and prospect are admirably chosen for contemplation or listless lethargy, and more than once, after toiling up a steep zig-zag precipice to one of these lonely eyries, I have felt when lolling upon a well-

worn stone, polished by the person of some eremite of old, that the world might offer many a worse alternative than the choice of Antony. See Gibbon, chap. xxxvii. for a fine pompous period, beginning "Egypt, the fruitful parent of superstition, afforded the first example of monastic life," &c. Some of these caves are hollowed out with much care and labour, with summer and winter chambers, rude supporting columns, and benches hewn in the rock, always commanding the grand expanse of the valley, the river, and the great Lybian chain on the edge of Zahara; and here, with the shelter of a cavern, water from the river, and pulse from the soil, have lived for half their days men, whose voices from these lonely cliffs have been hailed by the nations of the earth as arbiters of peace and war, umpires of right and wrong.

Syene, or, as it is now called, *Essouan*, is the southern boundary of Egypt, ancient and modern, and was moreover the limit of the Roman empire. The prophet Ezekiel denounces desolation upon Egypt "from Migdol to Syene, even unto the border of Ethiopia." (Chapter xxix. 10.) The text version, "from the tower of Syene," is corrected in the margin: the error

arose from the Hebrew word *Migdol*, signifying *tower* as well as the proper name of a frontier post north of the Red Sea mentioned in Exodus: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they encamp before Pi-hahiroth between *Migdol* and the sea, over against Baal-zephon." (Chap. xiv. 2.) The character of the Nile scenery now changes; the river is hemmed in by bold rugged masses of granite, and pours its flood in eddying rapids through an intricate channel of precipitous cliffs, broken islands, and splintered pinnacles of dark slippery rock, the famous *lapis Syenites*, from whose quarries have been dug the monstrous blocks that still astonish the world in the shape of Egyptian shafts, statues, and obelisks, "Trabes ex eo fecere reges quodam certamine *obeliscos* vocantes, Solis numini Sacratos. Radiorum ejus argumentum in effigie est, et ita significatur nomine Ægyptio." (Pliny, xxxvi. viii.) "The kings rivalled each other in the making of these obelisks, which were dedicated to the Sun, and supposed to represent his beams, according to the signifiation of their name." Pliny tells us that while Cambyses was looking unmoved at the flames which wrapped the city of Thebes, he was suddenly

so struck with admiration of the great obelisk, that he ordered the conflagration to be extinguished in its neighbourhood: "Extingui ignem molis reverentia qui urbis nullam habuerat." Some suppose that the Persian spared it, with its fellows, from religious reverence for the sun, to whose worship they were sacred.

These prodigious masses of stone, one of which we know to have been 125 feet in length, were floated down the Nile by rafts at the season of inundation, and the Roman emperors vied with each other in outdoing the Egyptians themselves, by transporting these obelisks from Thebes, Memphis, and Alexandria, to adorn the banks of the Tiber, where several of them now stand in their pristine pride, excavated and restored once more by the sovereign power of Christian Bishops, after their last overthrow at the hands of the Vandal and the Goth. One was erected in the great circus by Augustus, another by Claudius in the Campus Martius. The king who raised the great Theban obelisk, was so alarmed lest the machinery should give way, that he tied his own son to its pinnacle as a means of ensuring caution on the part of the engineers! (Pliny, xxxvi. ix.) How they con-

trived to get such a length and breadth of granite out of the quarry, without breaking, is not yet explained. There now remains a half-cut mass more than a hundred feet long, which would apparently require all the resources of modern engineering to extricate, smoothly and beautifully cut, ready for the sculptured hieroglyphics, which it was never fated to receive. One huge rock, which might almost be called a mountain of granite, was evidently about to be detached from its parent, when the work was interrupted; consecutive square holes are chiselled in vertical and horizontal lines, which were probably intended for the insertion of dry wood, to be swollen by moisture with an expanding power well known to the ancients. Numerous hieroglyphic inscriptions are seen both upon the living rocks overhanging the river and the detached masses from the quarry, which never reached their destination.

The view of the Nile, nearly a mile wide, rushing through its multitude of verdant islands and black granite rocks, in its passage from Nubia to Egypt, is perhaps the most striking throughout its whole course; the contrast almost magical between the fresh foaming flood

pouring through its dark-green, iron-bound channel, and the burning, yellow, barren sandstone ranges of Africa and Asia, which still glare upon us from the height of either shore. In the middle of the river is the lovely island of *Elephantina*, or the "Isle of Flowers," about half a mile in length and rich in ruins of ancient grandeur, shaded by groves of palm, in the midst of which dwell a Nubian population in as unsophisticated a condition as man can present, short of losing his social and gregarious character. The men are a fine, athletic, active race, black as ebony, but without any negro peculiarities; full of life and good humour, with handsome European features and sparkling eyes. The women were not too shy to barter some of their scarlet necklaces and scanty fringes for Birmingham ware, laughing at us with an excess of merriment that seemed to argue no great awe of our civilized superiority; we on our side should have admired them more, had their persons been less redolent of rancid grease. The costume of either sex is very primitive; the boys usually quite naked, and the young girls only girded with leather fringes.

During ten days' boating expedition within

the tropics, we had an opportunity of seeing these simple people under various aspects, and the impression was altogether in their favour as to honesty, hospitality, and gentleness. The men are very fond of weapons, which seems a natural instinct on the part of a being who comes into the world defenceless, but we never saw any symptoms of a brawling temper. They wear long, naked, broad swords, manufactured for them in Germany, and delight in spears and ornamented ebony clubs, with round shields of hippopotamus-hide, specimens of all of which we readily obtained in exchange for money or trinkets. One old chief offered me a steel blade, with a mystical device he much valued engraved under the hilt, and I was chivalrous enough to honour it as highly as he upon deciphering the unlooked-for motto of the royal Plantagenet, *Honi soit qui mal-y-pense*—a good old sword without a sheath, and cobbled with a hippopotamus handle. We parted with a

"VIVAT REGINA!"

Nothing delighted us more than their incomparable swimming, which, for speed, endurance and science, might challenge the world.

A troop of them would cross the Nile for mere amusement at the rate of a run; not in our fashion, but with an overhanded stroke, each arm being alternately out of the water up to the shoulder, which of course must be a great expenditure of strength at disadvantage; but the speed for a short distance is extraordinary. Another mode of aquatic progress is by means of a long double faggot of reeds, upon which the voyager supports himself, half in and half out of the water, propelling the floater by a two-bladed paddle, grasped in the middle with both hands: in this way they can ascend or descend the Nile for several miles, till the machine becomes saturated, when they drive it ashore to prevent its sinking.

A striking scene we witnessed among them, was a funeral solemnity, about twenty miles south of Philæ. We had landed about noon to seek shelter from the burning heat at the village of *Demir*, and saw that something was going on by the concourse of natives round a habitation of high Nubian pretension, hollowed in the rock and shaded by a cluster of palm trees. Keeping at a respectful distance, we watch about fifty women form themselves into

a circle, each with a long white wand in her hand, and, to the time and tune of a wild wailing chorus, begin a Macbeth round, never surpassed in grim grotesque by the weird sisters;—tall, dishevelled, half-clothed, wailing Bacchanals, pacing with lifted feet and rolling loins in measured cadence round and round, beating time with their long sticks of palm, to the low, howling dirge, which rises at once to a shrill piercing shriek, as the women take to flight at the sudden appearance of three boats paddling fast round the point to land a score of armed men, who, jumping on shore, throw down spear and shield in military order, and advance at a quick run to the house of death, from which the bearers soon issue with the body on an open bier

"Funus interim
Procedit; sequimur; ad sepulchrum venimus
——— Fletur."

All funerals are alike, and Simo's narrative for brevity and pathos is the best extant. The procession falls in; the female mourners follow, beating their bosoms and throwing sand on their heads; the quavering lament prolongs its note under the reflecting rocks, and the long

funeral train winds its slow way from the shaded village and flowing river across a tract of desert, blazing under the noon-day beams of a tropical sun, till they reach the sandy grave, into which the corpse is lowered with the religious solemnity and devotion which, in all lands and under all systems, marks *man* as believing "that he lives though he die." We look on at a respectful distance while "they bury their dead out of their sight," apparently neither giving offence nor attracting attention; a matter as to which we had some misgiving when the crowd separated to return, finding ourselves two helpless Christian strangers straggling among at least two hundred Mooslim natives, the men all armed with sword and dagger. An old sheyk, however, to whom we address ourselves, gives us a courteous reception, and we accompany him to the village, where his upright spear planted in the ground is the centre of a circle marked as our own, within which we may buy, barter, and dispense drugs in perfect security and with considerable amusement. The faith with which they swallow pills is an edifying tribute to European science, real or pretended; and a Frank traveller, though neither entitled

nor disposed, finds himself almost compelled to play the "médecin malgré lui," invested all at once with the full privilege

"Medicandi,
Purgandi,
Seignandi,
Et occidendi,
Impune per totam terram."

To avoid, however, the latter consummation, it is advisable to deal chiefly in rhubarb, which, besides being wholesome, is sufficiently nasty to maintain your reputation as a *Hakim*, or wise man of the west. Sulphate of zinc is supposed to be of service for opthalmia, and sulphate of quinine is decidedly good for the intermittent fever of the country. The condition of the eyes brought for inspection and cure is generally hopeless, looking like boiled and broken gooseberries; but the poor people insist upon having something done, and there is no choice but to dab a drop of the solution into the best eye of the two, which makes it smart horribly, and they go away contented. Embarrassing applications occasionally occur, touching cases not to be rashly meddled with, when recourse must be had to bread pills and Lord Burleigh's

shake of the head. As an amusing and useful book, Graham's *Medicine* is worth its carriage on an eastern tour.

The ugly ill-conditioned children of Egypt are fully matched by those south of the cataracts—the most deplorable little wretches that ever excited compassion or disgust; and the more surprising, as the men and women are all well made. They begin to improve about the age of twelve or thirteen, and from flabby, wasted, pot-bellied victims to vermin, grow up tall, active, well-limbed savages, frequently with fine features and intellectual heads, and never, even in old age, inclined to the protuberant obesity so common in the West; men of sixty or seventy, when stripped, look as muscular and sinewy as if twenty years younger; the grizzled beard alone proclaims that they are approaching the close of their career.

The toil endured in irrigation by all the dwellers on the Nile is excessively severe for six months annually, exposed as they are to a blinding and baking sun. The boatmen too might challenge the world for endurance and temperance in rowing, towing, and shoving their heavy craft against wind or stream, and through

the ever shifting sands of the river. Most of these men are Nubians, full of energy and good humour in the face of hardship; the more they work the more they sing and laugh and talk: the howling *hay-lay-issah* is the chorus which invariably accompanies all energetic exertions of the crew, frequently up to the shoulders in water or mud, the latter of which they consider beneficial to the skin. The sure road to their good graces is by the *baksheesh*, usually well deserved; such as a sheep once a fortnight, costing about half a crown, and making them a royal feast, after the spare diet of unleavened bread, cucumbers, and water-melons, which constitute the usual fare. The bread they make and bake themselves about twice in a month: to the vegetables they help themselves from either bank, without any *meum* and *tuum* scruples, suffering neither in conscience nor digestion; full of gaiety, drollery, and mimicry; telling tales and making speeches with an eloquence and action that would make the fortune of an Italian *improvisatore*.

In religion, the Nubians are now Mussulmen by profession, though not considered orthodox at Cairo. They were once, like the Copts and

Abyssinians, Christian, at least in name, and of the Eutychian or Monophysite sect, within the pale of the African church founded by St. Mark; but that unhappy church, though planted, seems never to have been watered, and has yielded no increase: like "lukewarm Laodicea" it has been "spewed forth as neither hot nor cold," and the Evangelist is now "a stranger in the land of Hâm." The Coptic church is a mere mummy; its members the most abject and ignorant of the people; and the divine message of "Peace on earth" finds but little response in the wilds of Ethiopia, where a kingdom that still rears the Cross against the Crescent is plunged in a fierce and bloody struggle for life with the brutal and filthy Gallas, whose practice, however, does not disgrace their profession, both being abominable.

A baffling south wind, hot and dry as the breath of an oven, prevents our reaching the second cataract, as we had hoped; but we keep our faces to the equator till the sun shines vertically over our heads at noon, and we stand shadowless beneath his zenith, in a temperature thirty degrees higher than our own blood, maintaining by the marvellous powers of life the

same vital heat in the heart of man, whether he breathes the air of the arctic or the torrid zone, forty degrees below or a hundred above the point that freezes water.

One remarkable and startling effect of the temperature of the air being higher than that of the circulating blood, is the touch of a dead body during the heat of day. We are accustomed to associate the impression of pale death with that of *cold* clay; but now the dead corpse is warmer than the living man; we lay our hand upon the heart and hope to find it beat, but all within is still and motionless — the spirit has fled, "the silver cord is loosed," and foul corruption begins its resolving and restoring work, aided by the deadly heat that only mocked us with the semblance of life.

But of all the peculiarities and novelties of tropical travel, nothing approaches the impressive grandeur of the sky lighted up by the moon and stars. We talk in England of the silvery moon and golden stars; but to see them, we must emerge from our ocean fogs and look through the dry and cloudless air of the Lybian desert. Nothing delighted me more in our daily progress to the south, than to watch the

gradual sinking of the polar star toward the northern horizon, till it descended to the point which marked our entrance within the burning zone of Cancer, thirty-three degrees below the elevation at which I had lately seen it in the north of Scotland. And the new constellations of the south open after every setting sun another illuminated page in the Book of the Revelation of the Works which declare the glory of God, with the same voice as the Book of the Revelation of His Word; for the voice of both is Truth, and Truth is alone of God, who hath not left Himself without witness, "the invisible things of Him being clearly seen from the creation of the world," being understood by the things that are made. "Let no man," writes Lord Bacon, "upon a weak conceit of sobriety, think that he can be too well studied in the book of God's Word, or in the book of God's Works, but rather let him endeavour an endless progress in both; but both to *charity* and not to swelling, to use and not to ostentation, and not unwisely mingling or confounding them together." The Book of the Works indeed overwhelms us with the conviction of Almighty Power; but the Book of the Word alone as-

sures us that this Almighty Power is declared most chiefly in showing mercy and pity. We may perhaps rise from the study of the Works with the faltering thought, "what is man that Thou art mindful of him!" But if we read and believe the Word, we know and feel that our God is also "our Father which is in heaven;" and if it were lawful to seek a confirming sign in heaven, one half the globe might think to find it in yonder Southern Cross, streaming in sparkling glory from its firmament of gold and purple, flashing to the eye of faith in letters of living fire the watchword of the church triumphant—

ΕΝ ΤΟΥΤΩ ΝΙΚΑΣ.

"By this Thou conquerest."

The stars in their courses have, in time of old, been made by the oracles of God to bear witness to the Cross, as signs and heralds of the glad tidings of "Peace on earth and good will to man." The wrapt prophet in a vision of the Almighty, foresees "Him that has dominion" rising afar off as "the star of Jacob." "The root and offspring of David" himself declares, "I am the bright and morning star." "The star in the east stood where the young

Child was," and we are taught to await and watch for a dawn whose "day-star shall arise on our hearts," shining with the never-setting light of eternal truth. May we not then try to look upon this bright cross, shining from the clear canopy of a Nubian night, as a token set like "the bow in the cloud?" Is it superstition to seek for confirmation of God's Truth from all the works of His hand? If they remind us of our means of grace and hope of glory, is not their warning faithful and their witness true? It matters not where we seek it, in heaven above or earth beneath: if we seek it, we find it—if we ask it, we have it—believe only, and in all things we behold the power of God unto salvation.

June 1*st.* This day at noon we see, or think we see, the dark shadow of a stick, planted vertically in the ground, just creeping out perceptibly in a *new* direction, marking our position on the earth's surface, for the first and probably the last time in my life, as *southward* of the sun, latitude being somewhat more than 22° north, and longitude about 33° east from Greenwich. The wind breathes scorching and deadly heat from the desert—the men can tug

no longer at the towing rope to the tune of *hay-lay-issah*—the narrow cliff-enclosed valley of the Nile vibrates tremulously to the eye, its misty heights rent and distorted in the quivering air—every living thing, but a floating tortoise, seeks refuge from the fierce torrid noon in shade and sleep. Omar has caught a fever, which defies the quinine; and the old *reiss* sits under a sail, puffing gloomily from his long *shibook*, growling through his white beard a protestation to the prophet and an expostulation to the *Giaour,—Howah harr mosh tybe ya Effendee*—"The hot wind bodes no good, O Effendee."

We have yet eight hundred miles of river to descend before we see the walls of Cairo, then the Syrian plains to traverse in the dog-days; so run the boat into that rocky creek, and mark it as the *Ultima Thule* of our travels under the tropic. Those thick palms and pistachias offer shade and shelter, where, to woo "Nature's soft nurse" to the drowsy sound of the deep flood hushing its valley to soothing and saving slumber, let us avoid while we may the concluding consummation of a *coup de soleil* by indulging in a three hours' *siesta*, till the sun

begins to sink behind the Lybian range, and then begin our floating course

DOWN THE NILE,

returning homeward-bound towards cooler and cloudier skies, for which Providence has formed and fitted the minds and bodies of northern nurture.

Ten days' indefatigable work with eight oars, favoured by the stream and occasional hot puffs from the south, brings us to *Syout*, the ancient *Lycopolis*, latitude 27°. The voyage affords but few novelties of any kind; day and night pulling at the oars, or tugging at the rope when opposed by the prevailing wind, which frequently blows for twelve hours together in our teeth. The great object of interest is the distance we can achieve; indifferent even to crocodiles, upon whose impervious carcases we scarcely condescend to waste any more powder and ball; they are, moreover, seldom or never seen lower down than *Minieh*. Pigeons we may have in abundance, myriads flying over our heads from the dove-cotes which constitute nearly half the substance of each Egyptian village; fish we

occasionally shoot, by the treacherous device of bread crumbs thrown from the boat, and my compagnon de voyage amuses himself by the scientific dissection of all the birds and reptiles that are unlucky enough to fall into our hands. But the delicious water-melons are our mainstay for provision—deep green outside, bright red in, and larger than a man's head, full of the most refreshing nectar that ever gladdened a thirsty throat, and to be had for less than any appreciable fraction of a penny: the rogues of rats like them as well as we do, drilling very clever round holes in any they can get at during the night, leaving us in possession of plump well-looking rinds as hollow as a drum. (N.B.—Not to forget an iron rat-trap in the boat's outfit.) The dates are much to be commended as an item of stock, though mashed up by the natives into a paste not pleasing to a fastidious eye; of all sweet fruits, the date cloys least upon the taste, and is very wholesome and nutritious.

About latitude 27° we lose the peculiar palm of Upper Egypt, called the *Doum*, a stunted forked specimen of the species, by no means so graceful as the more usual tree of the lower

country. Every palm pays an annual tax of a piastre, or 2½*d.*, to the government, which thus derives a revenue of £100,000 and upwards. At the various villages we pass, several opportunities occur of witnessing the working of the eastern fiscal system, to the sound of wailing and gnashing of teeth; and at Syout we are unexpectedly spectators of the execution of a peasant hanged upon a cross-bar scarcely six feet from the ground, rather strangled against it than suspended from it. Two soldiers carry the sentence into effect, and then squat down to smoke close to the gibbet, while three women stand at a little distance wringing their hands and beating their breasts, the only lookers on beside ourselves, who assuredly sought no such sight. We understood that the man had committed deliberate murder. Whatever the reason be, it seems certain that death is encountered by the orientals with more stoicism than with us; perhaps their doctrine of fatalism may tend to this result, or perhaps the traditional temperament of a race born and bred under despotic rule, where life is never safe from an irresponsible tyranny pervading the whole frame of society, fully as dangerous

to the great and wealthy as to the poor and lowly. An acquaintance of mine assured me that he once saw an execution similar to the above delayed for nearly an hour, while one of the executioners went, at the request of the condemned, to purchase a piece of soap; the poor wretch in the mean while smoked a pipe in friendly conversation with his guard, till the other returned with the soap required, which the expectant patient rubbed carefully into the noose, and having ascertained its strength and pliability by repeated jerks, resigned himself with a satisfied expression to the deadly fingering of the sympathizing but philosophic functionaries.

The highest temperature marked by Fahrenheit's thermometer since our leaving Cairo has been 110° in the shade, with a south-west or Khamseen wind; at any other time the heat, though very great, is not so overpowering as might be supposed, owing to the dryness and elasticity of the air, which gives exhilaration and tone to mind and body, when a similar column of mercury in the damp atmosphere of England would reduce us to dissolution and thaw; the mornings and evenings are all

that can be asked of sun, moon, stars, and sky.

The view from the boat's deck in descending the Nile at this season, is not much more extensive than from the window of a railway carriage. The river reaches its lowest level at the summer solstice, and flows between two walls of slimy mud fifteen or twenty feet high on either side, immense flakes of which are continually falling into the stream, already nearly saturated with the soil. The banks are moving with life in all its varieties — the very dust seems animate with organized creation — thousands of birds lodge like sand-larks in tiers of holes rising from the water's edge—rats, snakes, toads, frogs, and marvellous myriads of insects, of every size, shape, and colour, mark a lavish profusion of the richest elements of teeming nature, by whose developed law of increase, life is no sooner resolved to dust than the dust is again recalled to life, in ceaseless circulation of mysterious vitality through the three kingdoms of earth's upper crust.

If Egypt were under the sway of an enlightened government, and the resources of science were made to bear upon the capabilities of her

climate, soil, and river, she would, indeed, be again the granary of an empire. Never was a finer field afforded for engineering skill, than in the establishment of an effective system of irrigation, now lamentably bungled with creaking cogs and clumsy levers, at the expense of prodigious toil and suffering on the part of the unhappy *fellaheen*, to whom, as a race, might above all and beyond all be inscribed the double distich, beginning

"Sic vos non vobis."

The 18*th of June* dawns upon our tall *kanjeh* anchored quietly within view of the countless domes and minarets of Cairo, amid all the life and movement of a vast neighbouring capital, so different from the independent isolation of our three months' wandering since leaving its gates for the shores of the Red Sea. Is it the idiosyncracy of individual constitution, or a feeling common to all men, this sinking of the heart on plunging once more into the throng of a multitude? Does not a man really live more in communion with his God, his neighbour, and his own heart, when away from the fretful stir and the unprofitable bustle of a huge human crowd, beneath the surface of which

ferments such a rotten compost of moral and physical pollution—such a frightful farrago of destitution, disease, filth, and debauchery, with the fruitful parent of so hateful an offspring—callous, careless, selfish luxury? "God made the country, and man made the town." The million was intended to be spread abroad, with elbow room upon the surface of the earth, to gain their bread from its bosom, in the sweat of their brow, under the light and breath of heaven, with enough and to spare of food, raiment, and shelter, in return for the toil of the meanest among them. Will our progress, or civilization, or centralization ever lead to this result, is its tendency in this direction, or does it sacrifice the collective commonwealth of the many to the pampered privilege of the few? Upon the answer which his experience may suggest, will depend a man's respect for what is called social development, which ought to mean the development of the bodily and mental faculties of a people, for the attainment of the health and happiness of the greatest number.

This sort of moralizing is however called cant and morbid sentiment by those who like it not, and certainly leads to nothing better than the

growth of Christian principles in opposition to those of the world we live in; so let us enter the city of Grand Cairo with as little of Bedouin abhorrence as may be, thinking of the great things now done and doing in our mighty metropolis at home, as the beginning of a new æra in national economy, when cleanliness, decency, ventilation, and recreation are to be held as legitimate, desirable, and attainable objects, even for the "scum" at the top or the "dregs" at the bottom of the *olla podrida* which constitutes the community.

A week quickly passes, partly in preparation for a camel march of fifteen or sixteen days to Jerusalem, by the route of El-Arîsh and Gaza; spending two or three mornings in a reading room well supplied with works of interest to an eastern traveller, and open to all European visitors by the courtesy of the Frank residents. The Indian passengers are delayed indefinitely by some mishap or mismanagement among the Bombay steamers, and for this I am indebted for a much-valued though short-lived intimacy with the Hon. Colonel Ashburnham, who, if ever he chance to see these pages, will remember our morning rides in the desert.

Among the lions of Cairo, an Englishman feels bound not to overlook the famous *magician*, a second-sighted seer, indebted for a comfortable living and a European reputation to a mystifying article which appeared some years since in the *Quarterly;* we accordingly invite the spirit-calling Magus, who appears at our summons more readily than the spirits do at his, though the hocus-pocus of fragrant smoke and mumbling charm is conducted and contemplated with laudable gravity on both sides. The Arab boy (the first we could catch in the streets) stares with all his eyes into the ink puddle in his palm, seeing anything or nothing, anybody or nobody alternately, till the broad practical hand of a merry member of the party laid on the back of his head, dabs the poor urchin's nose into the lamp black, and we dismiss the conjuror after a sociable regale of pipes and coffee, in high good humour with his reception and his fee, apparently quite of our opinion that it would be a wasting of faggots to burn him for a wizard. The gravity of the farce was creditable to his command of countenance, especially as he divined that we could see nearly as far into a mill-stone as himself, being doubt-

less of Cicero's advice, "Mirabile videtur, quod non rideat haruspex cum haruspicem viderit; hoc mirabilius quod vos inter vos risum tenere possitis."

Omar continues too shaky to venture upon encountering the heat and toil of a Syrian expedition; so, after several fruitless negociations with clamorous but ill-qualified candidates for his place, I determine to proceed without interpreter or private servant, relying upon my own Arabic smattering and the good faith and good character of Sheyk *Ibraheem*, strongly recommended as a trustworthy guide, well inured and experienced in the calling; he accordingly affixes his ring signet to a long contract, drawn up officially, and witnessed by our consul, Dr. Walne, making himself responsible (barring casualties) for the safe conduct of the Frank to the walls of *El-Kodsh*, as one rejoices to find the Holy City still called by the Arabs, with no material variation from the Hebrew sacred epithet, *Kodesh*. The payment guaranteed on my part for the service of four men and as many camels, including a dromedary assigned to myself, amounts to twelve hundred piastres, or £12 sterling, for a march of be-

tween three and four hundred miles, from the capital of Egypt to the gates of Jerusalem, by the lower route of Arish and through Hebron, leaving me master of our movements, free to halt when and where I please, with a trifling payment for additional time. The tent, water-skins, provisions, &c. are of course at my expense, and the best way is to arrange for the maintenance of the whole party, as you must bear the cost whether stipulated or not.

Every motive should induce an Englishman in this climate, and specially at this season, to live as an Arab, that is, with extreme temperance; health and strength are at stake, and even a temporary failure in either may involve irreparable mischief. Nowhere more than in Syria does a man stand in need of the faculties of body and mind; one access of the prevailing fever may deprive him of his senses or his life; but with prudence, docility, and a tolerable constitution, he has not much more to fear in Palestine than in any other land; and if he travel in the spirit of a Christian pilgrim, the interest of each day's journey will immeasurably surpass the privation or the risk.

CAIRO TO JERUSALEM.

June 27th. A fierce unclouded sun, rising from a dry sea of boundless sand, pours his level beams upon our little party as we issue from the northern gate of dusty Cairo, the camels pacing in single file and lounging swing on our humble exodus from the land of Egypt towards the land of promise. Egypt is still, as heretofore, "the house of bondage;" but alas! for the heritage of Israel; we go to find "Jerusalem trodden down of the Gentiles," and to behold her "pleasant portion desolate, and mourning because no man layeth it to heart."

A journal of a march through the desert is about as barren of incident as a ship's log, to which it bears great resemblance—"nil nisi pontus et aër"—the wind and weather being usually the beginning, middle, and end of each day's narrative—the horizon, a changeless circle from which the sun rises and into which he sinks—a solitary sail occasionally heaving in sight at sea, and now and then a lonely string of camels appearing in the desert, perhaps within

hail, perhaps hull down, but always watched with the same interest, steering their steady way through the trackless ocean or pathless wilderness: our course is now N.N.E., coasting along the land of Goshen, with its palms, villages, and fields annually overflowed by the neighbouring Nile—the sand strewed with scattered fragments of petrified wood, sometimes of great size and weight, apparently left at high-water-mark by some mighty flood of olden time. Our rate of travelling, as usual, nearly three miles an hour, accomplishing about thirty in the twenty-four, halting for a siesta from eleven till three P.M.; pitching for the night two hours after sunset, and moving again two hours before dawn.

The second night brings us to *Belbeis*, a place of some consideration, but apparently of no very fair fame, judging by the panic which possesses our doughty Arab squires while in its vicinity. They are sad poltroons, frightened at their own shadows, and before I know them fidget me into a state of mind nearly as ridiculous as their own, marching with cocked pistols, and expecting to be shot or speared from behind every little hillock that looms through the starlight.

Leaving *Belbeis*, we cross some indistinct remains of the ancient canal connecting the Nile with Suez, viâ the city of *Heroopolis*, probably the *Rameses* of Exodus, whence the childred of Israel journeyed to *Succoth*, which means an *encampment*. No variety of scenery or incident for the next two days, except that my camel suddenly tumbles down, a very unusual accident, as the sheyk declares, and one is willing enough to believe, as such a second sudden pitch from the lofty hump is not to be desired, even upon smooth sand. At *Salahiyeh* we change our course to a direction nearly due east, plunging at once into the desert away from all vestige of human habitation; nothing but salt-crusted, dried-up swamps, annually inundated by the Nile and connected with the great lake of Menzalah communicating with the sea. There can be no doubt that this isthmus of Suez, which we are at present traversing, was once a strait of junction between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; the extreme breadth of separation is now about seventy miles, and appears to have arisen from the accumulation of drifting sand during the lapse of many centuries; but the *Birkets*, or

nitrous swamps, still form nearly an unbroken chain between Suez and the old Pelusiac branch of the Nile.

The map marks our track as a "desert of moving sands," to which description it well answers; no longer a flat wide expanse of wilderness, but a multitude of low loose hills, through which we wind our way with toil and trouble, and at length, in the darkness of night, lose the camel track altogether, and, to make matters worse, lose one of the men dispatched to look for it. In vain we shout, let off guns, light fires, and waste the night in wandering about; we hear and see nothing of the absentee, the best man among us, and are obliged to set off without him, as our supply of water does not admit of long delay in this thirsty region of desolation. Being quite sure that the old sheyk was leading us south-west instead of north-east, steering for Suez instead of Arish, I take the law into my own hands, insisting upon being leader, and pledging myself to find the track in a few hours—an assumption of authority and skill, backed by a mysterious display of map, compass, and telescope, which carries the point against all gainsay; the result,

as might be expected, justifies a reliance upon the magnetic needle rather than their blundering guess-work. About dawn we fall in with the light *trail* of camel hoofs in the true direction,—a discovery hailed with a general cheer, and the Giaour guide, with his wizard tricks, (charitably ascribed to a good understanding with the devil) rises high in the estimation of the Mooslim, who honour him henceforth with the euphonic soubriquet *Doree,* in memory of the word so often shouted by the one and so little trusted by the other, as we twisted our way by the light of the moon through the labyrinth of those loose drifting sand-hills which, luckily for us, were not sweeping before a blinding gale of wind, as they sometimes do.

Arrive before noon at the salt wells of *Catieh,* the ancient Cusium, not more than ten miles from the sea, where, to our great joy, we find poor lost *Hassan,* anxiously awaiting our uncertain appearance, and at least as much delighted at seeing us as we at meeting him; he had heard the report of guns, but owing to the hills could not see the lighted fires, and so wandered about in great distress till he found a track leading to these springs, where he laid

himself down to wait the issue, exhausted with hunger, thirst, and fatigue. In celebration of our happy release from much anxiety, we pitch the tent for a halt till sun-set, holding a grand feast of hot cakes with a smoking pilaf of rice and tough fowl, followed by the never-failing pipes and coffee, concluding with a siesta of three hours, fitting us for a long night's march through a dismal wilderness of which we see quite-enough by the light of the lady moon and her brilliant stars.

The motion of a camel is so monotonous and rocking, that the tendency to sleep is almost and sometimes altogether irresistible, especially to a fagged rider helplessly nid-nodding in the dark. I was only effectually roused from a fantastic desert dream by pitching upon the real desert sand, there to trudge till weary of walking, and glad once more to clamber up the tall side of the growling dromedary, who did not think proper either to kneel down or halt, say or do what I would.

The water brought from *Salahiyeh* stinks so abominably we can scarcely drink it, which Ibraheem attributes to the goat-skins being in bad condition. The wells we pass at intervals

of ten or twelve miles are too salt to be of any service but that of ablution, in itself, however, a great luxury. Where no water of any kind is to be had, a bath, better than none at all, may be obtained by digging a hole and burying yourself up to the neck in the fresh, gritty, flinty sand, several degress cooler than the air on its surface.

At *Birket Aieh* we meet a party of armed ragamuffins journeying from Syria, one of whom we catch drilling a hole through our last water skin; not only helping himself at our expense to as much as he could suck, but leaving the priceless fluid to dribble on the thirsty earth. These truculent gentry were too strong for any show of fight on our side, so we had nothing for it but to cobble the skin as we could, and get out of reach with all expedition, not sure they might not think proper to put our long-suffering to further proof; as they probably would, had they known that my shot-belt was stuffed with thirty pounds' worth of gold Turkish coin, worn under a broad silk sash twisted tight half a dozen times round the body.

I had frequently observed the sand in different places marked with light serpentine curves,

and found to-day that they were caused, as Ibraheem said, by the snakes which infest this neighbourhood, one of which, a black viper more than three feet long, I shot, just as he was wriggling into his hole. These reptiles are no doubt poisonous, both the camels and some live fowls we carry with us showing great dread of this ugly *hhannash* swinging on a stick. We catch occasional glimpses of more amiable inhabitants of the wilderness, as a troop of beautiful gazelles bound off in the distance, stopping to gaze at us when far out of harm's way. Nothing more graceful and elegant than these antelopes of the desert, and one cannot help thinking, that when King David speaks of "the voice of the Lord," that is, "the peal of the thunder," causing Libanus and Sirion to spring like a *yegel*, he must have had one of these deer in his mind's eye, and not "a calf," in our acceptation—a beast that never performs its ungainly gambol without being laughed at. (Psalm xxix.)* A

* See Lee's *Lexicon*, under "*ayalah*," for an explanation of the 8th verse of this noble Psalm, where the grand image of "the thunder rending the pine trees" is reduced to the

hare occasionally starts before us, and the peculiar partridge of the desert is not uncommon; the beetles too wing their droning flight about our ears as the sun goes down, and altogether the neighbourhood of the sea gives far more life to this region than is found in the wild desolation between Cossier and the Nile. The highest temperature during the day is 95° in the shade. A matter of great importance is to pitch the tent, which should be double, with its opening towards the wind, almost always northerly at this season. We find that vinegar renders brackish water more drinkable, and charcoal powder is a good antiseptic when the skins approach putridity. The camels get two feeds of barley in the twenty-

twaddle of "making the hinds bring forth young." The verse literally rendered would read, "The voice of the Lord rendeth the pines and strippeth the forests." It is hard to be obliged to read, "maketh the hinds bring forth young and discovereth the thick bushes." *Durum sed levius fit patientiâ*—let us hope that this and other blunders, which only prove that our admirable version, like everything else, may be improved, will soon be rectified by authority; we have no right to expose any poet, far less an inspired one, to the imputation of *drivel*, brought against the present reading by no less an authority than Professor Lee.

four hours, and contrive to pick up a fair allowance of prickly shrub and sedgy grass as they go along; our greatest plague is traversing the greasy salt swamps, where their broad spongy feet make perilous slips and slides.

July 4th. View of the bright blue sea from a rising knoll: we have heard it roaring for many hours during the night, but the sight of it bursts suddenly and gloriously upon us, though the Arabs sympathize apparently very little in my delight, seeming rather to avoid the shore, to me so full of interest, and none of them think of bathing, to me so delicious a luxury. Both the men and the camels look at the white-capped waves as if they had no confidence in their sandy barrier, and would rather increase than lessen the distance.

July 5th. *El-Arîsh,* the old *Rhinocolura,* terminates a long tract of deep, fagging shingle: we soon encamp outside its dreary walls, surrounding a great fortress and a few miserable huts, with no vestige of cultivation or one circumstance of interest, but the fact of its being the frontier town of Syria. The dry channel we cross is marked on the map as the "torrent of Egypt," and the vast expanse beyond, of

barren undulating gravel, tufted with meagre wiry grass and a few dwarf prickly shrubs, must have been a debateable land, scarcely worth dispute between the Philistines of old and the nomadic tribes of Arabia. Our tent is no sooner pitched than we are honoured by a deputation from the town—three grave and reverend signiors, bearded, turbaned, and well mounted, anxious in their inquiries as to the health and peace of Egypt—"Is all well?" and we answered and said, "All is well. *El-hammdoo lillah*,—'thanks be to God,'—the Nile rises, the Plague is far off, and Mizr is tranquil"—upon which our visitors, alighting from their horses, dispatch an attendant, who returns in a few minutes with a couple of negroes bearing a tray garnished with greasy fried eggs, very salt cheese, and tolerable coffee, probably as good a tiffin as the unhappy place could supply; so we sit very sociably in the shadow of the tent, smoking the indispensable pipe, till the unlucky brass-bound medicine chest attracts attention, and then adieu to all hope of rest for the remainder of the day. Ibraheem and his followers, by way of exalting themselves, trumpet the Effendee's reputation as

a *Hakim* of the first water, performing wondrous cures upon every ill that flesh is heir to; so there is nothing for it but to minister to all and sundry, beginning with the great men, whom we dismiss highly pleased with three penknives and as many doses of colocynth, in return for their hospitality, to say nothing of their good offices with a *guardiano* of health, who, having fumigated us with a pan of drugged vinegar, delivers a slip of paper to be presented at Gaza as a *passe-par-tout*, and takes his departure and his *douceur* without giving us any more trouble. Not so easily, however, do we shake off our poor patients of *El-Arish*; all the bad eyes, all the sore places, and all the crooked limbs in the neighbourhood are on the move to the Hakim's tent, who dispenses pills and applies collyrium with increasing reputation and fast-diminishing stock, till at last there is no alternative but to let fall the curtain and go to sleep, leaving Ibraheem to encounter the insurrection of invalids, whom he had been mainly instrumental in stirring up. Poor people! how gladly would a traveller do them any good at a greater sacrifice than a day's rest! But even a skilful surgeon would

have shaken his head at the majority of these cases, and left them to their own resources—their charms, their amulets, and their Koran texts; the latter often administered internally, by washing the written characters off a wooden board and giving the solution as a dose to the patient. The principal malady is ophthalmia, caused, no doubt, by careless exposure to the dazzling sand; and disorders of the skin are not uncommon, probably to be ascribed to poor food and unwholesome water.

Resume our march before dawn, following the line of coast and passing a camp of Bedouin cavalry, the horses picketted, and watch fires lighting up the tents and their wild soldiery. Reach *Sheikh Juide* before noon, where tolerable water filters through the sand into a deep hole; halt for three hours' rest under the white walls of the Saint's tomb, a Mooslim oratory or chapel, and accomplish about fifteen miles further, through a country gradually improving, before we pitch for the night at *Khan* Younes; a *Khan*, being a stone wall enclosure, affording some sort of protection to travellers in the desert, open to all comers, the πανδοχεῖον of the good Samaritan between Jerusalem and Jericho,

who brought the wounded man "to an inn," i.e. a Khan, giving "the host," the πανδοχευς or *keeper*, two denaria (a much more respectable sum than that now implied by "twopence.") A keeper is not always found in these khans, which are usually built without a roof; but when he does reside within the walls, he renders assistance to wayfarers, and receives a gratuity at parting.

Next day at noon we enter the gates of *Gaza* or *Ghuza*, the approach to which lies through extensive plantations of gigantic prickly pear, forming a most formidable barrier impervious to horse or foot; the sharp-pointed stakes, ten feet and more in height, would impale a rhinoceros, and even the surface of the thick leaf is armed with spikes that inflict a wound not easily forgotten. The contrast with the desert from which we are just emerging renders the neighbourhood of Gaza perfectly beautiful; but its real claims to admiration are of no mean order,—delicious orchards of pomegranates, apricots, peaches, and mulberries, now in full maturity—the palm, the olive, the fig, and the vine in high luxuriance, and the white walls of the city seen rising from a green paradise of

plenty—all form a fairy scene that appears delusion to the delighted eye, weary of the dreary desolate waste so long and lately looked upon, now exchanged for a land flowing with wine and oil, milk and honey. Our first reception, however, within these favoured walls is by no means encouraging; the camels no sooner have their noses within the gates than they are rudely seized by Turkish soldiers, and we are all after a brief question marched off, without a word of explanation, to a wretched dismal fortification, where, being safely locked in, we learn to our dismay that we are tenants of the Lazaretto, there to remain during the good pleasure of the quarantine authorities, lately established to our cost, and apparently resolved to sweep as clean as new brooms usually do. If being in a prodigious rage would have helped us out, we could have got up a towering passion without much effort, under the influence of combined injury and insult. Never was a more villainous place for honest men to be thrust into, nor a more cavalier fashion of doing it; the passport from our friend at Arîsh not even glanced at, and we ourselves given to understand that we were all liable to be shot for

being without a clean bill of health from Cairo. "What does all this mean, O Ibraheem?" said I to the blank-visaged old sheyk, sitting without his turban on a bale of cotton, and looking as if he could tear his long beard for vexation —"Some new device of Sheytan, O Effendee." "Shall we get out to-morrow?"—"*Inshàllah! Allah hoo âlam*"—"If it please God: He knoweth all things."

A night passed under these auspices was not likely to be very lively; the dreaming visions of plague, infection, incarceration, and eke of execution, not being much brightened by the actual abominations of a solitary cell, where the rats and other vermin seemed little tolerant of intrusion. I could luckily just muster cool sense enough, in this reeking hole, to remember that fretting and fuming would only induce a Syrian fever, and so philosophized as well as could be expected, and in the usual strain. Besides, we had come to Gaza, and having fallen like many better men into the hands of the Philistines, must bide our time and bear our doom. A little iron lamp shining from the vault gave light enough to read how Shamgar and Samson and Saul fought and smote and

slew the uncircumcised race of old; and I soon began to think it was something to be at Gaza, the capital of Philistia, even though shut up in the vile durance of a Turkish pest-house; so I said my prayers in peace and went to sleep, dreaming of the Book of Judges, Samson Agonistes, and the old picture where in days of childhood I used to see with delighted wonder, the hero of Israel walking up the hill with a gate on his back like Temple Bar.

The morning brought comfort in the shape of a *lingua franca* message from the captain of the guard, apologizing for the rough treatment, and conveying his excellency's gracious invitation to pipes and coffee—an overture of course received and accepted with great alacrity, which soon begets a good understanding; so after something less than twenty-four hours' imprisonment, as the penalty for neglect of rule, we found the gates open and went on our way rejoicing.

The ancient remains of Gaza are few and of little importance; here and there shafts and capitals of broken columns, but all belonging to an æra far later than that which some fourteen centuries B. C. invests the city with its peculiar

interest in our eyes. The Mooslim hold the name of Samson the Judge of Israel in high veneration, as a saint of the first order, and point out the site of the gate, "the doors of which and the two posts, bar and all, he put upon his shoulders, carrying them to the top of a hill before Hebron." (Judges xvi.) Hebron, as the crow flies, is nearly fifty miles from Gaza; so the strength to carry such a burthen, such a distance, must have been of course supernatural, and may not appear to us to have been exercised for any adequate or proportionate purpose; perhaps *yal peney* means *in the direction of* Hebron; but circumstantial criticism is not applicable to these primitive records of a nation, whose epoch and literature are so remote from our own, and whose theocratic polity finds so little parallel in any conceivable system of modern times. *We* search the Hebrew Scriptures, because the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets bear witness to the Truth, the Way, and the Life, as declared in the Christian gospel—a testimony which runs like a golden thread through the dark tissue of weakness, wickedness, and uncertainty, which human history must always be, whether of Jew

or Gentile; and we are not called upon to distinguish, on peril of our salvation, between prosaic narrative and poetic hyperbole in the meagre annals of a peculiar people, who existed under unprecedented conditions more than three thousand years ago. What we hold is, that "the Old Testament is not contrary to the New, because in both everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ;" but as to what is meant by "the sun and moon standing still," or any similar statement involving insuperable difficulty, we may safely avoid forming an opinion: the answer of the Teacher come from God to an unnecessary question was, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

The present town of Gaza is the most populous in Palestine, containing, they say, not less than fifteen thousand souls, among whom may be about three or four hundred Christians. The streets are narrow; the houses, as usual, flat roofed and chiefly built of clay or sun-baked brick, except those in the upper city on the hill, which are of stone; the general aspect of the place is far more indicative of well being than anything we have seen in Egypt, with the exception of Cairo. The inhabitants are a tall,

handsome race, and the camels very large and sleek, making our poor, scraggy Bedouins look quite ashamed of themselves; so altogether our first impression of Syria under the rule of the Turk, is far more favourable than we anticipated. The distance of the town from the seashore, over sandy downs, is about four miles, and the ruins of *Ascalon* probably fifteen. The most interesting building is an old Christian church, perhaps of the date of Helena, A. D. 350, now a Mohammadan mosque, with nave, aisles, and Corinthian columns in good preservation, and well developed, as in all mosques, by the absence of lumber. Excepting what we read of Gaza in Scripture, it makes no great figure in history: it was taken, after an obstinate defence, by Alexander the Great, B. C. 320, and then is little spoken of till the time of the Crusaders, though Antoninus Martyr, in the seventh century, calls it "civitas splendida, deliciosa et honestissima." It afterwards falls into the hands of the Saracens, till rescued by the Christian army in the twelfth century, when it is spoken of by William of Tyre as "diruta et habitatoribus carens," i. e. ruinous and deserted.

July 10. The hills of Judæa rise majestically in the east, and, long before the sun climbs their blue and rugged summits, we are pacing our slow but steady course to the village of *Hui*, through fertile plains of uninclosed arable country where the people are busy treading out their corn, on thrashing-floors of hard beaten clay, observing the merciful Mosaic precept, "thou shalt not muzzle the ox." The population seems very scanty, but the capability of the soil unbounded. The uncertain tenure of life and property appears in everything around us; all the men are armed with long guns, even when employed in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture; Ibraheem and his followers seem half frightened out of their senses, and one begins to appreciate the iron-fisted sway of the old Basha, who at least ensures security from any violence but that of his own myrmidons. The present condition of matters verges upon anarchy—the Egyptian government overturned, the Turkish scarcely established, and every man's claim left to the vindication of his own weapon. We constantly meet well-mounted, fierce-looking horsemen, armed to the teeth, and we travel no longer when the sun is down,

encamping the first night after a march of twenty-five miles at the village of *Sukariyeh*, the sheyk of which sends us a guard.

The next day changes the aspect of the scenery; the plains begin to swell into hills, and the hills to grow bold and rugged, as we cross the ridge which runs north and south, where the rocks were terraced in time of old for a careful cultivation of the olives and vines, which still flourish in great luxuriance, among a thick underwood of beautiful shrubs; and now we look down upon the honoured site of the patriarchal *Hebron*, with its white walls, flat roofs, tall minarets, and round domes, lying on the sloping side of a lovely valley, upon which the western sun pours his setting beams —the Hebron of Abraham, the *Kirjath Arba* of the land of Canaan, where he mourned and wept and spake to the sons of Heth, saying, "I am a stranger and sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight." What an exquisite oriental picture is the whole scene between the patriarchal "mighty prince" and Ephron the son of Zoar, as given in the 23rd chapter of Genesis! "Abraham stood up

and bowed himself to the people of the land." The parley for the cave of Machpelah was never surpassed in dignity, simplicity, and pathos; yet it was a bonâ fide bargain, a real transaction, neither more nor less than a purchase of land, where Ephron names his price and Abraham pays it; no doubt the full value —"four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." The Hittite never intended bestowing a foot of the inheritance of his fathers upon a stranger for nothing. "The field give I thee, what is it between me and thee," was only a form of eastern courtesy, a preliminary politeness as much in vogue now as it was then; and two Bedouin sheyks of high rank in the present day would, under similar circumstances, probably use the selfsame language, meaning the selfsame thing, — so unchanging is the stamp that marks the men and manners of the nomadic blood. It is to the fact of its being the burial place of the patriarchs that Hebron owes its high sanctity among the Mooslim, as one of the four "Holy Cities," dedicated, as its name *El-Khulîl* implies, to "the Friend," that is, to him who is distinguished in Scripture by the epithet φιλος Θεϑ, or

Ohèv Elohim, in our version the "Friend of God," (Isaiah xli. 8; James ii. 23). David moreover was "king in Hebron over the house of Judah seven years and six months;" and here it was, over the pool in Hebron, that he hanged up the murderers of Ish-bosheth, and buried the severed head in the sepulchre of Abner, see 2 Samuel iv. 12.

Here, within a little, silent, solitary tent, through whose open curtains the bright stars of heaven are shining—here, in the very valley of Hebron, in the field of Ephron, and over against the cave of Machpelah, one feels it a high and happy privilege to read, in the language in which they were written, these primitive records of ancient time, these simple annals of primæval history, sacred as the medium through which the Oracles of God have declared from the beginning, by the sure Word of Prophecy, His will and way to Jew and Gentile, in the One Mediator, whose "day Abraham saw and was glad." These Scriptures of the olden covenant we have known from childhood, and to them we reverently look as having prepared the world for the revelation of that true wisdom of Faith, Hope,

and Charity, which can alone make us wise unto salvation.

Who on such ground as this would not rather lodge in a tent than between four walls? But the heat would of itself induce us to pass the night *al fresco*, even if a palace were prepared; so we decline a kind invitation to enter the town, knowing too well what one has to expect from a Syrian house in the dog-days. The morning dawns over a most lovely landscape; it is indeed thus far a land of wine and oil, as well as milk and honey. Our breakfast tray is served *en prince* with the richest milk, the finest fruits, and very good mutton: the terraced vineyards rising tier on tier, trellissed and festooned, teem with the golden and purple grapes that gladden the heart of man—the olive, the pomegranate, the quince, the apricot, and the fig, wave to the warm breeze in the luxuriant profusion of nature's happiest mood—the thrashing-floors are piled round with heaps on heaps of new harvest wheat—the white oxen pacing their patient and placid circle tread out corn yielding as heavy increase as ever rewarded the toil of the kind kinsman of Naomi—the flocks are bleating and the herds lowing on the

hill, and nothing but water is wanting to make "the field of Machpelah before Mamre" as bright a picture as ever delighted the eye of a Gaspar Poussin.

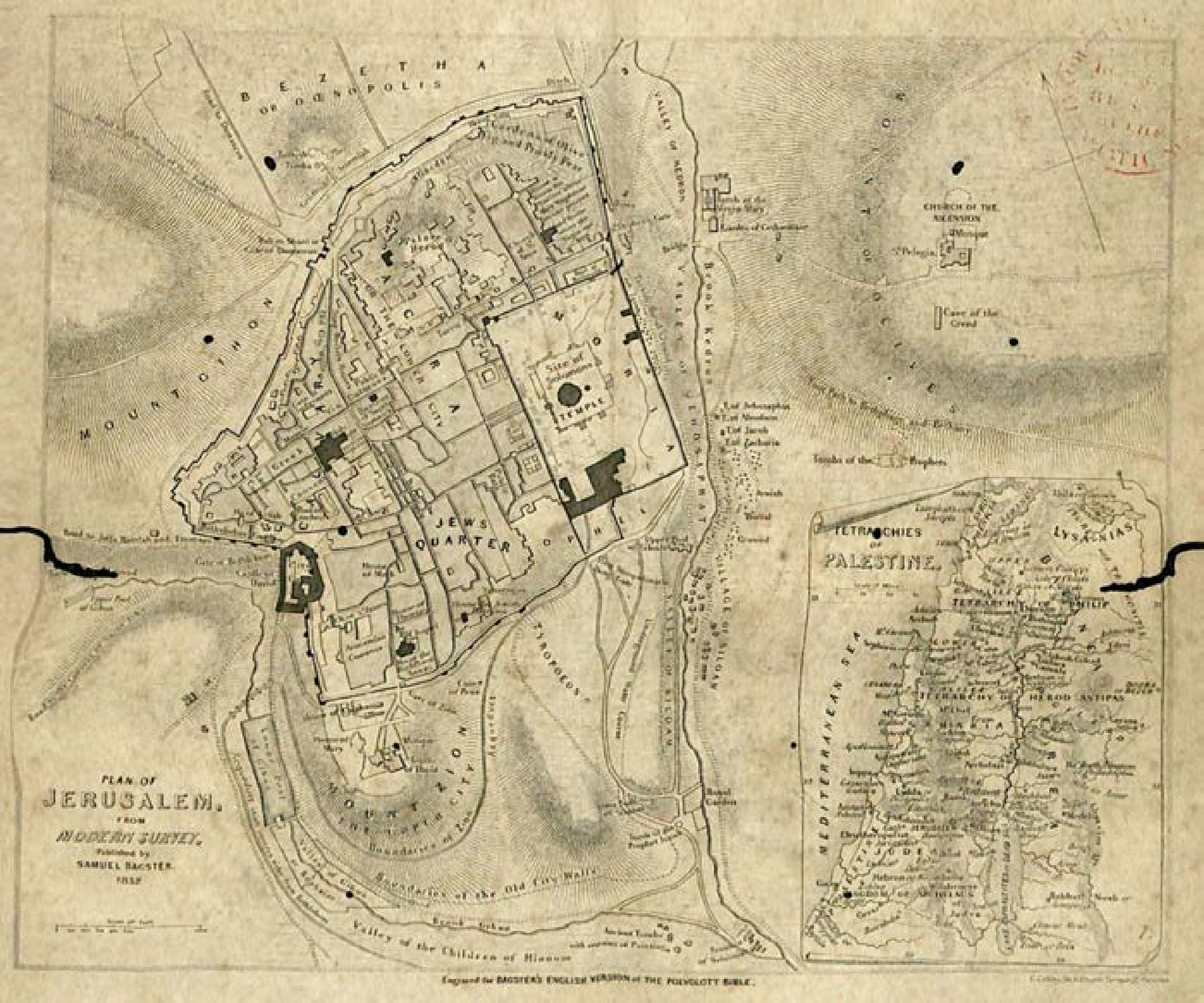
Two very ancient pools are seen to the north and south of the town, supposed to be of earlier construction than the reign of David: tradition points out one of them as that over which the king hanged up "the wicked man who slew a righteous person in his own house upon a bed." (2 Samuel iv. 11.) These immense tanks, the largest of which is fifty paces each way, and more than twenty feet deep, are lined with very massive masonry, and constitute apparently the only supply of water upon which the inhabitants of Hebron can depend, as the fountains are dry in the hot season. The city itself is remarkably well built of stone, and from the flat roofs rise little white domes that produce a singular and picturesque effect. The *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the holy town is the Great Mosque, built immediately over the tomb of the Father of the faithful; but within these no Christian is permitted to set foot: the outer walls, to which alone we can approach, are of prodigious solidity, built of hewn stones

fifteen to twenty feet long, referred to a period at least as remote as that of Solomon, B.C. 1000. One can only glance by stealth even at this enclosure, for *Nozrâni* is looked upon with an evil eye in this stronghold of Islàm: enough for him to know that here is the sepulchre of Abraham, whom his sons Isaac and Ishmael buried in the cave of Machpelah—"there was Abraham buried and Sarah his wife," nearly four thousand years ago, in the field that was made a sure possession unto him and his heirs for ever. The thread of tradition as to this locality is unbroken, and its authority never questioned.

The *Bazaars* of Hebron, as the narrow stall-crowded, canvass-covered lanes are called, present a fair display of merchandize, towards which Manchester and Birmingham contribute their quota. The show of meat, vegetables, and fruit gives evidence of a land of plenty. According to the information obtained by Dr. Robinson, the population amounts to about ten thousand souls, all strict Mooslims, with the exception of two or three hundred Jews. The principal sources of wealth are of course agricultural, the manufacture being confined to the

production of coarse glass lamps and mock jewelry. The town stands nearly twenty miles due west from the Dead Sea, the same distance due south of Jerusalem, and about forty due east from Gaza, built principally on the eastern slope of a valley, itself not much less than three thousand feet above the Mediterranean, but at least a thousand feet below the lofty ridge which runs north and south as the backbone of Judæa. A magnificent oak, standing in the midst of a field, is held in high veneration by Mooslim and Jew, as the representative of the "Oaks of Mamre," among which the patriarch dwelt; but we lose the charm of this by being accustomed to translate "*alonei Mamre*" as the "*plains* of Mamre," where Abraham sat in the tent door in the heat of the day. (Gen. xviii. 1.)

Tuesday, July 12th. A day by me to be much remembered. Six hours' march from Hebron, and we look upon the hill of *Bethlehem,* the city of David, "where unto us was born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Yet another hour, and we see the hills that stand about Jerusalem — we approach to Zion — I spring from the slow and jaded camel, impa-


BEZETHA
OR
NEOPOLIS
MOUNT OF OLIVES
VALLEY OF KEDRON
BROOK KEDRON
CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION
Cave of the Creed
TEMPLE
JEWS QUARTER
MOUNT ZION
THE CITY OF DAVID
Boundaries of the old City Walls
Valley of the Children of Hinnom
TYROPOEON
VALLEY OF HINNOM
VILLAGE OF SILOAM
PLAN OF
JERUSALEM,
FROM
A MODERN SURVEY,
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tient of the howling song of the Arab, and eager to be alone—the brow of a rugged rock is gained, and behold

JERUSALEM!

PILGRIM! "commune with thine own heart and be still." Tell the towers of Zion—mark well her bulwarks! Look upon those wild rocky depths, and high embattled turrets, with a steady and silent gaze that may imprint them now and for ever upon thy mind and memory —look upon Jerusalem till the scene which is hallowed in heaven and earth grows dim through a mist of rising tears; for among the myriad of confused and broken thoughts that throng so thickly upon thee, there is one that at length prevails, of unmingled though unembittered sadness:

"WHEN HE CAME NEAR, HE BEHELD THE CITY AND WEPT OVER IT."

(Luke xx. 41.)

God grant, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who thus wept over the wayward and devoted city, that we who learn the sorrows

of Him who for our sakes was acquainted with grief, may, while it is yet called our day, "know the things which belong unto our peace!"

Well did the Royal Bard of Israel sing of Jerusalem as built "at unity in itself." How strong, compact, and lofty does it look, frowning from those huge crags that rise from the deep and rugged ravines that compass it about! and how sublime and fit the desolation that reigns around in these stern, barren, shattered rocks, that once beheld the sun darken over the Cross of Calvary!

The camels are well content to halt on the steep and flinty track below:—there let them rest, while the map is spread and the compass steadied on this broad stone, that we may know and name "the hills that stand about Jerusalem."

That brown eastern slope, up which the lengthening shadows of the precipitous city are slowly creeping, cannot be mistaken; it must, by those scattered olives which soften its stony desolation, be the mount whither "Jesus went as he was wont" to spend the night alone and in prayer.

The dark ravine, down which the eye sees

but dimly, is the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which runs the now dry channel of the brook Cedron, dividing the Mount of Olives from the towering height of Moriah, once crowned with the temple of the great king, now topped by the glittering mosques of *Aksa* and *Omar*, glancing in white and gold under the western sun. The bold barren hill on this side the Mount of Olives is the Mount of Offence, where "Solomon built a high place for *Chemosh*, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem." (1 Kings ii. 7.) The nearest branch of the steep glen running east and west at right angles to the vale of Jehoshaphat, must be the valley of the son of *Hinnom*, the fearful *Gehenna*, where the apostate kings caused their children to pass through the fire to Moloch, hence made to figure, in Scripture language, the dread region of wailing and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Of these, and more than these, there can be neither denial nor doubt; no truth more assured than that these are the very mountains, rocks, and valleys so often trodden and beheld by the anointed Saviour of the world.

Turn round to the south, and we see the

heights of *Bethlehem*, two miles distant; its huge massive convent — a fortress that might laugh a siege to scorn—looking upon the white town piled in a steep pyramid upon the neighbouring hill. There "unto us the Child was born" — there the Virgin brought forth her Son, and called His Name IMMANUEL. And yonder again to the north, dimly seen through the minarets and pinnacles of the Holy City, rises the Christian dome which marks the sepulchre where they laid the Lord! How many millions of hearts have throbbed since then, in high and holy mood, as they looked hence upon the scene before us, so indissolubly, mysteriously, and awfully connected with the history and destiny of man as he was, and is, and is to be! And how truly is the word fulfilled, that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles!" What pilgrim of the Cross can look upon that pale crescent of the false prophet, gleaming above the sacred emblem of the true Faith, or that crimson flag of Islàm flouting defiance to Christendom from the walls of Zion, without feeling his blood mantle to his cheek in the wounded spirit of a crusader? But this is not the mood wherewith to enter the

City of the Prince of Peace: those who in His Name and for His sake would strike with the sword, know not what spirit they are of.

Arriving at the Western or Bethlehem gate, we are allowed to enter by the Turkish guard after a brief examination; and passing under the shadow of the lofty massive tower of David, are conducted through a narrow lonely street of rugged pavement and solid masonry to the great Latin convent, occupying the extreme western angle of the city walls; here, after a short parley with the superior, we are admitted by a lay brother, who assigns me a clean, vaulted, white-washed apartment, furnished with two chairs, a table, and bedstead, where I forthwith establish myself, with a feeling of joy and thankfulness at having thus far accomplished, in health and safety, the long-revolved project to which I had for years looked forward with a wish which was alone father to the hope.

Ibraheem and his followers are not received within the precincts of the monastery, so I take leave of them outside. They have proved themselves good men and true: the evil bodings of my Frank acquaintance at Cairo were ill founded. They said it was unwise and unsafe

to trust such irregular and irresponsible vagabonds; but they have not only been faithful and honest, but kind and courteous, after their untutored fashion—in the right sense of the word *courtesy*, which is independent of rank, circumstance, kindred, or language—the innate breeding of a well-conditioned nature, whether civilized or savage, in the palace of a prince or the hovel of a peasant. Poor fellows! they have shown as devout a horror of thieves and murderers as any honest man could desire, if not a little more, for our only approach to a quarrel has been from an attempted interference with the line of route or stations for halt, on the everlasting plea of *haramîyeh*, or robbers; though one might have supposed the "cantabit vacuus" their special prerogative. We settle accounts very amicably. I give them a written declaration of perfect satisfaction; and then, with mutual esteem and interchange of presents, we part never to meet again in this world —how trite and yet how strange a thought! I watch their swarthy, half-naked, slow-swinging figures, tucked up on the tall scraggy camels, till, at the angle of the narrow gloomy street, they wave their last salàm to the Frank Ef-

fendee, who returns alone through the dark, heavy, vaulted gateway of the ancient and honoured convent.

The room that I occupy looks upon a court, from which a flight of steps leads to a flat roof, and here, once more before the day closes, I spread the map and open the compass. Thanks to the Plan of Sieber and Catherwood, taken out of Dr. Robinson's book and secured upon pasteboard, one needs no guide, no vulgar gabbling cicerone, with his got-up sing-song of stupid lies; here we have Jerusalem before us and below us, with every hill, every valley, every tower, dome, and minaret marked and named in truth and soberness. The city from this western point is seen in its whole extent, magnificently lighted up by the sun sinking behind us: its aspect is of the stern severe grandeur that so well becomes the stupendous and awful deeds of which it has been the centre —no sound or sight of gaiety or gentleness, no stir of traffic—no throng or hum of the busy human hive, silent, massive, and solitary within —wild, barren, and desolate without.

The dome of the Christian church, which marks the Holy Sepulchre, rises scarcely a hun-

dred yards from where we stand. Close by are the Greek and Coptic convents. Beyond them, south of the church, the large open space marked as the ruined palace of the once powerful Knights of St. John. These sites, with the Armenian and Syrian convents, and our own Episcopal church, whose walls have not yet risen, are all that by name, or profession, or worship bear witness to the Gospel of Christ, in the city where He taught, over which He wept, where He was crucified, dead, and buried, rising again the third day to ascend into Heaven and sit at the right hand of God! How hard to realize is the conviction that here has been appointed, from the foundation of the world, the scene of these inscrutable and ineffable mysteries! — "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!"

The one predominant feature within the walls is the immense oblong height of Mount *Moriah*, running north and south between us and the Mount of Olives. This we know was the holy hill where Solomon built the house of the Lord a thousand years before His coming, and to which, yet a thousand years earlier, the word of the Lord directed Abraham, saying, "Take

now thine only son Isaac, and get thee to the land of Moriah, and offer him for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." This rocky platform of Moriah may be considered as an eminence of Mount Zion; it is now entirely occupied by the precincts of the two great mosques, *Omar* and *Aksa*, with domes and madnehs, or minarets, of great magnificence towering over the deep defile of Jehoshaphat.

The *coup-d'œil* of the city is altogether unlike any other that I have yet seen. The predominant character is ponderous gloom; the heavy grey stone houses are all flat-roofed, surmounted as at Hebron by white domes, the number of which strikes the eye as the leading peculiarity in the style of architecture. Several extensive spaces are cleared and deserted; but no trees, no birds, no verdure, no softening embellishment. If there be beauty in Jerusalem, or in the hills that stand round about her, it is the sublime beauty of stern endurance, "for Jerusalem is ruined,"—"her house is left unto her desolate."

"Still o'er her head the clouds of sorrow roll,
And God's revenge sits heavy on her soul."

The sun sinks behind the mountains of Ephraim, gilding with dusky grandeur the volcanic chaos that frowns over the Dead Sea —the deep shadow of the city has reached the rounded top of eastern Olivet—the cord-girt, sandal-shod monks, with dark cowls thrown back from their shaven crowns, are pacing, rosary in hand, upon the battlemented roof—the dry elastic air freshens after the fiery heat of the day—"it is evening; it will be fair weather, for the sky is red."—Even so—the face of the sky is legible as heretofore, but are *we* better skilled to read "the signs of the times" than the hypocrites of old?—There are red and lowering signs abroad that he who runs may read for signs of "distress of nations with perplexity." But though there be tribulation in the world, we may still be of good cheer as the servants of Him who has overcome the world, if we can but discern among ourselves the appointed sign of the victorious soldiership of His banner—"By this shall men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

Ask these burly heavy-striding monks of Rome, before they descend the broad flight to chaunt the vespers, how much they love

the neighbouring worshippers of the same Lord, the tenants of yonder monastic walls, Greek, Armenian, and Copt; then ask of Greek, Armenian, and Copt, how much they love the Roman, or each other; and lastly, if you, the questioner, presume to profess and call yourself Christian without bearing the badge of either Roman, Greek, Armenian, or Copt, ask one and all how much love they bear to you as a disciple of their Master. Alas! one and all to each and other will mete the same measure, and for yourself be assured will it be specially pressed down, shaken together, and running over—Anathema Maranatha!

The Samaritans of old had no dealings with the Jews—the fierce thunder of excommunication rolled from Moriah to Gerizim, and from Gerizim to Moriah; but eighteen hundred years ago, the days were accomplished that both Jews and Samaritans should hear the unwelcome truth, that neither to Jerusalem nor Gerizim was granted an exclusive spiritual charter; then was it declared that the acceptable worship sought from every soul of man, in every nation under heaven, is that which bows down to God in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in

righteousness of life: *Unity*, not uniformity—*peace*, not persecution—*practice*, not profession. "Go ye and learn what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice"—learn that Charity is the greatest of the abiding Three—that no *Faith* availeth but that which "worketh through charity"—that in vain we may plead prophecies and wondrous works done in His name, if we have not ministered to the hungry, the naked, the stranger, and the prisoner! How hard a lesson is all this for the heart of man to receive—how he evades it, disputes it, and denies it—how much rather would he call down *fire* than love from that heaven whose "God is love!" Jew and Samaritan, Greek and Roman, Copt and Armenian—in all these the old leaven of malice still ferments; and not in these alone, but in the whole human lump—the same east and west, north and south, at home and abroad. Give to any one of them or us the power to burn, and the price of faggots will rise apace. The kingdom of the Prince of Peace is not of this world,—"when He comes shall he find faith upon the earth?"

The sun has set, the monks are gone, and I stand alone upon the roof, watching the stars as

they begin to twinkle on the Mount of Olives, and musing upon the Word of God made of none effect through the traditions of men, when hark! the silence of evening is broken by the Mooezzin from the neighbouring minaret bellowing his loud-mouthed lie to heaven and earth, *Ashadoo annah Mohammad rassool Allah!*— "I assert that Mohammad is the Prophet of God!"

The lay-brother announces supper, and I go down to a solitary mess of mutton, good bread, fine grapes, and red rough-flavoured wine; the water is drawn from a deep cistern before the door, and a jug of it on the table affords various specimens of very lively long-tailed curiosities, luckily on a small scale.

Carry my leathern mattress to the roof, and sleep soundly in the cool night air of the lofty city, three thousand feet above the Mediterranean, from which it is distant thirty miles due east, latitude nearly 32° and longitude 35° from Greenwich.

Deliver letters to Bishop Alexander, and meet a courteous reception. This amiable prelate and my revered friend Dr. Bowstead, late Bishop of Lichfield, who furnished me with the

introduction, are now both gone from the earth, hurried away by their Lord, as it might appear to us, in mid career of a high and momentous stewardship—Fiat Voluntas! His thoughts are not as our thoughts. The health of the Anglican Bishop at Jerusalem was already impaired when I had the honour of being introduced, which prevented my having the advantage of seeing him so often as I might otherwise, from his acknowledged kindness, have confidently hoped. Since the name of the Bishop of Lichfield has been casually mentioned in these poor pages, I choose to gratify my own feelings by adding an unneeded tribute to his memory, in asserting that, to those who enjoyed the high privilege of his friendship, he appeared, as far as man might, to fulfil the apostolic requisition, "a Bishop blameless, as the steward of God."

One matter of early congratulation in the Syrian tour, is the meeting my friend the Rev. George Williams, fellow of King's and chaplain to the Bishop at Jerusalem, the old vaults of which rang one fine evening to his cheer, as our hats went up with a "Floreat Etona!" Lord Castlereagh too, whom I had seen at Cairo and elsewhere, arrived a day or two later, and

strengthened our little English knot by the frank-hearted kindness of a nobleman.

Perhaps the best way to convey one's impression of the Holy City is to make a log of two or three walks round about, beginning with a circuit outside the walls, which are in themselves, as we shall see, by no means the least interesting feature of Jerusalem as it is.

Leaving the heavy gloomy portals of the Latin Convent, let us issue by the narrow, rugged, but very clean streets, through the great western gate, known as that of Bethlehem, or Jaffa, or Hebron, overshadowed by the huge citadel commonly called by the crusading chroniclers the "Tower of David," but no doubt of Roman construction, probably that of Hadrian, on the site and apparently the foundation of the old tower of Hippicus, described by Josephus. The lower tiers of stone are prodigiously massive, ten or twelve feet in length. Turning to the left or south, we descend the ravine, and climb the opposite side to gain a view of the turretted, loop-holed, and embattled walls, built by the crusaders, frequently upon the foundations and with the material of the old fortification of the Ælia Capitolina, or City of

Hadrian; in their turn usually following the lines and piling upon the remains of the bulwarks levelled by Titus, A.D. 70.

About a quarter of a mile south of the Jaffa gate, just beyond the aqueduct which brings water from Bethlehem, we come to one of the peculiar characteristics of the old city, an immense reservoir for the winter rains, formed by building two massive walls or dams, running east and west across the rocky ravine, leaving the sides north and south to their natural rugged precipice. The length of this "lower pool," now recognised as that mentioned by Isaiah, chap. xxii. 9, is about two hundred yards, and its breadth not quite half as much; the depth at the lower or southern end is of course greater than that of the upper, but perhaps averages thirty to forty feet. Half a mile higher up is another similar but smaller pool, to which several allusions are made in Scripture under the name of "the upper pool on the highway of the fuller's field," (2 Kings xviii. 17; Isaiah xxxvi. 2., &c.) The superfluous waters from the upper would naturally find their way to the lower and larger reservoir, situate in the same channel.

A few days' residence in Palestine, especially at this season, makes one thoroughly understand the repeated and emphatic allusions, both literal and figurative with which Scripture abounds, to wells, springs, fountains, dew, rain, and rivers of running or living water,—to water, in short, under all its aspects, to our eyes so familiar, and therefore so unheeded a blessing of God's providence.

The whole neighbourhood of Jerusalem is lofty lime-stone rock, for nine months in the year as dry as a bone; during the remaining three, the winter rains descend in torrents, and upon these torrents the inhabitants in all times have mainly depended for their constant supply; and hence the expedient of the public and private reservoirs with which the city and its vicinity so amply abound. "The pools" are all of undoubted biblical antiquity, and enumerated by Solomon himself as among his high achievements: "I made me great works. - - - I made me pools of water." (Eccl. ii. 46.) Nearly every house in Jerusalem is provided with a subterranean pit or cistern for the same purpose, closed round with masonry, into which a bucket is lowered through a round opening

like a well. The Latin Convent boasts of being able to supply all the Christians of their communion within the walls. It is owing to these precautions that Jerusalem has always been able, in spite of its droughty soil and climate, to secure a sufficiency of the vital element, even when its besiegers outside have been perishing with thirst, as the inhabitants would of course take care, under such circumstances, to cut the aqueduct and empty the pools: hence Strabo's description of Ιεροσολυμα as πετρωδες ενερκες ερυμα. εντος μεν ευυδρον, εκτος δε παντελως διψηρον—"a rocky strong-walled fortress, within well supplied with water, but outside altogether dry."

Talking of water in the Holy City naturally leads to the sacred subject of baptism: "Born of *water* and the Spirit"—"go ye baptize all nations"—"he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." What is this *baptism*—this outward visible form of a sacrament held generally necessary to salvation?—Is it *dipping*, or *pouring*, or *sprinkling*, or is it any and all of these? The Greek word, we know, may signify one or other, and therefore the appeal must be made to primitive practice. Now as the rite was instituted in a city where dipping could

scarcely be performed, we may safely conclude that it would not be required. That three thousand people (Acts ii. 41) should be dipped in one day at Jerusalem, under the circumstances of the church at that time, would not be very far from a physical, to say nothing of a moral, impossibility; the *moral* part of the matter consisting in oriental scruples, totally opposed then as now to the impurity of repeated immersions in *still* water. The domestic cisterns are altogether unadapted as we have seen to such a purpose: it is quite certain that the public authorities would never have permitted the great pools to be so defiled, and the neighbourhood offers no other alternative. We may then, it would appear even from these considerations —and there are many more—safely conclude that *immersion* is not an essential circumstance in the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, in its spirit and truth; a sacred rite whose efficacy depends "not upon the washing away of the filth of the flesh, but in the answer of a good conscience towards God." (1 Peter iii. 21.) To avoid recurring to this subject again, it may be as well to anticipate a little, by saying that the Jordan is the only

river deserving of the name throughout the Holy Land, and that its deep narrow channel is very ill adapted to the dipping of a multitude. Again, when the eunuch of Queen Candace is baptized near Gaza, we may certainly conclude against immersion, as there is neither stream nor lake in that thirsty region more than ankle deep at any season of the year; and lastly, when "John was baptizing in Enon near to Salim, because there was much water there," we may remark that the "πολλα ὑδατα" means "many wells," there being no other supply in the neighbourhood, which seems again conclusive. Every body who ever read a Greek grammar knows that the prepositions εις and εν mean *unto* and *by*, among other significations; so that such texts as "went down into the water," or "was baptized in water," might be as safely rendered "went down unto the water," or "was sprinkled by water." - - - "So shall he sprinkle many nations," (Isaiah lii. 15,) where the Hebrew *nazah* might perhaps not unfairly be considered nearly equivalent to *tabal*, the synonym with βαπτιζω, to dip, stain, or dye. It must, however, be allowed that the *word* baptism favours immersion, rather

than affusion, and so our church has adjudged by her rubric. The old pictures represent John the Baptist pouring water from his hand upon the head of Christ, both standing in the stream; and this might very probably have been the mode in use among the Jews before the institution of the Christian Sacrament of Regeneration.

The Lower Pool of Gihon, into which we were looking, is now partly ruinous, and probably contains no great quantity of water even in winter; at present it is perfectly dry and heaped with rubbish. The walls are of the smooth large stones peculiar to a very early period; the northern lies nearly in a line with the southern rampart of the city, no longer including the summit of the hill of Zion, which is now occupied by a mosque sacred to David, and by Christian cemeteries, Latin, Greek, Armenian, and American. There is a story current about the Mohammadan engineer who last repaired the walls in the sixteenth century, having lost his head for leaving the holy hill of David outside the precincts.

Continuing our walk along Solomon's aqueduct, we turn to the east through the valley of

Hinnom, the terrible *Ge-Hinnom* or *Gehenna* of Scripture, accursed by idolatrous immolation of human victims to the fire of Moloch, and afterwards supposed to have been constantly defiled by the burning of the city offal at the hands of malefactors; hence affording the dreadful image of "everlasting fire for the workers of iniquity," the thought of which so often terrifies, though it so little deters us from the commission of sins whose wages is death. The valley is gloomy, rugged, precipitous, and full of cavernous tombs cut in the rock, with here and there a few funereal cypresses and silvery-grey olive trees. Many of the sepulchres consist of several chambers hewn in the face of the lime-stone cliff, where the bodies of the dead were apparently laid either upon the ground or on shelves in the rock, and the entry blocked up. Mid way up "the hill of evil counsel," looking down upon *Gehenna*, is the awful space pointed out by the trembling finger of tradition as the Aceldâma, or "Field of Blood."

"The chief priests took the silver pieces and said, it is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood. And they took counsel and bought with them the

potter's field, to bury strangers in. Wherefore that field was called The Field of Blood, unto this day." (Matt. xxvii. 6.) • The huge horrid charnel-house, sunk deep into the hill, with its massive walls and arches, stands as a grim memorial of sin in this gloomy glen of death. God forbid that the stranger's bones should now rest in this unhallowed pit! Let the memory of them be honoured who have assured a resting-place to the dying Christian stranger on the holy height of Zion. I looked down into the ghastly hole and could distinguish mouldering bones upon the earth; but it is no longer used for the burial of the dead.

It seems strange that the imaginative and devout crusaders should have chosen this ground for the burial of Christian pilgrims, but that they did so, we have ample evidence; and, moreover, exported some ship-loads of its earth for the soil of the *Campo Santo* at Pisa. "Here," says Maundrell, "ben many Christene pilgrymes graven." Descending the rapid steep of this ill-omened mount, we find ourselves in the dry rocky channel of the brook Cedron, or more correctly *Kedron,* which in winter is an occasional mountain torrent rushing to the Dead

Sea. Turning northward up its stony bed, along the boundary line of the ancient city, on the now unenclosed Zion, we come to the pool or fountain of *Siloam*, whither we read that our Lord directed the "man which was blind from his birth," saying, "Go wash in the pool of Siloam, (which is by interpretation *sent.*)" No other mention of this fountain occurs in Scripture, except in Isaiah and Nehemiah. The evangelic prophet gives the word of the Lord, describing the waters of Shiloah as "going softly." Moreover, the invocation of the blind bard of our own land to the heavenly muse of Horeb or of Sinai, rises to the memory scarcely uninvested with the halo of inspiration, as he thence invokes her aid to his "adventurous song"—from Sion's hill, and

> ——— "Siloa's brook that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God."

Here we find water trickling from the rock into an ancient stone trough, over which are the ruins of a chapel; and upon the fragment of an old column I sit down to read the ninth chapter of St. John, marvelling once more not so much at the rigid and searching scrutiny to which the narrative of him that was born blind

is subjected, as at his steady, consistent, and triumphant endurance of the ordeal. "Whether He be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." The defenceless, despised, and reviled outcast, strong in the integrity of his purpose and the truth of his cause, baffles thrice and again the proud, powerful, and revengeful league of Pharisees and rulers "taking counsel together against the Lord and His anointed." Philosophers, reasoners, and sceptics, backed by the "Jews who did not believe concerning him that he had been born blind," driven to desperation by the plain, unvarnished tale of a nameless beggar, have no resource but to throw off the smooth mask of hypocritic piety, "give God the praise," and show themselves under their real aspect of brutal, self-blown bigotry,—"Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out." No wonder! the disciple is not greater than his master; enough for the disciple that he be as his master; they cast out him who bare witness to the Truth, and were soon about to cast out Him in whom Truth was embodied and personified. "When the husbandmen of the vineyard saw the Son,

they said, this is the heir; and they caught him, *cast him out*, and slew him." And do we not all, armed with pride, passion, and prejudice, cast out the Truth, and is not this the reason why Truth is in a well? Do we not all seek without caring to find, and, like Pilate, ask without waiting to learn, "what is Truth?" Though why Lord Bacon should think that Pilate *jested*, is not very evident.

These reflections, and such as these, multiplied and extended, however trite they may appear in print, have the charm of vivid freshness when called up by the presence of the very hills and rocks that witnessed the noble works which from childhood we have heard with our ears, and which our fathers have declared unto us as done, not in their days, but in the old time before them. It is to strengthen and realize religious impressions that we travel to the Holy Land, holy only in as far as it promotes the cause of holiness in our own minds. If we wander hither in any other spirit than that of the Biblical pilgrim, we wander in vain; we shall return discontented and disappointed, without pleasure and without profit. Other lands nearer home offer, perhaps, higher ele-

ments of grandeur and beauty than the land of Palestine; but to the Christian, who believes that upon this soil was worked out the wondrous scheme of his Redemption, according to the inscrutable will and way of God to man, to him this obscure Asiatic nook is encircled with a halo that dims all other earthly light. In this spirit, then, of faith in our means of grace, and rest in our hope of glory, we make our circuit round the walls of Jerusalem —those walls and palaces from which peace and plenteousness have long since fled, even since the days when her children might have been gathered together under the shadow of their King, as a brood under the wings of a bird, and they would not.

From the pool of Siloam, a subterranean conduit, nearly a quarter of a mile long, leads up the valley to another fountain, now known as that of the Virgin Mary. This tunnel is cut in the solid rock, and must have been a work of immense labour, probably intended to secure a supply of water by a channel inaccessible to an enemy; its height diminishes from eight or ten feet at the Siloam entrance till one has to crawl and creep upon all fours. Dr. Robin-

son passed through it, but I found it partially blocked up, and felt no wish, at this dog-day season, to grope so far in the dark and damp. The learned American traveller was also fortunate enough to witness the ebb and flow of the waters of Siloam; a fact often mentioned by early authors, but for the last few centuries overlooked or unnoticed. Dr. Robinson believes the pool of Siloam to be identical with that of Bethesda, near the Sheep Gate (John v. 2); it was anciently just within the city walls, and from its position, at the south-east angle near the king's gardens, there must have been a gate close by. A few sheep, with their shepherd, were lying under the rocks round the stone cistern as I was reading the chapter, probably on the site of the "five porches"—"In these lay a multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water, for an angel went down at a certain season and troubled the water; whosoever then first, after the troubling of the water, stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." As the cure is so expressly limited to *one* person who steps in, it becomes a question whether the law of defilement was not involved;

it would at least, under ordinary circumstances, have been unclean for a second invalid to enter the water immediately after the ablution of the first. The poor impotent man, who had long waited in vain, was always anticipated by another stepping down before him: "Jesus saith unto him, Rise, take up thy bed and walk." Again it was the Sabbath, and again were the Jews offended that the Lord of the Sabbath-day should choose it for a work of mercy — "They sought to slay him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath-day."

Oriental manners are now so familiar even to children, that it is hardly worth remarking that the *bed* is a light mattress or mat, easily rolled up and carried from place to place by its owner; but even this light burden was judged an unlawful task on the Sabbath, by those who had made "new moons and Sabbaths" an abomination to the Lord in their neglect of the "weightier matters of the Law, Judgment, Mercy, and Faith."

The origin of the name *Siloam*, "sent" or *brought*, is probably to be found in the circumstance of the water being conducted hither by the aqueduct from the upper fountain, a work

no doubt of very remote antiquity. A straggling ruined village in the valley, scarcely to be distinguished from the rocks around, still goes by the Arabic name of *Silwôn*. Pursuing our way up the dry bed of the Kedron, we come to the steep ravine separating the Mount of Olives from the heights of Moriah, up whose rocky steep we climb till we reach the long and narrow line of the Mohammadan cemetery that skirts the ancient walls of the temple of Solomon, the prodigious lower courses of which are now by common consent acknowledged to exist in these very blocks upon which we look and lay our hands: "As he went out of the temple, one of his disciples saith unto him, Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here! Jesus answering, saith, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." (Mark xiii. 1.) The destruction of the great buildings has been indeed sufficient to fulfil the prediction even to the letter. Forty years had scarcely elapsed from the utterance of the words, before all the means and appliances of human power were at work under the Roman

standard to accomplish the prophecy—"The days had come upon the devoted city that her enemies should cast a trench about her, and compass her round, and keep her in on every side, and should lay her even with the ground, and her children within her, and should not leave in her one stone upon another, because she knew not the time of her visitation." (Luke xix. 43.)

Of all the awful records of havoc and slaughter that ever thrilled through the heart, that of the Jewish historian Josephus relating the fate of the city of his fathers, is the most unparalleled in horror, to be matched only in the withering curse on the rebellious and stiff-necked people, foreseen and denounced by the piercing spirit of the law-giver of Sinai—"The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from afar, swift as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand, a nation of fierce countenance, - - - who shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land." (Deut. xxviii. 49.) Let any one that will, read to the end of this malediction upon the people who invoked the blood of

their king upon themselves and their children, and then compare the prediction of Moses with its fulfilment in the narrative of Josephus—the history of the siege of Jerusalem, when the Roman standards gathered around her as eagles to the slaughter,—when Titus dug the trench and built the wall to keep her in on every side, and a million of her children within her; for it was the feast, and "thither the tribes had gone up unto the testimony of Israel." Every circumstance of suffering, so fearfully detailed in the prediction, is as frightfully recorded in the annals of that unequalled siege, where eleven hundred thousand lives are said to have been destroyed by the triple league of fire and sword and pestilence against the guilty city, to whose daughters Jesus had within their memory turned and said, "weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

But let us return to these great stones of the wall at which we were looking. There is no room to doubt of their being actually part of the original structure of king Solomon, a thousand years before the coming of Christ; at no other, or at least no period more recent than that of the wise monarch, was such masonry

ever achieved; at his death the strength of Israel and Judah was broken and divided, the captivity soon followed, and on the return of the shattered tribes who rebuilt the house of the Lord, "many of the priests and Levites and ancient men that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice." (Ezra iii. 12.) These were not the men to lay such prodigious masses as those before us: "Who is left among you," exclaims the prophet Haggai, B.C. 500, "that saw this house in her first glory? and how do ye see it now? is it not in your eyes in comparison of it as nothing?" Still less could such building have been accomplished, or attempted, under the troublous, perilous, and short-lived auspices of the Persian, the Macedonian, the Syrian, or the Maccabee. The Romans (and Herod was one by adoption) we know were architects of a different stamp. Solomon, and Solomon alone, was the king to hew from their quarry, bring to their place, and pile in their order, these monstrous blocks, some of which are from twenty to thirty feet in length by six in depth and breadth. The prophetic words of our Lord,

even in their literal sense, do not militate against this conviction. The temple is indeed gone; not one stone "of those great buildings" remained upon the other at the close of the generation that witnessed the crucifixion. But the wall whose lower courses still partially exist, was altogether exterior to the House; and the expression, "one stone upon another," is moreover proverbial for destruction, and not to be pushed to the interpretation of the letter, more than any other similar form, the *spirit* of which alone is vital. The largest blocks are seen principally towards the south-east corner of the temple area, sometimes in double, sometimes in triple tier; their surfaces hewn smooth, with a cut-away edge half an inch deep round the four sides, clearly marking the magnitude and division of each stone at a considerable distance. The upper structure of this wall is of a very different nature, consisting of materials gathered from various quarters and rudely piled together, some ancient, some modern, with occasional large fragments of precious marble, broken shafts, and mutilated sculpture, capped with a turretted battlement.

Continuing our walk under the walls among

the turbaned tombs of the Mooslim, at this season strongly redolent of fermenting mortality, we arrive at the blocked-up gate of Roman architecture, called by the crusaders "the Golden," and with which are connected various mediæval legends; among others, that through it the Messiah at his second coming will enter the city, to establish the kingdom of the New Jerusalem, after judging the nations of the earth in the valley of Jehoshaphat: "Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judge all the heathen round about." (Joel iii. 12.) The Mohammadans have also appropriated and interpreted in their own way this text, and the second verse of the same chapter, by assigning to their prophet a broken column projecting from the south-eastern wall as the seat from which he is to pass in review "all nations, bringing them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat." One feels reluctant to quote the words of Scripture in connection with such *fatras*, but it may pass as a characteristic sample of the adaptation of the Old Testament to the system of the Koran. Popular tradition, alike among Jews, Christians, and Mohammadans, points to

this valley of Jehoshaphat as the dread scene of the future Judgment,—no doubt from a literal interpretation of the above texts from the prophet Joel, who probably speaks of the valley of *Jehoshaphat* in allusion to the signification of the word "God's Judgment," rather than with any intention of assigning a local habitation to so sublime a name.

About two hundred yards north from the built-up "Gate of Gold," we arrive at that which is now known among Christians as the gate of St. Stephen, the lion-sculptured architecture of which is probably to be referred to the crusaders, as the Mohammadans abhor all graven images of life. From this entrance of the city, a steep rocky path winds down to the dry channel of the Kedron, and thence by the walled, olive-shaded garden, hallowed by the sacred name of Gethsemane, along the southern flank of the Mount of Olives, to the village of Bethany, about a mile and a half distant. The remainder of the walk is round the northern district of the city, on the hill of Bezetha, now almost deserted of inhabitants, being little more than an arid open space, with a few vines and olives interspersed. The Biblical interest is

here comparatively faint. Passing the two gates of Herod and Damascus, through stony solitude, far within the supposed trace of the ancient fortifications, we again arrive at the salient angle occupied by the Latin convent, and reenter the city by the Bethlehem arch, from which we issued. The circuit of the actual walls is perhaps somewhat less than three miles, while the old works, including Zion to the south and a broad belt beyond the rugged Bezetha to the north, must have been at least a mile and a half more. The absence of all stirring life in close vicinity to the city is very striking. With the exception of a few Turkish soldiers lounging at the gates, a shepherd with his sheep in the valley of the Kedron, a woman with her water pitcher at the pool of Siloam, and a party of mounted Bedouins on the ridge of the Mount of Olives, I scarcely saw a human being in a long morning's ramble round the walls of Jerusalem, many times repeated, and always with deepening interest, during the fortnight that I sojourned within her sacred lines.

Very few pages may suffice for Jerusalem as a living city, the capital of a third-rate pashalic. The population is estimated by Dr.

Robinson at between eleven and twelve thousand souls, of whom perhaps five thousand are Mohammadans, and the rest divided equally between Jews and Christians. The four convents or monasteries—Roman, Greek, Armenian, and Coptic—are central rallying points for the members of the various communions. The Latin Christians amount to more than a thousand, principally native Arabs; the Greeks are nearly twice as numerous, and also natives of Syria; the Armenians, on the contrary, principally foreigners of some wealth and respectability, but few in number, have their convent and church of St. James on a more splendid scale than any of the others. The Coptic church is represented only by the monks of their inconsiderable convent, situate, like the Latin and Greek, close to the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, where all the four communions have their chapels and burning lamps. France is still considered, as she always has been, a nursing mother to the Latins; and the portrait of Louis Philippe, Roi des Français, is as much honoured in the monastery as if he had been Sa Majesté très-Chrétienne, Roi de France. Russia of course protects the

Greek; but the Armenian and Copt are not under the wing of any European power.

The Jews of Jerusalem are chiefly those who come from all nations of the world to lay their bones in the valley of Jehoshaphat, in the shadow of Zion, to await the day when "there shall be no more destruction;" they appear to the last degree withered, wretched, and squalid; probably the more so, to avoid the exactions to which their unhappy race has been always subjected. In an obscure nook near the south-west corner of the temple area, they have the privilege of purchasing permission to mourn over the desolation of Israel: there "they sit down and weep when they remember thee, O Zion."

The political condition of the Holy City is that of the chief town of a poor Turkish province, governed by a resident basha, in command of a garrison scarcely sufficient to secure the gates against a Bedouin inroad. During the sway of Mohammad Ali and the military occupation of Ibraheem, there was a nearer approach to peace and security than Syria had known for centuries; but now there is likely to be wild work again under the lax discipline

of the Sublime Porte, whose magnificent pretensions and imbecile performances are much upon a par with those of the Brother of the Sun and Moon in the celestial empire. The commerce of such an isolated hill-fortress, with no navigable river or practicable sea-port, is, of course, at zero. The influx of pilgrims during the holy week of Easter gives activity to a little manufacture of beads and crosses from the trees of the Mount of Olives, rudely cut with a knife by the Arab Christians; but beyond these and similar memorials there is no export of any kind. The population of the surrounding country has been so drained by continual warfare and oppression, that its resources are hardly adequate to the supply of the city with the necessaries of life. The Bazaar, as they call it, is miserably furnished; the little stalls in the narrow, shed-sheltered lanes offering nothing but a shabby show of cotton stuff, lean mutton, scarce vegetables, good grapes, bad tobacco, and poisonous opium.

With respect to climate, the elevation of the city on a rocky region nearly three thousand feet above the Mediterranean, secures it from extreme heat; the air is dry, pure, and bracing,

even in these dog-days, the thermometer seldom rising above 85° Fahrenheit in the shade. The rainy or wintry season, they tell me, usually begins in November and lasts till March; frost and snow are not unknown, but comparatively rare. From April to October the weather is always bright and calm, except during the Khamseen or Sirocco, which, as in Egypt, is dreadfully oppressive and laden with clouds of dust and sand; it follows of course that the right season for travelling is in the spring, when the face of the country is dry and the sky serene, without the one being parched and the other sultry.

The streets of modern Jerusalem are narrow, heavy, and gloomy; the pavement, apparently never relaid since the days of the Romans, rugged, sharp, and steep, to a degree that would flounder any horse but a Syrian, to whom a broken stone staircase seems as safe as a Macadamized road. The senses however are not more offended by disagreeable impressions in these rough thoroughfares than in those of the proudest capital of Europe, though the virtue of cleanliness may perhaps be rather negative than positive, owing to the absence of the toiling

and grimy population with which other towns of equal circumference are usually thronged. Under Turkish rule, no one ever dreams of finding regulations and appliances for the convenience or safety of the Public, with us so mighty and imperious a potentate; no drilled police, no lamp-posts or penny-posts, no water pipes, no names of streets, no numbered houses, no *trottoir* for pedestrians, no drains or sewers, no scavengers but dogs and jackals, no coaches or carriers' carts; every body is expected to provide for himself, and the governors take special care to set the example, by employing their power in nothing but screwing taxes, and consulting nothing but their pleasure in spending them.

There are as yet no regular inns established for the reception of strangers in Jerusalem. The convents have been hitherto the resource of all Christian travellers: to the poor pilgrim they afford a few days' food and shelter gratuitously; those who can afford to pay, are of course expected to leave the full value of their entertainment; but nothing is ever demanded. The funds of these religious houses are recruited by annual contributions from the various

nations of Europe. A little cunning-looking Maltese Jew, who acts as my servant, talks of setting up an inn for the accommodation of Franks; and perhaps before this there may be a flaring "Hôtel d'Angleterre" painted in letters a foot long on the wall of his house in the *Via Dolorosa!* How such an association of ideas shocks the imagination with a painful impression one cannot analyse—what antagonism there is between sublimity and vulgarity in the mind of man—what a conflict between the soaring and grovelling elements of his nature, furnished with wings on which he would fain rise from the earth, and yet tethered by a string which brings him so soon fluttering down again! However, the string will be one day severed, and the wings spread for a high and distant flight—the "silver cord will be loosed"—the dust will return to the earth as it was—and through Him who for our sakes bore His cross within these walls, we trust that the uncumbered "spirit may return unto God who gave it."

The native Arab Christians do not seem distinguished from the Mooslims by any marked difference of dress or custom or conduct. If a

very short acquaintance, and very limited means of knowing, would justify an opinion, I should not form a high estimate of their standard, either of faith or works; but alas! of how many millions among ourselves might not a passing stranger make the same remark!

One seldom meets women in the streets, and the few that are visible shuffle about in slippers, veiled and wrapped as in Egypt. Their long, thick, black hair, twisted Syrian fashion into tresses, to which are attached small gold coins, makes a brilliant show, jingling and glancing with every movement of the head. One's only chance of seeing them is on the roof-tops, where they come out at sunset in a family party to breathe the cool air, and I was occasionally and almost unavoidably guilty of this peeping impertinence, from the favourite perch of an old ruinous minaret commanding a wide view within and without the city.

A very interesting walk within the walls is to the south-west corner of the temple area, crossing the valley of the Tyropœon, through a deserted ground overgrown with the prickly pear. Here are seen not only the largest masses of the original foundations, but, projecting from

the surface, the very stones that began the spring of the arch of the very bridge described by Josephus as connecting Moriah with Zion. Dr. Robinson appears to pride himself more upon this discovery than upon any other result of his visit to Jerusalem; for, though the stones must have been observed by every one, nobody referred them to their true origin, as he seems to have done beyond any reasonable doubt. The longest of the stones measures about twenty-five feet; the whole breadth of the arch is seventeen yards; and the length of the bridge about one hundred and twenty, supposing always that it ended at the opposite rock, which seems its natural termination and support. The ground has of course greatly accumulated over the interval between the two heights, and no vestiges of either arch or pier remain except those now mentioned, which we may confidently ascribe to the æra of Solomon. "The traces of this arch are too distinct and definite to be mistaken. The part of the curve or arc which remains is of course but a fragment; but of this fragment the chord measures twelve feet six inches." (Robinson's *Biblical Researches.*)

The rise of the soil in the neighbourhood of the temple must necessarily be very great, after the lapse of so many centuries, and the successive ruin of such stupendous structures, which renders it probable that several strata of stones lower than those now visible may yet be deeply embedded; and as the lower are usually the larger, we may expect future excavations to bring to light a style of masonry equal to that of Balbek, bearing out Josephus in his account of monoliths sixty and seventy feet in length.

Immediately to the north is the wailing place of the poor Jews, who crawl by stealth to this solitary corner to sit down and weep. As for their harps, they have been long hanged up, and there is neither song nor melody in their heaviness. They live in a quarter specially assigned to them in this neighbourhood, and their district, as usual, is distinguished for its nastiness. They are said to be still subject to leprosy, which renders them liable to rigorous seclusion.

I have felt anxious all along to steer clear of the monkish legends, with their unavoidable associations of incredulity. They have, it is

said, a place in the city ready found for every scriptural name, scene, and circumstance, whether real or supposed, historical or figurative. Listening to so many tales, palpably absurd, promotes a feeling diametrically opposed to that spirit of faith and hope which one comes here to foster and strengthen; so I wander about alone, caring little for any but those grand and incorruptible witnesses, which bear their own testimony, to that they have seen and heard,—the unchanging mountains, valleys, and rocks of Jerusalem, whose very "stones cry out" to the ears of the pilgrim when "others hold their peace." Yet there is one shrine made with hands that we would fain approach in a spirit of reverential belief —the Sepulchre where they laid the Lord. "Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man laid; there laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day, for the sepulchre was nigh at hand." All Christendom knows and acknowledges that, for fifteen hundred years, a church dedicated to the worship of the Triune God has reared its lofty dome over the cavern to

which we now descend, as to that whence the angel rolled the stone, telling Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, "He is not here, for he is risen as he said; but come, see the place where the Lord lay."

The church we now enter was originally raised by Helena, the mother of Constantine, or by the emperor himself after his conversion to the Faith; and Eusebius, his secretary and ecclesiastical historian of the three first centuries, bears testimony to the recent *Invention* or finding of the true cross, which became soon afterwards the nucleus of numberless legends and superstitions, beginning with the miraculous mode of distinguishing the *One* among the three found; for Pilate's tablet of superscription was discovered at a distance which gave no clue to the truth. The church then built has been again and again laid waste by war and conflagration; but this ruin of the superstructure would not affect the subterranean cavern of the sacred tomb, expressly called *αντρον* by the early writers; so that the only question that now arises, appears to be whether the Emperor Constantine, three hundred years after the crucifixion, had or had not the power

of ascertaining the site of the Lord's sepulchre. One would assuredly expect nine answers out of ten to be in the affirmative. Scarcely had the Redeemer risen from his tomb when we hear of three thousand converts to the Gospel in one day, in the city of Jerusalem alone; and thirty years had not elapsed before we find the Apostle Paul, writing to the Christian church in the imperial capital, "thanking God through Jesus Christ for them all, that their faith was spoken of throughout the whole world."* The seed of mustard had fallen upon good ground, and was already become a wide-spreading tree, with branches overshadowing the earth: how then can we suppose that piety and love and reverence should have been so cold in the heart or imagination of these earlier worshippers, as to leave them indifferent to the hallowed associations connected with the place where "the Lord had lain?" True, they were driven from the death-devoted city, over which the vials of wrath were poured by seven angels of destruction; but yet they returned to it again, and fifty years had not rolled over their heads before the lordly walls of the Ælia Capitolina rose

* Romans i. 8.

upon the foundations of the bulwarks levelled by Titus. Thousands of Christians must have dwelt within them and helped to rear them—a generation had not passed away since they or their fathers had been familiar with every local scene of their Master's ministry—how then should they be forgetful or unmindful of the site of that sepulchre known and marked by men and angels and the spirit of prophecy as the tomb in which He was with the rich man* in his death, who in his life had not where to lay his head.

If the site of Calvary was known to the Christians of Jerusalem before the siege, it could not have been forgotten on their return from Pella, whither they had fled for their lives in obedience to the Lord's warning.† We have, moreover, the direct assertion of Eusebius, that the Sepulchre was so well marked before his time, that the heathens had deliberately, for its desecration, raised over it a temple dedicated to the worship of the Erotic Venus, and this abomination, among others, is expressly attributed by the Latin father Je-

* *Rich man:* singular in the Hebrew. (Isaiah liii. 9.)

† Matthew xxiv. 16.

rome to the Emperor Hadrian, who founded his new city of Ælia upon the ruins of that of David, A. D. 130. Jerome wrote A. D. 380, and spent the greater part of his life in the convent of Bethlehem, where he was in a position to know as well as any one the true history of the stupendous events of which the neighbourhood had been so recently the theatre. From the reign of Hadrian to that of Constantine, A. D. 320, the spread of Christianity was steady, rapid, and uninterrupted; for the blood of martyrs only made the flames of zeal burn higher and brighter, till the whole civilized world, in the person of the imperial Augustus, bowed the knee at the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

But why take the trouble to argue that Golgotha was known in the first and second, therefore in the third and fourth, and therefore in every succeeding century down to the present day?—Why should unbroken tradition as to a natural matter of fact be called in question with so little apparent reason? The answer is, that there does appear a strong reason against the supposed identity of the sepulchre now shown, with the tomb where Joseph of Arimathea laid the Lord, "rolled a great stone at

the door, and departed." The reason is one of topographical difficulty, inasmuch as we know that the Redeemer was crucified, dead, and buried without the walls of the city; whereas the present church stands within them, and yet professes to enclose in its periphery both the place where He suffered and the place where He was buried.—"Jesus, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, *suffered without the gate.*" * Here exists the difficulty, and the only way to solve it, without giving up the present locality, is to suppose that the ancient walls took an inward or eastern sweep up the hill of Acra, leaving the site of the actual church of Constantine "without the gate." Dr. Robinson, after measuring, examining, and reasoning, comes to the conclusion that the walls never did make the bend required. This decision of the learned traveller seems to rest principally on the impression, that if the wall left out the Church of the Sepulchre, it must also have left out the Pool of Hezekiah, unless it made a very sharp and unusual angle; and again, that such a line of direction must have circumscribed the city within narrower bounds

* Hebrews xiii. 12

than we have reason to believe. All this may be very true, but still is only the ingenious argument of an individual reasoning and observing under great disadvantages of time, place, and circumstance, against the combined and uninterrupted testimony of antiquity carried down to our own day; so that we still are at liberty to believe, if we will, that the second wall of Josephus, in spite of κυκλουμενον, did make the twists and angles indispensable for leaving Helena's church, or her son's, "without the gate;" and as this is what I wish to believe, I do believe it, without being compelled to resort to the last argument of a determined mind, *credo quia impossibile.*

The great Rotunda of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is familiar to most readers, through the medium of pictures, with its high altars, gleaming with burning lamps of gold and silver under the open dome and over the sacred cavern, to which we draw near with a thrill never to be forgotten, remembering the words of the angel, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay!" * * * * *

It has been already mentioned that the different communions have their several altars

around the tomb, visited by a great concourse of pilgrims from time immemorial, both before and since the crusades, and adorned with rich gifts from various monarchs of Christendom. The ceremonies of the Holy Easter Week have been often described, but are not, according to our standard, consistent with the worship of the Godhead in "spirit and in truth," as taught by Him who is "the way and the life." The Latin monks of Jerusalem, principally Spanish, are not men of a high stamp—much upon a par with the Greeks, against whom they entertain an inveterate animosity, returned with interest; unhappily a source of weakness and offence to the Gospel cause, as well as a matter of scorn and triumph to the Mooslim, who hate and despise alike the partizans both of Pope and Patriarch.

How willingly do we turn from these mooters of vain questions and doubtful disputations, doting about strife of words, whereof cometh envy, railing, and evil surmisings, to leave the city walls, climb the steep slope, breathe the pure air, and muse in the silent solitude of the mount whither "Jesus went as He was wont" to kneel and pray, saying, "not my

will but Thine be done." It is on the Mount of Olives, if anywhere, that the heart of the pilgrim burns within him, as his awe-struck spirit dwells upon the Scriptures he has known from childhood. Upon this mountain "beautiful were the feet of Him that brought good tidings, that published peace, publishing salvation, and saying unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"* From this hill the Son of God and Son of Man looked upon those heights of Zion —from this hill He beheld the city and wept over it—here, in the garden of Gethsemane, now shaded by these gnarled and twisted olives, did He in one hour endure the cumulating agony of endless death, due as the wages of human sin—and here it was that "He led them out as far as Bethany, lifted up his hands, blessed them, and was carried up into heaven," to His Father and our Father, to His God and our God.† To the mind that can realize even for a moment the impression of these ineffable mysteries, as locally connected with the scene around us, what is all other history, and what is all other marvel! Rome and Athens are of

* Isaiah liv. 7.

† Acts i. 12; Luke xxiv. 50; John xx. 17.

the first man, of the earth earthy. These hills alone speak to us of the agony and bloody sweat, the Cross and Passion of the second man, the Lord from heaven; here we believe was the dread conflict borne in which the woman's Seed was to crush for ever the serpent's head—when Death was stripped of his sting, and the grave spoiled of its victory!

If these thoughts rush upon the spirit till it reels overwhelmed beneath their weight, there is no refuge but in the words which He himself, upon this very mountain, taught to those who, in their name and ours, asked him how to pray to our Father which is in heaven.

Let us devote a few lines to an attempt to give some idea of the aspect of this scene, where, if anywhere upon the earth's surface, we might take off our shoes as standing upon holy ground. Leaving the Latin convent, we follow the long, narrow, and gloomy street, stony and solitary, known as the *Via Dolorosa*, by which tradition asserts that the Son of Man, about to be pierced and lifted up, bent His steps from the Judgment Hall to the "Place of a Scull"—"Pilate saith, take ye Him and crucify Him, for I find no fault in Him."

Passing along the northern flank of the temple area, where stood the Roman fortress *Antonia*, called "the Castle," in the twenty-first chapter of Acts, we issue from the city by the lion-sculptured gate of St. Stephen, to look down the steep valley of Jehoshaphat, across the dry channel of the Kedron, and up the broad olive-scattered slope of the Eastern Mount, which rises at its highest ridge five hundred feet from the depth of the glen. Descending and crossing the one-arched bridge over the pebbly bed of the winter torrent, we come to an enclosure of rude stone walls, about fifty yards square, within which stand a few gigantic trunks of ancient olive trees, more knotted, gnarled, and twisted than others elsewhere seen,—this is the *garden of Gethsemane!*—the garden of the "valley of oil." "When Jesus had spoken, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden; - - - and Judas also which betrayed him knew the place, for Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples."* There is no room, or at least no reason, for doubting the unbroken tradition. Immediately to the left are stone steps leading

* John xviii. 1.

to the subterranean tomb and chapel of the Virgin Mary, built by the crusaders, or perhaps earlier. Taking the middle path of three diverging at the bridge, we reach the summit, upon which stands the ruinous church, now apparently a mosque, built upon the site formerly marked by a tradition, since overruled, as the scene of the Ascension. Here we look down upon the city, and into the forbidden precincts of the rocky platform of Moriah, in olden time the area of Solomon's temple, now lorded over by the proudest domes and minarets of the Mooslim faith. Jerusalem lies below us like a map; we can trace every height and depth where once stood those towers and bulwarks of Zion, which fell at the command of Titus, stationed upon this hill to witness the last assault of the victorious legions. A few yards further to the east, and we look across the ridge over a wild volcanic chaos, heaped and piled in frowning desolation, towards the Dead Sea, whose northern waters near the issue of Jordan, at a distance of five leagues, glisten through an overhanging mist from their deep abyss in the desert of Judæa. Commanding such a prospect, and connected

with such events, the Mount of Olives is and has been for eighteen hundred years invested, to the imagination of the Christian, with an interest incomparably beyond that of any other scene that the round globe can offer. Here then, at all hours of the day, I wander with no companion and no guide but a well-worn Bible, with all the references to *Olivet* dotted upon a blank page, from the text where "David went up the ascent weeping as he went, with his head covered and barefoot, and all the people with him covered every man his head, and they went up weeping as they went," * to that where the "men of Galilee returned unto Jerusalem," at the bidding of the two who stood by them in white apparel.

At dawn, at noon, with the setting sun, on the ridge or on the slope, under the shelter of the church wall or the shadow of the olive tree, I love the happy though lonely hours of reading, learning, and revolving the sacred oracles of grace and truth,—here, upon the very ground, and amid the very stones, where our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ walked and watched and knelt and wept, on that dread

* 2 Samuel xv. 30.

night when the Shepherd was smitten and the sheep of the flock scattered abroad.* Here it was, in that dark hour, that He came again, and once more found them sleeping, for their eyes were heavy: and He left them, and went away and prayed the third time, saying the same words, then cometh He and saith, "Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." * * * * *

The little village of stone huts at *Bethany*, near the foot of the eastern slope of the mount, is known among the Arabs by the name of Lazîr, or Lazarus, and an excavation with steps is shown as the tomb whence he came forth, bound in the grave clothes: of Bethphage the site is unknown.

Before leaving Jerusalem, I twice rode to Bethlehem, about five miles due south, and on to Solomon's three pools, about a league beyond, whence the aqueduct brought water for the supply of the city. These prodigious reservoirs are similar to those already mentioned, and so constructed with huge walls of hewn stone, that the springs and rain-torrents

* Matthew xxviii. 31

from various channels in the valley find their way first to the highest and then in succession to the lower two. The lowest and largest is nearly six hundred feet long; in breadth two hundred at one end and one hundred and fifty at the other; depth about forty; the remaining two are considerably smaller, and all three still partially lined with waterproof cement, with a descent by steps into each.

The hills around these pools are wild and barren; their aspect very little softened by a great square Saracenic fortress, now deserted and ruinous, into which having wandered, I find myself suddenly in company with three native personages, who look as if they might entertain peculiar notions touching meum and tuum, clamorous for *bakshesh*, and liberal of the complimentary *khanzeer*, which being interpreted means *pig*, one epithet among others by which the Mooslim delights to honour the Christian. Beating a retreat as fast as prudent tactics permit, and glad to find my horse outside, I scamper off, half expecting a shot from one of the mischievous muskets with which all these vagabonds are now equipped, thanks to a gratuitous supply of many thousands amiably

landed by our squadron during the late troubles on the coast.

The monks of Bethlehem, now *Beit-Lahm*, to whom I deliver a letter of introduction, are kind and hospitable, and we pass an hour in the great refectory very amicably. The convent is prodigiously massive, full of long stone passages, heavily vaulted, with subterranean regions which seem endless and pathless. They show the cell of the Latin father Jerome, who spent many years of his life within their walls; and after passing through the church we arrive at a cryptic cavern and high altar, before which burn continually day and night, the golden lamps of the Roman, Greek, and Armenian communions—this is the

SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY.

"Thou Bethlehem in the land of Judah art not the least among the princes of the earth, for out of thee shall come a govenor that shall rule my people Israel." The good old monk, knowing me to be one whom he was bound to consider a heretic, manœuvered, I thought, to make me kneel, as he himself bent

low on the pavement with a light over the circular inscription, which I was as much disposed to reverence as his zeal could wish; for who would carp or cavil on the hill of Bethlehem at the words

DE VIRGINE MARIA CHRISTVS JESVS HIC NATVS EST!

The town of Bethlehem, very massively built of stone, stands nobly on a lofty and barren ridge; it contains about three thousand inhabitants, principally Arab Christians, much employed in making little crosses and rosaries of olive wood, which find their way all through the world. In these valleys were the shepherds once keeping watch over their flock by night, when suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly host, proclaiming peace on earth and good will to men;—it was the dawn of the first Christmas, ushered in by the melody of the cherubim,—

> "Mark! the herald angels sing,
> Glory to the new-born King."

The hills and rocks are at least unchangeable and incorruptible witnesses,—this is Bethlehem, where "the child was born:" what matters

whether the cave of the convent be or be not the true cavern of the manger?

Hic natus est Christus!

and the breath of heaven's breeze whispers to the pilgrim—

"Si monumentum quæras
Circumspice."

Ride slowly out of the valley, thinking and feeling as a Christian must think and feel at Bethlehem. Halt upon the rugged height to look upon the scene where the gentle Moabite Ruth went to glean ears of corn in the field of her kinsman Boaz; hither she came for the beginning of barley-harvest, because she would not leave Naomi in her sorrow: "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," —the very acme of pathos, simplicity, and tenderness!—"Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Honoured for ever be her sweet name and memory! And are not her name and memory honoured and exalted for ever in the book

of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David? for "Boaz begat Obed of Ruth, and Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David the king."* The water in the convent is excellently cool and fresh, attributed to that well of his native city from which David longed to drink, saying, "O that one would give me water of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate!" † What a trait of true heroism was the pouring it forth as a libation unto the Lord!

Visit the Greek convent of Elias, half way between Bethlehem and Jerusalem—a castle that, with a good garrison, might apparently resist for ever any attack of Turkish engineering; and so, it seems, thought the authorities of Stamboul, for an order came the other day to stop the works that were going on under the plea of reparation, the government, in the present ricketty state of matters, being naturally jealous of strong-holds. Here, as elsewhere, the rivalry of the Greek and Latin monks is sufficiently rampant; they hate and traduce one another most cordially and deplorably, though unanimous to a tittle in their opinions, or at

* Matthew i. † 2 Samuel xxiii. 17.

least their expressions, with regard to our Anglican Bishopric.

Re-enter the city by the lofty pointed arch and massive battlemented towers of the Jaffa gateway, over which frowns the heavy square citadel known by the name of David. One of the ancient gates of Jerusalem, probably on the eastern or northern side, is said to have been called "The Needle's Eye," from its narrowness, as a safeguard against a sudden incursion of the desert marauders, who could not drive laden camels through it. Hence our Lord's illustration of the difficulty with which a man cumbered with the cares of wealth enters into the kingdom of God.

We must not leave Jerusalem without mentioning our new metropolitan church of St. James on Mount Zion, the foundations of which are at this time sunk nearly *forty feet* through a stratum of three thousand years' accumulated ruin, till they rest upon the firm rock of the holy hill. Great difficulties have been encountered and hitherto surmounted by the architect, Mr. Johns, who has had to contend not only with the treacherous nature of a soil of *debris*, but also with the dilatory and

fantastic disposition of the workmen, all of whom are native Arabs with the exception of a few Maltese masons, the Jews steadily refusing to lend their services on Mount Zion in the cause of the Nazarene. The design of the church, now published and illustrated by the architect (1844), is somewhat oriental in character, from the predominance of lofty minaret-looking spires, four of which, rising from the angles of the low massive tower between the transepts, rear the cross on high more boldly than has been attempted or permitted within these walls since the reign of Richard the lion-hearted. The roof will be open and steep, the arches pointed, and the windows triplet; the material, a close-grained white stone principally from the quarries near Bethlehem.

Service is now held in a temporary room near the cathedral works, where our Liturgical Worship is daily celebrated in English, German, and Hebrew. The bishop has been unhappily prevented of late, by an attack of fever, from officiating in person; but we assemble together on Sundays, to the number of twenty or thirty, worshipping God on the mount, through one Lord and Mediator, ac-

cording to the forms of our National Church, and in the language of our distant western isle, from which we trust that the rays of truth may in these our times be reflected back to the now dark and benighted Zion, once so bright as the focus from which first shone the light that lightened the Gentiles—a light so piercing as to reach the remotest limits of our northern and rugged island seventeen hundred years ago: "Hispaniarum omnes termini et Galliarum diversæ nationes, et Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca, Christo vero subdita."*

The circle of European society in Jerusalem is of course extremely limited; but here as elsewhere we contrive to make all local bars and obstacles bend or break in submission to English habits and English notions. While drinking tea in the bishop's drawing room, as a guest in the midst of his very amiable family, with candles burning, the urn hissing on the table, and the curtains drawn, I am apt to forget that the windows look out on Hezekiah's Pool, and that we are really in the

* Tertullian, A.D. 200, bearing witness to the prevalence of Christianity in the remotest districts of Britain, inaccessible to the Roman legions.

very city that witnessed the stupendous and incomprehensible events, by which the ineffable scheme of our Redemption has been worked out according to a decree pronounced before the foundations of the world were laid.

My reverend and learned friend the chaplain, too, has succeeded in bringing his study nearer to the standard of Eton and Cambridge than could have been reasonably expected; but perhaps a six months' fellowship with Bedouins and fellaheen may have enhanced my appreciation for anything approaching to civilized life. The absence of our distinguished consul, Mr. Young, now in England for his health, is much felt by every one; but the Syrian fever seems an unavoidable ordeal for all new comers. My letters to the consul are of course useless, but to Mr. Johns, acting in his stead, I am indebted for much courtesy and kindness.

This little book has already exceeded the appointed limit, and must now draw to a close; but the recollection of a week's expedition to the Dead Sea pleads hard with the author for the memorial of a few lines,—the more so as some preliminary difficulties threatened for a time to baffle a much-cherished wish.

The wilderness of Judæa is now, as it ever has been, a lawless and perilous region, and the traveller who goes down unprotected from Jerusalem to Jericho, is as likely to fall among thieves as he was eighteen hundred years ago. The only means of security consists in taking some of the rogues in pay, and this plan is accordingly adopted by all Europeans who purpose an excursion to the Mare Mortuum.

I had within a few days become acquainted with an American traveller, looking out like myself for a compagnon de voyage, so we agreed to go together and make our arrangements mutual; he, however, unluckily opened negociations with one Bedouin sheyk and I with another, and hence a question involving nothing less than the honour and glory of two furious rival tribes, as vindictive and blood-thirsty as any of Homer's heroes. We were inclined at first to laugh at the much ado about nothing, but on finding that we must either give up our expedition or run the risk of a general engagement in the desert, we went before the Basha with a janissary and interpreter, and begged to know, on the strength of a Firmân from Constantinople, whether he could and would protect

us, if we set off alone. It was an amusing scene; but I really felt sorry for the dignified governor, smoking his pipe on the cushions, when he was obliged very reluctantly to acknowledge that he had no power over the wild tribes who ride up to the gates and within the walls. My New York friend, in the true spirit of "a free and enlightened citizen," insisted upon security for life and property within the dominions of the Sultan, whose safe-conduct he produced, and laid down the law of nations with great emphasis and perspicuity; but we both agreed in private not to risk martyrdom in the cause of public principle. After several days' conference we succeed in bringing the contending powers to an amicable arrangement and all smoke the pipe of peace together, on the understanding that the old Sheyk to whom overtures had been first made, should escort us unmolested by the other to Jericho, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, and bring us back to the gates of Jerusalem within the week.

The next morning sees us prancing along the wild mountain glens with an escort of twenty swarthy, sinewy, well-armed and well-mounted

sons of Ishmael, with our noble old chief looking as dignified and placid as a scriptural patriarch, his young men shaking their long lances and careering round him at full speed, in all the fiery life and joy of Bedouin freedom. My Jew-purveyor having had the goodness to provide me a steed with which I was heartily disgusted before we were beyond the walls, the kind old sheyk, without saying a word, gave me his own beautiful mare, taking another from one of his followers, and sending off the wretched pack-horse with compliments to his master. I never saw finer men of their kind than these untamed marauders of the wilderness —nothing but bone and sinew, with features full of energetic expression and eyes flashing like diamonds. Their long, black, wiry hair swings about with the yellow ends of the turban hanging down to the shoulders, and adds still more wildness to their tawny countenance. The rope round the head has been already mentioned, but I am not one of those who think them specially deserving of such an appendage round their necks: they live as their fathers lived before them, and call things by different names from ours: with us they pass

as idle, thieving, murdering vagabonds; but among themselves, as chivalrous, fierce, and warlike lords of the desert, levying tax and tribute upon all intruders. They have their virtues as well as vices; to wit, temperance, cheerfulness, sagacity, hospitality, and courage. They despise our walled houses as much as we can sneer at their dingy tents; agriculture they account servile—pasturage the fit resource for freemen. They pitch their tents wherever they find food for their cattle, and strike them when it lasts no longer. They live upon milk and meat; the fleeces and camel-skins furnish shelter and raiment, and plunder does the rest. Such has been the life of the Ishmaelite from the days when the son of the bondswoman was cast out, and their life is not without its blessing from the God of Abraham—"As for Ishmael, I have heard thee: behold, I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful, and will multiply him exceedingly, - - - - and I will make him a great nation." *

A ride of twenty miles, through as wild a region of barren rocks as ever frowned upon a wayfarer, brings us to the ominous and

* Genesis xvii. 20.

portentous shores of the Dead Sea, thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

This depression of the waters is one of the most extraordinary peculiarities in the otherwise marvellous Bahr Loot, or Sea of Lot. Many opinions and various estimates were in vogue, more or less differing from the truth, until finally set at rest in 1841 by the Ordnance survey under Lieutenant Symonds, who found the surface of the lake thirteen hundred and twelve feet below that of the Mediterranean. We have then to remember that the waters of the Dead Sea are sunk in a huge volcanic cauldron, from which the naked limestone cliffs rise nearly perpendicularly east and west, sometimes to the height of fifteen hundred and two thousand feet. The depth of the sea itself has never been ascertained, but is known, in some places on the western shore, to exceed three hundred fathoms; its extreme length is about fifty English miles, and average breadth nearly ten.

There is an awful character of terror about this region that deeply impresses the imagination; and I never felt more intensely inter-

ested than when approaching the desolate cliffs that tower over the solitary and gloomy surface of the death-like waters. Our track from Jerusalem has been principally in the direction of the Kedron valley, passing within view of the *Deir Mar Sûba,* or convent of St. Sabas, founded in the sixth century; and the scenery of this route alone is enough to cast a dark shade over the mind of a traveller,—abrupt rocks, deep ravines, and yawning caverns, without water, without herbage, and without life even for a summer's fly. The caves have in all ages been a refuge for outlaws and banditti, safe in these inaccessible wilds from the vengeance of any government. Allusions to these hiding-places frequently occur in Scripture: "Because of the Midianites the children of Israel made them the dens which are in the mountains, and caves, and strong-holds."* It was in an immense cavern in this neighbourhood that David and his six hundred men hid themselves, when he cut off the skirt of Saul's robe in the wilderness of En-gedi, the "fountain of the goat," on the border of the lake in the latitude of Hebron.

* Judges vi. 2.

From the summit of the *Ras el Feskhah*, a promontory jutting into the northern end of the sea, and a thousand feet above its surface, we have a view of the whole extent of the Asphaltite Lake, from the plains of Usdûm or Sodom at the southern extremity, to the plains of Jericho and Moab to the north, where the green-banked Jordan pours its fresh stream in vain to sweeten the bitter and deadly waters, upon whose vast expanse we are looking down with a mingled feeling of terror and delight. At this point the mountains trend away to the north-west, and we scramble down break-neck gullies till we reach the beach near the hot salt fountain of Feskhah, in the midst of a jungle of cane bushes. The shore is covered with shingly pebbles, among which are many black, bituminous, and sulphury lumps, both earth and water seeming to reek with volcanic and destructive elements. The sensation on the skin after bathing is slimy and greasy to a disgusting degree, from which I was not cleansed till next day by a dip in the waters of the Jordan. The specific gravity of the water is well known to exceed that of any other, being a saturated solution of various salts, often

submitted to chemical analysis. It is of course perfectly true that no fish can live in such a medium: when any hapless sprat ventures out of the sweet river into this sea of gall, he pays for his temerity with his life, and soon floats ashore. The feeling of buoyancy in the water is disagreeable, and almost alarming from its unusual character; and this, with the clammy stickiness on the skin, soon brings one to land again. During these dog-days the level of the sea is necessarily at its minimum, and the evaporation of course renders the saline solution denser than at any other time; after the winter rains there must be a considerable change both in the height and the constituent elements. It is not true that birds cannot fly across, but they seldom do, because there is no inducement—no fish, no flies, no fruit.

The only attempt on record to circumnavigate the Dead Sea, was that of poor Costigan, an enterprizing Irishman, who carried a little skiff from Jerusalem, and launched with his Maltese servant on an ill-fated voyage, the burning sun of July, with an agony of thirst, bringing on fever, of which he died without being able to give any account of his observa-

tions. His man, who was recovered with great difficulty, could only talk of their horrible sufferings while rowing for life in such a smoking cauldron.

Sleeping in bivouac on the heights above the fountain, we arrive about noon next day on the banks of the Jordan, traversing a level, salt-crusted plain eight or ten miles in breadth, beaming with a close, suffocating heat, almost intolerable to man or beast. But this is Jordan, where we can drink and bathe, and lie in the shadow of the willows and cane-thickets of the sweet waters of Israel. Tradition varies as to the scene of the baptism of our Lord at the hands of John, the Latin pilgrims frequenting a place a mile or two north of that whose claim is supported by the Greeks. The river is at this season a rapid, whity-brown stream, about thirty yards broad, and perhaps ten to fifteen deep. There is no appearance of a ford where we halted, though so marked on the map. The water, like that of the Nile, is peculiarly soft and sweet, though by no means very clear. The scenery of the banks can scarcely lay claim to beauty; the interest lies in the history, independently of the charm attached to a fresh

flowing river in these torrid and thirsty regions. The Jordan rises from Mount Hermon, about a hundred miles north of the Dead Sea, into which it pours itself, after a course lying nearly in a straight line due south, passing through the lakes of Merom and Galilee. Whether evaporation is sufficient to account for its not issuing again from the Mare Mortuum, may be a disputed question; but certain it is, that though this, and several other smaller streams at the south-east, run into the lake, none flow from it. The valley of the Jordan is called in Arabic *El-Ghor,* and varies from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, known at a great distance, from any mountain, by the belt of verdure through which the narrow stream winds like a silver ribbon.

Of Jericho, "the city of palm trees," no representative remains but a wretched collection of hovels, and the mutilated name *Reeyah,* or "fragrance," in honour of its perfumed balsam groves that exist no longer. It is said to have one of the hottest climates in the world, ascribed to the sun's rays, reflected from the surrounding mountains, beaming down to a focus upon a plain depressed several hundred feet below

the sea. We were heartily glad to rise from its suffocating atmosphere to the rugged, precipitous ridge of the Quarantana, deriving its name from the tradition which marks it as the scene of the forty days' temptation. This wild cliff, rising to a prodigious height in a perpendicular wall, is honeycombed, like the rocks of the Thebaid, with cells and caverns, once the abode of anchorites and eremites, who passed their days in such "humility and neglecting of the body," as the apostle honours with no higher praise than that of "a show of wisdom." The neighbourhood of Jericho might, no doubt, be yet made to yield as productive a return for human labour as in its proudest and prosperous days; but there are none to till the soil—a few scattered huts and Bedouin tents, pitched near the fountain Es-Sultân, contain the only human beings we have seen in traversing the vast plains, once the vicinity of a noble and populous city, the favourite residence of the magnificent and infamous Herod, miscalled the Great, who ended his wretched days within its walls. The only fragments of antiquity are of Roman date, with little or no interest.

The fifth evening brings us back to Jeru-

salem, after a thorough Bedouin ride of about a hundred miles, with neither let nor hindrance of any kind; and we part with our long-lanced escort in high good humour at the gates of the Holy City, from which I must now soon issue, in all probability never to enter again.

Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, now called *Yafa*, must not detain us long. The distance from Jerusalem is about forty miles, but the first half through deep and rugged defiles that keep our horses at a foot's pace.

The terrific mountain pass of the *Bab-el-Wady*, or gate of the valley, near Latrûn, is one of the keys of Jerusalem, and has perhaps been the scene of as much hard fighting as any defile in the world; it looks as if a few guns might hold it against an army. The last fierce contest was during its occupation by the troops of Ibraheem Basha. We felt a relief in emerging from under the shadow of the dark and dangerous crags, to look upon the broad plains of *Ramleh*, at the large Latin convent of which we are received very kindly, and should have passed the night comfortably, had it not been for the overpowering heat.

The great object of interest in this neigh-

bourhood is a magnificent square tower of Gothic or *Saracenic* architecture; for, as Lieut. Lismahago long ago remarked, Saracenic seems the more appropriate name of the two; it stands in the midst of extensive vaulted sub-structures half a mile west of the monastery, rising to a height of about one hundred and thirty feet, built of beautiful hewn stone, with steps leading to an external gallery. It is now decided that this tower was built by the Arabians in the fourteenth century, and never was connected as a campanella with any Christian church, as long supposed and asserted. The gallery outside was a madneh for the Mooezzin's call to prayer. The edifice itself is *solid*, with the exception of the staircase, and no bells could ever have been hung within it. Yet the aspect of the tower, with its buttresses and pointed arches, is so like a Christian church and so unlike a Mohammadan minaret, that we may well understand the prevalent supposition of its ecclesiastical origin. An Austrian artist, whom I met at the convent, was kind enough to give me a sketch of this beautiful structure, falling away in successive stories towards the summit, whence the view of the rugged mountains of

Judæa, the fertile plains of Sharon, and the bright blue Mediterrancan, is one of the finest in Palestine. About two miles to the north we look down upon the village of Ludd, the ancient Lydda, "nigh to Joppa," where the Apostle Peter raised Æneas from his bed of palsy.* Here too are magnificent ruins, which, on returning from Jaffa, my Austrian friend and I visit by the light of the moon, which throws the long dark shadow of a crescent-topped minaret through one of the noble arches of what was once a Christian church, dedicated to God's worship in the name of our patron saint of Lydda, in days of yore, when crusading Richard and his iron-mailed chivalry charged the Saracen to the cry of St. George and merry England. Palestine abounds with legends of St. George, who was born they say at Lydda, and fought his famous battle with the dragon at Beyrout.

The ride from Ramleh to Jaffa, twelve or fourteen miles, is through an open undulating country, now dry and dusty, but at an earlier season no doubt verdant and productive. The burning sun of the Syrian dog-days must needs

* Acts ix. 32.

be fatal to the roses of Sharon and the lilies of the valley.

Jaffa or Joppa, the sea-port of Jerusalem though nearly forty miles distant, contains five or six thousand inhabitants, about as many hundreds of whom profess the Christian faith, principally according to the rites of the Greek church. The convent is an immense stone building, commanding a magnificent prospect of the sea, over which it towers with broad terraces and numerous steps, too much within cannon-shot from the roads to be altogether agreeable to the inmates in the late bombarding times, when our twenty-four and thirty-six-pound balls were so liberally distributed along the coast. But one cannot look at Jaffa or the neighbouring sands without remembering the murderous slaughter of the garrison by Buonaparte, not in the heat and fury of battle, but in the cold-blooded and deliberate butchery of military execution, when more than three thousand Turkish prisoners of war, who had surrendered upon the promise of life, were marched down to the sea and massacred, unarmed and unresisting. The account given by Frenchmen who witnessed this diabolical deed, is fatal

to Napoleon's name, which history will write in blood as she records the siege of Jaffa. When the ammunition of the soldiers failed, after firing for hours at the wretched groups writhing in gore on the sand, the order was given to finish them with the bayonet; and one scarcely knows whether the victims or the executioners were most to be pitied.

The earliest mention of Joppa which occurs in Scripture is that of king Huram's promise to Solomon: "We will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need, and we will bring it to thee in floats by sea to Joppa, and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem." The navigation from the Lebanon coast to Joppa would be about a hundred and fifty miles—a transport much more easily accomplished than that of dragging cedars, firs, and algums a third of the distance through such a country as lies between the coast and the Holy City. The choice of a hill fortress like Jerusalem for the capital of the promised land, is altogether in accordance with the spirit of the code which interdicted commerce and cavalry. The object of the lawgiver was to maintain a separate and peculiar people, preserving the knowledge and worship

of the one true God in the midst of idolatry and polytheism. Commerce, he knew, would fuse and amalgamate the distinctive marks of Israel in the common mass of surrounding heathenism; and hence agriculture alone is recognized in the Pentateuch as the basis of national strength and prosperity. Solomon is the first of whom we read, "that he had traffic of the spice merchants, and of all the kings of Arabia, and of the governors of the country;" and we know that all Solomon's wisdom did not keep him clear of gross and grievous violation of "the first of all the commandments."*

The distance of Jerusalem from the sea would have been an insuperable bar, humanly speaking, to the rearing of the temple, had not Solomon contracted close alliance with the maritime king of Phœnicia, through whom he had access, not only to the cedars of Lebanon, but to the gold and silver and ivory of Tarshish. It was to this same Tarshish also that Jonah set sail from Joppa, when he found there a ship bound for that mysterious land, which, if out of the Mediterranean, must have been

* Mark xii. 29.

reached either by the Pelusiac Canal or the Cape of Good Hope! But no incident in the history of Joppa can ever approach in universal interest and grandeur, that of the apostle's trance on the house-top. St. Peter went up a Jew, and came down a Catholic. Finding many come together, he said unto them, "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company or to come unto one of another nation; but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean."* Perhaps no miracle recorded in Scripture carries with it more indisputable evidence of Divine interposition than that which could thus radically change in a moment the life-long tone and temper of a strong and matured mind; expanding the narrow and exclusive genius of limited Judaism into the open and boundless spirit of catholic Christianity: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

The monks of Jaffa made no very favourable impression on my friend or myself; our reception could scarcely be called cordial, and the *cuisine* of rancid oil was not calculated to

* Acts xi. 28.

throw a couleur de rose over our dirty dismal sleeping-vaults. We next day received very pressing invitations to the houses of two or three native functionaries, figuring under the imposing names of Console Inglese, Francese, &c.; to whom, with all due acknowledgments, we made our bows p. p. c., saddled our horses and departed, sleeping at Ramleh, riding across the valley of Ajalon (now *Yâlo*) and over the hill of Gibeon,* till we arrive once more within the walls of Jerusalem, which in three days I again leave with a single Arab servant and a couple of horses to travel northward towards Beyrout.

My last walk through St. Stephen's gate, and round by the eastern flank of the temple, is with the Rev. George Williams, on the evening of the first day of the week — the sun setting behind the city, the deep glen of Jehoshaphat already in dim twilight under our feet, and the dusky shadow of Mount Moriah lengthening to the summit of the sacred hill, upon whose broad, olive-scattered slope I can never expect to wander again. Once more I lay my hand on these huge foundations of the

* Joshua x. 12.

temple wall: "Master, see what manner of stones are here!"—once more a long look over Kedron to the darkening trees of Gethsemane, and now the scene is impressed for ever upon the memory—photographed for ever upon the eye: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning."

JERUSALEM TO NAZARETH.

Monday, July 25th. Early in the morning Mattéo and the mookero make their appearance with the horses, and after the inevitable Arab delay of an hour or two about nothing at all, we wend our slow way over the rugged and slippery stones of Jerusalem, my friend the chaplain seeing me off with a Vive, Vale. Passing through the long, narrow, and dark bazaar, vaulted over with masonry, Mattéo purchases what he thinks proper and essential for the march, having *carte blanche* to the extent of fifty piastres, or ten shillings sterling, on condition that he does not ask me or my horse to carry any of his marketing. The more one travels in the East, the more one rejoices in the

absence of baggage, which is but another word for lumber: a cloak, a carpet, and a change of raiment are all that a man really wants in Syria at this season; a pair of saddle-bags will hold his wardrobe and library; his servant, or the mookero, i. e. the horse-jobber, takes charge of the wicker *kafass* containing the *batterie de cuisine*. A tent is a very troublesome thing to carry, and the shade of a tree or the shelter of a rock answers the purpose equally well by day; while at night an open elevated bivouac is the healthiest and safest. The neigbourhood of trees always argues more or less damp, which is to be avoided on peril of the fever.

Issuing by the Northern or Damascus gate, with the grotto of Jeremiah to the right, we take the *Nablous* or Samaria track, and halt for a few minutes to enter once more the tomb of Helena (or perhaps the Maccabees) about three quarters of a mile from the walls. This Helena is not the mother of Constantine, but some foreign queen, who, before the days of Josephus, embraced the Jewish faith. The sepulchre is architecturally one of the finest monuments in Palestine, but of a Roman order, possessing no great Biblical interest beyond the

fact of its having existed in the time of our Lord. Pausanias, however, thought it worthy of a special description, enhanced with a marvellous tale of a sort of "open-sesame" door, imagined by himself or some one else. The several chambers are spacious and lofty, hewn smooth in the solid rock, with side receptacles for urns and sarcophagi, in which, according to classic custom, were treasured and honoured the dust and ashes of the dead. One lesson at least of practical wisdom, we moderns, with all our science, might learn from the ancients; for they, whether Jews or Gentiles, were never guilty of poisoning the living with the stench of the dead; their "whited sepulchres" were never "garnished" within the gates of a city, far less were the sacred walls of a consecrated temple ever polluted with the rotten festering of "dead men's bones and all uncleanness." Strange, that though the Author of life and death has made our senses to revolt and sicken at putrefaction, we should yet choose to dispute His will and way by piling the corpses of the dead under the noses of the living! Scripture makes the last abomination of defilement to consist in "filling their places with the bones of men,"

while we heap our crypts with coffins and crowd our cities with cemeteries, convinced that we fear God and honour man, though we pollute the air and poison the people.

Crossing for the last time the northern channel of the dry Kedron, we ride on steadily through an uninhabited, open, hilly country for about twelve miles, till we halt at *Beer*, which means a well or "fountain," the name of a village of some five or six hundred inhabitants, enjoying the high privilege of a fresh and abundant spring of water, to which the veiled women still come down at the time of the evening, like Rebekah "with her pitcher upon her shoulder."

About a mile and a half north of Beer are the ruins of Bethel, or "House of God," a name frequently recurring in the Old Testament, bestowed by Jacob upon the place where "he tarried all night because the sun was set," and saw the vision of the ladder, with the angels ascending and descending upon it.* Here also the king of the ten tribes set up one of his golden calves—"He set the one in Beth-el, and the other put he in Dan." The plains we now

* Genesis xxviii. 19.

traverse are famed for their fine pasture, of which we see at present no evidence, the whole surface of the soil being brown and dry as a brick-kiln. Mattéo and the mookero are clamorous for sleeping in a village, which I am equally determined not to do, being more afraid of the certain attack of the vermin than the possible onslaught of the *haramiyeh;* so we light our fire and pass the night *al-fresco,* with a good supply of pilaf, and no lack of such pillows as in this place once propped the head of the patriarch.

The second evening brings us to a station, scarcely second in interest to any throughout the length and breadth of the Holy Land, amidst a cluster of names the least of which would repay a pilgrimage of more toil and peril than I have yet encountered — Gerizim and Ebal, Shechem and Sychar, Joseph's tomb and Jacob's well, all within a circle of a mile, and the round hill of Samaria rising in sight about a league to the north.

The present town of *Nablous,* a corruption of Neapolis, is identical with the Shechem of the Old and the Sychar of the New Testament, "near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave

to his son Joseph,"* having erected there an altar dedicated to *El-elohe-Israel*—"God the God of Israel."† The long, narrow, stone-built street, which is now the representative of these scriptural names, lies exactly in the middle of a contracted valley between the two mountains, Gerizim to the south and Ebal to the north, each rising about a thousand feet above the well of Jacob and the tomb of Joseph, both of which latter are situate in the plain a little eastward of the path which winds round the foot of Gerizim leading to the town. Under the foot of this mountain, and close to the scene of our Lord's ever-memorable conference with the woman of Samaria, we pass the night; and no one needs telling, that a disciple of Christ never rested near this well without reading, marking, and learning the fourth chapter of the Gospel of John: "Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour." This, according to the Apostle's computation of time, was most probably six in the evening, at the hour when women of the east still come to draw water. Our Lord was

* John iv. 5. † Genesis xxxiii. 20.

travelling, apparently on foot, from Jerusalem to Cana of Galilee, a distance of about seventy miles due north, and this well is nearly half way on the route, "for he must needs go through Samaria." The well is now dry, though "deep" —of massive vaulted construction over a shaft sunk in the solid rock. There is, no doubt, water within it at other seasons, but the whole country is now parched with drought. Maundrell measured the depth as a hundred and five feet, fifteen of which, early in the year, he found to be water, with a diameter of three yards; and this account, like most others of the good old knight, has never been impugned or improved upon. One feels thankful that here at least there is no conflicting opinion and no opposing testimony; even Dr. Robinson says, "I am not aware of anything in the nature of the case that goes to contradict the common tradition," to which this learned traveller is usually a mortal enemy; he sees "much, on the contrary, to confirm the belief," as to which Jew and Samaritan, Christian and Mohammadan are for once unanimous.

No longer on this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem—no longer a "lo here" or a "lo there"

for a fit temple to worship the Father who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth—no longer a house made with hands to limit the presence of the God whom "the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain." Resting here in the shadow of Gerizim, I dreamed a Utopian dream, that all the kings and commonwealths of Christendom were combined together in unity of spirit and the bond of peace to rear over this spring and upon this rock the noblest and loftiest temple ever made with hands, wherein "all people, nations, and languages" should bow down and worship the God and Father of us all through the "one Mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ"—"the second man, the Lord from heaven." Would this be to violate the sacred and spiritual precept once pronounced on the brink of this well? Surely not. True that every pilgrim of every land may even now worship in this place, "leaning on his staff," in a temple whose floor is the earth of Palestine and whose roof is the canopy of heaven; but a house built with hands, although unable to contain the Godhead, might be an outward sign and pledge of the fellowship and union required of man by the

"Author of peace and Lover of concord." As it is we look in vain for the token by which we were to know each other as Christ's disciples—we live and die and "make no sign," because we have brought down CHARITY from her throne of divine right, to set up ugly calves of our own casting, from Dan even unto Beersheba. The Greeks of old had a temple over whose threshold was sculptured the single letter E, "THOU ART," which all saw and pronounced as they approached the shrine of the god. Here was the first broad principle of religion established—"He that cometh to God must believe that He is." * Why might not we have a Catholic temple over the well of Jacob, whose Liturgy should be the Lord's prayer and the Apostle's benediction, to which for once all might assent, worshipping "in spirit and in truth," forgetting where we differ, to remember where we agree?

It is believed, both in Egypt and Syria, that England might, during the late struggle between the Sultan and his powerful Basha, have been willingly acknowledged by both as protectress of Palestine. Raised to the rank of an

* Hebrews xi. 6.

independent state, it would have been a gem in the imperial diadem of Britain.

Joseph's tomb, a quarter of a mile north of the well, is now covered by a little Mohammadan mosque, upon the walls of which are numberless inscriptions in Hebrew and Arabic, with a few in European characters; for the disciples of the Law, the Gospel, and the Koran all reverence alike the sepulchre of him whose history is graven in the memories of half the inhabitants of this earthly planet. Leaving Mattéo and the mookero with the horses in the shade of the tomb, I climb the steep and scorching flank of Gerizim alone, seeing but one human being on the mountain, a shepherd at some distance, who makes off as I look at him through a spy-glass, which he probably takes for a blunderbuss. Near the top of the hill, up got a covey of partridges, and I felt half ashamed of the impulse which induced me to fire a shot, which echoed to Jacob's well. On the summit are immense ruins of massive stone, a fortress, of whose history little is known; the foundations probably those of the ancient temple of the Samaritans, a remnant of whom still dwell in the valley below, with the Pentateuch in the

old character, and still sacrificing their Passover on this mountain.

The most imposing and magnificent ceremonial on record is that which was enacted under Joshua, on the opposite slopes of Gerizim and Ebal, when, in accordance with the injunction of the great Law-giver, the twelve tribes were marshalled in array, six on this mountain and six on that, with the ark of God in the valley, when the myriads of Israel chaunted the alternate response to the blessing and the curse on obedience and rebellion. What a glorious sight and sound it must have been, to see and hear such a nation in such a scene, uttering the solemn syllables of the Hebrew Amen, rolling like thunder through these hills and valleys! It was an idea as grandly conceived as gloriously accomplished.* Here too, from the top of Gerizim, was pronounced to the "men of Shechem" Jotham's exquisite apologue of "the trees who went forth to anoint a king."† In the cool shade of the ruin and the fresh breeze of the mountain, fragrant with shrubs and wild flowers, I read these chapters, and once more

* Deuteronomy ii. 29; xxvii. 12; Joshua viii. 33.

† Judges ix. 7.

the fourth of John, with such a wide view over the hills and plains of Judæa and Samaria as expanded the spirit to look upon. But we must descend the mountain, and for the rest of our journey travel more and talk less. The hill of Sebaste or Samaria, now called *Sebustieh*, a corruption of the Greek for Augustus, is rounded and beautiful, cultivated to the top, and the neighbouring country quite a paradise of fertility. The village lies to the left of the horse track, at a considerable elevation, which we reach by a steep path, rivetted by the view of the ruined church of St. John the Baptist, the chancel of which rises so nobly over the precipice before us. The church was built and dedicated by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem to their patron saint, probably upon the foundation of an earlier edifice. The architecture is of a mixed order, rounded and pointed with oriental capitals. The length must have been nearly two hundred feet, by about eighty in extreme breadth. As usual, the crescent has supplanted the cross, but only for a time. The people of the village bear a very bad character, and Mattéo was in a desperate fidget to get me away, caring very little for my admiration of

the noble site of the capital of the ten tribes, or the rows of columns and sculptured stones that alone remain as memorials of its ancient magnificence.

Half a dozen miles more, and we lose the plain of Samaria, with its fields and vineyards and figs and olives, to climb wild hills and traverse a solitary uninhabited district, which brings us to the rocky ridge of Mount Gilboa, where "the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him, and he was sore wounded of the archers." * Here died Saul and his sons and his armour-bearer and the men of Israel: and the Philistines "fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan," or Scythopolis, within the ruins of which we pass the night, about five miles from the Jordan and twenty from Sebaste,—a watchful and anxious night among a party of Bedouins, who I this time really expected would do us some bodily mischief, which, however, luckily turned out to be nothing worse than bodily fear. We made friends with their leader by eating, drinking, and presenting the best baksheesh of powder and penknives that the saddle-bags could afford, and

* Samuel xxxi. 3.

watched out the darkness in a little walled inclosure, where our heads could not well be cut off without a few moments' notice. It was always a question with me whether, *in extremis*, it would have been right to resist these marauders; and as I never quite made up my mind, they would probably have settled the matter summarily while I was thinking about it. Armed as we were, it would have been easy to shed blood in self-defence; but it could scarcely have saved our lives, and therefore could not have been justified. We happily, and most thankfully be it acknowledged, never made any use of our weapons beyond that of a fierce display, out-swaggering half the ruffians we met.

Mattéo's last master, an artist, was robbed and left naked at an old bridge at Beth-shean, and the doughty Sancho has never forgotten the catastrophe, in which he fully shared. While riding over the stony dreary hills between our last halt and the khan on the Jordan, I was attracted by a little green oasis at a distance, and made up to it, with the hope of a shady siesta; taking little notice of a few bones lying about the thicket, I was just going to throw

myself under a tree, when lo and behold two scorpions made their amiable sideling exit from a hole, upon which I speedily left them in full possession of the field; and Mattéo coming up, rebuked my ignorance for not perceiving at once that a swampy jungle, the retreat of all the unclean beasts and reptiles of the neighbourhood, was not a fit place for repose. From a high eminence we now look down upon the Jordan and the

SEA OF GALILEE,

or Lake of Genezareth, towards which we descend rapidly by the most rugged of no roads, halting at the solid Saracenic bridge over the Jordan, close to a large khan, which we find full of a company of mounted natives on their way to Damascus across the river. Here we are in the region of Decapolis beyond Jordan, though I only cross it for crossing's sake, returning on this side to pursue our way by its refreshing solitary stream some seven or eight miles further, till we issue in full presence of the broad, bright, and placid surface of the lake, for ever honoured in Sacred Writ as the

scene frequented and loved by the Lord. The scenery is altogether of a gentle character—nothing frowning, rugged, or terrific, as in that of the Dead Sea; the lime-stone hills by which it is girt are of a rounded outline, now brown and barren from the burning heat of August, but doubtless beautifully verdant after the rains of autumn and winter. The length is about thirteen or fourteen miles, by a breadth averaging perhaps half.

Three days we pass with head quarters at the very hot sulphureous baths of Tiberias, a building lately completed with some elegance by Ibraheem Basha, near the old Roman establishment, about a mile south of the town and close upon the shingly shore of the clear, rippling, and weedless lake, in which I bathe, and round which I wander with intense interest and delight. A single boat under sail, with a solitary fisherman, is gliding slowly near the opposite coast; and how many associations does not that white canvass recal, of the boat, "το πλοιον," that was peculiarly sacred to His service—"the ship," of which we read again and again, "they left the ship and followed him" —"the ship was covered with the waves"—

"immediately the ship was at land"—"cast the net on the right side of the ship!" The recollections of these and many more throng upon the mind like the impressions of a dream, as the eyes follow the course of that lonely little bark. The people at the bath-house offer us some fish, which in the evening we broil upon a fire kindled on the shore, where I spend half the night under the rays of the moon lighting up the silvery lake in silent and solemn beauty.

The town of Tiberias, originally founded by Herod Antipas, is miserable; the battlemented walls shivered, and half the houses in ruins from the shock of the terrible earthquake six years ago, which destroyed many thousands of lives in Palestine, especially at Safed, the other sacred city of the Jews, about twelve miles to the north, which was totally overthrown, burying more than half its inhabitants under their own roofs. Tiberias, named after the emperor Tiberius,* is still principally occu-

* Imperante Augusto natus est Christus, imperante Tiberio crucifixus.

"The eagle, in the hand of Tiberius, the third of the Cæsars, outdid all its achievements, both past and future,

pied by Jews of the most abject and squalid appearance, from Poland, Germany, and Portugal, still clinging to the once far-famed city of the Rabbins and the Talmud, the cradle of their later learning. The town is close upon the water and was formerly strongly fortified, though now shattered and defenceless. The population of this once celebrated school of Hebrew learning has dwindled, under successive calamities, to less than two thousand souls; but some lingering traces of Rabbinical lore are still said to exist within the walls that cradled the Mishnah and Gemara. No ruins are seen worth much description, the principal fragments being a number of granite columns, half in and half out of the lake, on the way from the baths to the town.

The names of *Capernaum* and *Chorazin* of course rise strongly to the memory of a wanderer on this beach; but nothing seems yet determined as to their respective sites. Capernaum, once exalted so high by the presence and the works of the Messiah, is now brought

by becoming the instrument of that mighty and mysterious act of satisfaction made to the Divine justice in the crucifixion of our Lord."—CAREY.

so low, that different travellers dispute on which heap of stones to inscribe its epitaph. Chorazin seems never to have been well known; some have supposed the name to be a Greek compound, χωρα ζιν, or "country of Zin;" but about these questions it is not worth while for a passing pilgrim to trouble himself; sufficient for him that this is the lake, and these the hills, once the scene of so many chapters in the life of the Redeemer.

A ride of about twelve miles, sometimes close by the water's edge, and sometimes on the stony and difficult path overhanging its surface, brings us to the upper end, where the narrow, reedy, and sluggish Jordan flows into the Sea of Genezareth from another smaller, swampy lake, now called *Huleh*, formerly Merom, some ten miles off to the north.

The level of the Sea of Galilee below the Mediterranean is now ascertained by the Ordnance survey to be nearly three hundred and thirty feet; still a thousand feet higher than that of the Dead Sea, from which it is distant less than a geographical degree; which gives a very rapid descent for the channel of the river.

Leaving Tiberias, we climb the steep stony heights leading to Hatteen, two hours' march to the north-west, where the crusading chivalry suffered its fearful and final overthrow by the host of the Sultan Saladin in the twelfth century. Changing our course again to the southward, the day's ride brings us to the summit of the beautifully rounded and wooded hill of Tabor, rising more than a thousand feet above the wide fertile plain of Esdrælon, its broad table-top covered with massive ruins, and commanding from its isolated elevation one of the most beautiful prospects, not only in Palestine but in the world. The lake of Galilee is in great measure shut out by the intervening heights; but beyond it and the Jordan rise the "high hills" of Basan and Gilead, while far to the north soar the tremendous summits of Lebanon, the loftiest of which beyond Beyrout reach an elevation of eleven thousand feet above the Mediterranean. Beneath us to the west is the round valley of Nazareth, and beyond, over the dry channel of the brook Kishon, rises the low long headland of Carmel overhanging the sea, only glimpses of which are caught through the wooded hills that shut out the bay of the

much-besieged Acre. Mount Tabor is marked by tradition as the scene of the Transfiguration, a mystery which the monks of Nazareth commemorate by the celebration of annual masses on the summit, like that of Carmel, the resort of a multitude of pilgrims, both Latin and Greek. Passing the night on the mountain, with a scanty supply of bread and water, we wind our way next morning through the oak forests with which its flanks are clothed, while the acorns and swine remind one of the prodigal son. Two hours' march now brings us within the elliptic curve of round hills, in one of the foci of which stands, with its white walls glancing in the sun, the stone-built, flat-roofed town of sacred

NAZARETH,

where we proceed at once to the gates of the great Latin Convent and meet with a civil reception from the monks, with whom I shortly after enter the church and listen to the service, chaunted in full choir with a pealing organ. It was from this church, according to the legend, that the house of "our Lady of Loretto"

took its miraculous flight to the Adriatic. It is not, however, to listen to legends that we come hither, but to wander on the hills and look down on the valley, where we know of a truth that "Jesus of Nazareth" dwelt in childhood, subject unto his parents—where "he increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man." From this valley it was that he went up with his parents to Jerusalem, where they sought him sorrowing, and found him with the doctors of the temple, hearing and asking them questions. And here it was too that the future mother was first hailed by the angel as "blessed among women," keeping all these sayings and pondering them in her heart, watching the growing stature and expanding wisdom of the unearthly boy, "with her soul that magnified the Lord, and her spirit that rejoiced in God her Saviour."

Nathaniel said to Philip, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yet here Jesus dwelt that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets: "He shall be called a Nazarene." Why Nathaniel should speak or think with contempt of Nazareth is not apparent; the name itself was one of high honour

and sanctity, and the locality eminently fertile and beautiful. Origen read "δυναται τι αγαθον" as an assertion, not an interrogation, on the part of Nathaniel, as if in opposition to the prejudice of the Jews that no prophet could come out of Galilee: "Search and look, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet"—a saying notoriously false, as several of the most remarkable prophets were of Galilee. However, the name of Nazarene became a name of reproach, and the heathen orator Tertullus can find no more railing accusation against the Apostle Paul, no invective more bitter, than that of "a pestilent fellow," "a ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes." * As it was then, so it is now, and *Nozrâni*, or "Nazarene," is still the term of contemptuous distinction by which a Mooslim designates a Christian, travelling as a stranger in the land which witnessed the birth, and life, and death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, "whom every tongue should confess," and "at whose name every knee should bow" to the glory of God the Father.

Returning in the afternoon to the convent,

* Acts xxiv. 5.

and wandering about its vast courts and long vaulted galleries, I found my way to what we should call the common or combination-room of the monks, and, of course, was about to retreat with a sincere apology for intrusion, when the Superior very kindly invited me to stay, and we kept up a conversation for some time, "tant bien que mal," in Latinized Italian or Italianized Latin, with the occasional but sparing philippic of a *petit verre* of the liqueur called *rosolio*. At a given moment, all the brown-robed, cord-girt, taciturn brethren rose from their bench round the wall, and, making obeisance with folded arms to the Principal, departed in single file and melancholy procession; at least to me it seemed melancholy, because they did not appear endued either with the profound intellect or the lofty enthusiasm that can alone create its own resources, independently of the ordinary enjoyments of ordinary men; most of them are Spanish or Italian, probably not chosen for this isolated solitude as any reward for distinction. When these *gregarii milites* had marched off, we had a smaller and more agreeable party for coffee; and in return for my budget of European news,

the fathers showed me the convent, and answered my questions as to the localities and statistics of Nazareth. I asked them whether they were not in danger of their lives during the frequent political troubles of this distracted land, cut off from all civilized and Christian resources. The answer smacked of more wisdom than the question: "that their lives were in the hand of God; that they had the resource of prayer and the conviction of duty under the prospect of the various perils with which they were surrounded, and which they must meet as soldiers at their post, whether the danger came in the shape of pestilence, earthquake, or fire and sword." From the two former they have of late years suffered considerably. Their creed is not at all, however, that of neglecting ordinary means of safety in the time of trial; they shut their gates both against the deadly plague and the plundering Arab; and, within such a fortress, they have not much to fear from a puny invader; much safer in all respects than our little English mission at Jerusalem, scattered through the city without any rallying point or stronghold, and forty miles from the sea. The population of Nazareth they estimate

at between three and four thousand souls, the native Christians of the different communions collectively greatly outnumbering the Mohammadans. They are usually quiet and industrious, tilling and living upon the produce of a rich and beautiful district. Here, as elsewhere throughout Palestine, the votaries of the Greek or eastern church under the Patriarch of Constantinople, far exceed those of the Latin or western under the Pope of Rome. The occidentals have, however, considerably recruited their ranks by enrolling a body of quasi-Romanists, called Greek Catholics, acknowledging the "filioque" of the Nicene Creed and the Papal Supremacy; but, like their brethren the Greeks, maintaining the right of the laity to receive The Cup, and that of the clergy to marry a wife. In speaking of Latins and Greeks in Syria, it must be understood that they all, with the exception of a few monks and church dignitaries, are native Arabs, with the Liturgy in their own tongue.

Of Jews there appear to be none in Nazareth, and we can well appreciate the influence which repels from this valley the mysterious remnant of the peculiar people, whose number through-

out the land of their fathers, once "the glory of all lands," is estimated by the best authorities at no more than twelve or thirteen thousand souls. Among other statistical truths, the monks take care to remind an Englishman that he is looked upon as an excommunicated heretic, not only by Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts, but hitherto even by the Turkish government, whose laws recognize the existence of no church under the name of Protestant. The establishment of the Anglican Bishopric is on this score *caviare* to all the convents. Buonaparte visited Nazareth after defeating the Turks in a pitched and bloody battle on the plain of Esdrælon in 1799.

The prospect from the heights that surround the valley is very extensive and interesting, with a foreground of figs, olives, and prickly pears, and a distant view of Carmel and its Convent of Elijah, jutting out into the noble Bay of Ptolemais or Acre, bounded by the horizon to which the prophet commanded his servant to go up and look seven times, and at the seventh there arose "a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand." The same appearance still portends a "heaven black with clouds and wind and great rain."

The monks point to an overhanging precipice at one end of the town as that to which the men of Nazareth led Jesus forth, when they rushed in fury from the synagogue, to cast Him down headlong from "the brow of the hill whereon their city was built."*

"He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up for to read." With what vivid thrilling power has the evangelist, in the simplicity of a few words, brought that scene of the synagogue before the eyes, and home to the heart, of the countless myriads for whom he wrote, that they might "know the certainty of those things" wherein they had been instructed! We look and listen with senses rivetted upon the "Teacher come from God," as they deliver to him the Book of the prophet Esaias: had we not been told where he opened it, or what he found written, or what he said, how we should have mourned the irreparable loss! But we are told, we do know upon what truth of Holy Writ it pleased the Lord to lay his finger, in presence of the people assembled in the house of prayer. The first words uttered

* Luke iv. 29.

within those walls are a declaration from himself, that the Saviour of the world was anointed by the spirit of the Lord to preach the Gospel *to the poor.*

How devout then should be our wish, how strenuous our effort, to recover and maintain for the National "House of Prayer" in our own land, its once proud but now lost title of the "Poor Man's Church!" How ought we, when gathered together in His name and presence, to shrink from the rebuke on those who "love the chief seats in the synagogue, having the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ with respect of persons," installing him of the "gold ring and goodly apparel" in a good place, and saying to the poor man with thin raiment, scanty food and rheumatic bones, "Stand thou there in the cold, or sit thou here in the damp, under the shadow of the high-boarded box of thy betters, where thy senses, blunted by toil, privation, and exposure, may perchance gather a few words of the Gospel first preached to thee, for the special healing, deliverance, recovery, and liberty of thy wounded and broken spirit." *

Thank God, we have now a leaven of Chris-

* Luke iv. 18.

tian devotion working in the world's lump of vulgar vanity, and we may yet hope to see national *Worship*, in spirit and in truth, within the walls of our Christian churches, where, upon one broad level, rich and poor, old and young, learned and simple, may bow down as brethren in the presence of the God and Father of us all. Here would be the re-knitting of that bond of union which is the bond of strength in our social system, now bound by a rope of sand—here we should learn once more, each in his degree, the elements of Christian fellowship—*sympathy* and *responsibility*: sympathy with our neighbour afflicted or distressed, and responsibility to our Maker for the talents entrusted to our charge—in two words, the "*official tenure*" of all property whether of mind, body, or estate, again to be one day demanded according to its measure: much to whom much, little to whom little, the doctrine of "stewardship," the "α and ω," the beginning and the end of practical Christianity realized in our lives as professed upon our lips.

Reader! we are about to part, and I for one would fain part friends. It may be, that these and many more trite moralities, waded through

or skipped over, please thee not, for which I shall be heartily sorry; but if the quarrel be with the matter as well as the manner, as sorry for thy sake as my own. If an apology could propitiate thee, I would make it in all courtesy. But it would avail nothing; we should love each other not a whit the better—we are not congenial souls, so let us bow adieu at once,—I trust in civility, and am sincerely grieved that we cannot shake hands in cordiality.

But if, on the other hand, dear and gentle reader! thou thinkest in great measure as I think, and hast turned over these four hundred and fifty pages with indulgence and sympathy, then do I thank and love thee heartily, and trust that we may meet again, not on paper, but in person. There were other scenes that I had hoped we should look upon together; but for the present, time and space compel Nazrâni to bid thee farewell at Nazareth.

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